Suzanne

LILLYAN SHAFFNER

SUZANNE

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BY

LILLYAN SHAFFNER

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DEDICATION

With untold pleasure, I dedicate the child of my brain to the child of my heart—my daughter—Adrienne Marie Richardson.

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SUZANNE

CHAPTER I

LIFE'S CONTRASTS

Olzear Rogers twirled his eyeglasses as he studied the people about him—not individually, but collectively. Even a nod of recognition seemed to disturb his mental calculations, for it was plain he was thinking deeply. A slight frown puckered his brow, when Franklyn Jermym touched his arm.

"I say doc, I'm worried about my wife; she doesn't seem to care about anything much. Do you think she looks as well as she ought?"

The doctor scanned the moving, restless throng until he located her.

Franklyn Jermym did not wait for his answer, but continued in a quick, energetic way; "I've wanted to speak to you about her for some time, but rush of business and financing that last trust, has kept me busy day and night. I'll have the stock on the market in another

month, and it's going to be a big thing, I tell you!" He slapped a man on the back while shaking his hands—"Glad to see you, Graves; I'll look you up later." He turned to the doctor and resumed where he had left off. "There is nothing known like these consolidations for big returns. I'll let you in when the stock for the C. W. C. of the U. S. is on the market. You take my tip and get in before a raise; there'll be a big boom, sure as your name is Rogers." He stopped for breath, and squinted his eyes knowingly.

The doctor smiled blandly and was about to speak, when Jermym continued.

"If I dared make public my share in financing the beer syndicate you wouldn't believe me. I set my ball rolling then, and it has been spinning ever since, and I tell you doc, it grows bigger and bigger every time it turns over."

Olzear Rogers fumbled with his glasses and looked around for relief. Plainly his host's bragging bursts of self praise wearied him.

Then it was that Suzanne Jermym stood before them, radiant in an amber tinted gown, that looked for all the world like the billowy clouds that reflect the passionate splendor of the setting sun. No jewels marred the perfect

beauty of her neck. Her hair waved back from her broad brow unadorned save by a simple wreath of changing maple leaves, interwoven with the glowing foliage of the susceptible sumac.

"I've come to release you, doctor. I know that Mr. Jermym is wearying you with his favorite theme of 'ball rolling' and I want you to meet my friend Miss Prince; excuse us, Franklyn."

She led the doctor away.

They crossed the room in silence until she touched a tall girl on the arm. "Will you meet Doctor Rogers, Adelaide? It gives me great happiness to have you know one another. This is Miss Prince, and if you don't agree, I'll send Mr. Jermym to talk stocks and bonds to you." She smiled and walked away.

Olzear Rogers gazed into the two eyes on a level with his own, and decided they were good ones—deep blue, firm and steady, and that they looked unflinchingly at things and carried their observations to an analytical mind where they were catalogued accurately in sequence for future use. He felt instantly that if they did not agree, even superficially, it would mean a

severance of commonplace interests and he decided quickly he did not want this to happen.

The swiftness of his mental calculations did not prevent him from saying, "Let us find out what our pet themes are, then compare ideas, for only by comparison can we understand how sane or absurd they are. Where can we find an unoccupied seat?"

"Let us go out here. I have a corner of which I'm especially fond."

They passed into the hall and she led the way to a seat partly concealed by palms and a gold paneled screen. They seated themselves face to face. She placed one hand on the dividing arm of the chair and said smilingly, "Isn't this comfy and cozy?"

"Decidedly!" He looked at the shapely hand. His glance attracted her attention.

"This might be indicative of many things."

The eager look instantly left her face.

"Oh, you are not of the thousand and one who dabble in palmistry, I hope. It's such a stupid fad, used by people who can't think beyond their surroundings."

"Heaven forbid!" he ejaculated, "that one who studies life and its curatives should fall to thinking seriously on so vapid a thing as

the *soi-disant* science of Palmistry." He leaned back and put his glasses on for a closer scrutiny of his *vis à vis*. "Haven't you any fads?" he asked.

She hesitated a moment before she replied. "Yes—but I don't think I care to have my most serious efforts called by that name. Fad is a word of recent coinage, and I presume could be traced to fad-dle, which means 'to play, to toy.' The word applies to all sorts of trivial things."

"I should not have imagined it had such a derivative, and you may be right."

"That's why one's best and most painstaking efforts should not be called a fad."

"I like that," he replied, "and agree with you. Fancy any one calling my profession by such a name."

She laughed softly. "Yes, cutting off arms and legs as a fad—ugh!" She shook her head in protest. One of her hairpins fell on the floor. "Won't you get it for me? I hate to lose them, and wouldn't trouble you, but they are my only real extravagance."

He handed it to her and watched it disappear with a simple twist of the fingers.

"Wouldn't the world call that a very foolish

fad, to use gold hairpins when they fall as easily as that one did?" he asked solemnly.

"Yes," she laughed merrily, "it's a fad, I guess; but I can't use black and I dislike the metal or bone ones. Did you hear a clock strike? I'm sure I did." She looked around in surprise. "I wonder where it was! Suzanne hasn't had one since her baby died: she has a horror of them."

"It was my watch, Miss Prince, and I find it very useful in cases like this, when I'd be glad to forget the lapse of time, but I've an appointment at ten thirty and must leave you." He looked at her attentively. "We haven't discovered our mutual theme; can I hope to meet you again?"

"My visit here will last about three weeks. I shall be glad to see you again."

She held her hand out with a swift gesture of good will that pleased him mightily. He clasped it in his strong, cool palm an instant, then led the way back to Suzanne.

As they crossed the hall, they saw Franklyn Jermym talking to a ministerial looking man on his favorite theme. They heard him say, "All this fuss and feathers makes a pretty picture, doesn't it?" He waved his long arms in a

comprehensive sweep toward the crowd. "But this sort of thing hasn't a bit of value except as a show for dollars, and it certainly makes you shed 'em. I told my wife, who doesn't seem to care for this sort of thing any more, that it was the best and easiest way to prove you've got 'em and the quickest way to advertise whether they're yours or not. What the —"

The doctor and Adelaide passed into the next room, each one thinking of the reason why Suzanne Jermym no longer cared for the froth filled goblet, for they knew it was because she had tasted the bitter dregs, and realized that life was disappointing in its fondest realizations.

They found her standing at her post as hostess.

The doctor looked at her attentively before he spoke. "When a single thought takes possession of the mind, it at once becomes a controlling influence. Everything else in life is weighed and appraised by its intrinsic value as estimated by you—forget to think for a while if you can. I'm indebted to you for a great pleasure, and hope to meet Miss Prince again." He bowed and left them.

"Is that the way he gives prescriptions, Suzanne?"

"Sometimes; he has an idea I'm still brooding over Cyril's death."

"Well, I like his medicine. It's a mental tonic, and stimulates while naming the disorder in understandable language." Adelaide watched the man threading his way through the crowd until he passed from sight.

Olzear found Franklyn Jermym still bombarding the solemn looking man with his variegated views of life. When he saw him, he exclaimed in the midst of an unfinished sentence; "There comes the doctor; I forgot to find out his opinion of my wife's health. I say, doc, Mrs. J. is all right, isn't she? A trip to the Bermudas or the Continent would be a good thing, wouldn't it? I never squeal about money where she's concerned, even if I do crowd 'em hard on the 'change."

"Let her have her own way. You know it's the little things that fret us. A fly can worry an elephant, and a mouse can scare one into a fit almost, yet an elephant could make kindling wood out of this house in a short time."

As he was turning away, Jermym laid a detaining hand on his own.

"Don't go until you've met the minister of Mrs. J's church; this is Mr. Winthrop, Doctor

Rogers." He turned away to speak to a guest as the two men shook hands.

Olzear Rogers, with a keen glance, made a lightening calculation, and as was his wont, acted on it quickly.

"I'm due at Faver's Hall in about twenty minutes to address a meeting of socialists; would you like to go?"

Mark Winthrop looked a shade more thoughtful as he replied, "I always go where I think I've been called, and this seems to me to be a summons—I will go with you."

They found their hats and coats, and passed out of the house in silence. The doctor gave a faint whistle, ignoring the caller's request for his carriage number. A two-wheeled cab rolled up to the pavement; they entered it. "To Faver's Hall," he called through the trap, as the vehicle rolled noiselessly over the pavement. He held a well-filled cigar case toward the minister. "Have a cigar?"

"No, thanks, but you smoke; I don't in the least mind it and would indulge myself if I thought I needed it. I may some day. One can never tell what he will do, until he is called upon from necessity or desire to attempt a thing."

The doctor struck a match, it flamed brightly, revealing the faces of the two men by its fitful light. Each one a study, decidedly opposite in color. The doctor was dark and the minister blond. Each face was full of strength, and across the brow the penciled lines that come from concentrated thought. Each man studied earnestly the vital things of life, and though following widely divergent paths at this time the inception for each had been one and the same in the beginning.

Mark Winthrop looked attentively at the man beside him as he smoked serenely; "I suppose your sympathies take you to these people?"

"No! I can't say that was what led me there first. It was more a desire to study this question of proletariat versus plutocrat. Believe me it is much easier to affiliate with the latter than the former."

"Really you interest me."

The doctor took several puffs at his cigar before he continued; "You will see the contrast more forcibly to-night than usual for you were at the Jermym reception. It will be the beautiful painting done by skilled artists at a tremendous outlay of labor, thought and money

in the one instance, while in the other it will be the rough gray canvas unadorned. All the materials for making the picture will be here, but the lack of knowledge, or will power, or rightly directed effort to use them is wanting." He looked at the man beside him with a smile as he added, "Where we are going things speak for themselves as well as the people."

"Of what nationality are these men?"

"Every sort known. You will elbow the Russian anarchist—the German socialist—Irish agitator—Italian drudge—and a large sprinkling of American discontents."

"I had supposed these societies were made up of aliens."

"No! not all. Any one who has a grievance that can't be settled with the fists usually finds his way into a thing of this kind," the doctor replied laconically.

"Ah!—and what is your diagnosis of the case, may I ask?"

"I'll give you mine, because it won't influence yours. It's a wrong interpretation of a right idea. The looking at things down side up instead of upside down."

"And that means?"

"Labor versus capital with the labor howling

for capital because it thinks that with money it could be in every altitude where capital is now—equal in force and all mentality."

"Oh!" Mark Winthrop ejaculated with a long drawn Oh.

"I'm speaking to you as I would the class at a clinic," the doctor continued in a matter-of-fact voice. "I'm baring the skeleton without flesh or tissue and you will hear its bones rattle all along the line."

The minister laid a slender, gloved hand on the doctor's knee. "I'm sure I'm grateful to you, but tell me, does not all this appeal to you strangely—enlist your sympathies and—pity?"

"Yes! or I wouldn't mingle with them. It's because I want to be their 'medicine man,' that I've set out to drive away some of the useless devils who have beset these men—that's why I'm here to-night."

The cab stopped before a building, dark above the main floor. The first bore the unmistakable signs of a saloon about it. Voices and shouts mingled with the click of glasses, and the distant jangling of a piano (sadly the worse for wear), could be heard through the half closed door.

The doctor stepped briskly from the cab,

but Mark Winthrop drew back exclaiming, "Surely it isn't in this place you speak!"

"No, upstairs," he replied. "This is the other side of the canvas; do you want to come?"

"Certainly, certainly," but Mark Winthrop moved slowly, sniffing audibly at the odors that emanated from the saloon. He walked carefully behind the doctor who was hurrying up the familiar stairs, leaving a cloud of smoke behind him. Mark looked backward repeatedly as he heard the distant babble of sounds that grew more distinct with every ascending step; he fastened all the buttons on his coat.

The doctor started up the second flight of dirty, uncarpeted stairs without looking back, but a glance at his face would have revealed his thoughts somewhat. When he crossed the last step, he removed his gloves, threw his cigar out of the open window—open because it had neither sash nor glass in it. Then he removed his overcoat and looked down at Mark Winthrop toiling wearily up the stairs.

As he stood there in his faultless evening attire, under the fitful glare of the swinging lamp, that smoked anew from every gust of wind that blew through the open casement, he presented a striking contrast to his surround-

ings—leastwise so Mark Winthrop thought as he climbed the last few stairs breathing heavily and coughing between short breaths.

The doctor looked at him sharply; "More exercise, Mr. Winthrop; you should walk more."

The minister smiled apologetically.

After waiting a moment for him to regain his accustomed evenness of breath, he opened the door and stepped into a large hall filled with a mass of talking, boisterous humanity. When Mark Winthrop discovered there were women among the number, he received a distinct shock, but made no comments as he followed the doctor who was elbowing through the crowd.

Some greeted him heartily, others scowled and nudged one another, while there were some who commented boldly, "Oh, he's all right, he saved my Sairy from typhoid an' never sent a bill."

Another said, "He paid me rint when Duffy broke his leg in the quarry, an' Oi'm his frind."

"Ouch! look at Cassidy, they outvoted him and he's got a red-hot grouch on; he don't like Doctor Rogers."

"He's plinty of reason not to loike him and now mind youse Jimmy Brown an' I knows phawt it be fur too, so I does."

"Ah! shut hup Misery Whalen, you're hallers talkin' an' showin' yer hignorance."

Mark Winthrop wondered if the doctor heard these remarks.

When he turned about and faced the audience near the little platform, there was no sign of it on his face, just a keen, intent look that showed his wits were not wool gathering.

"I'll ask you to take one of the front seats, Mr. Winthrop, the platform is too small for chairs. If you desire to meet any one, I'll introduce you later."

Mark Winthrop seated himself, held his hat in his hands, and did not remove his coat.

Just then a thin-voiced man with a gigantic physique and a tousled crop of blond hair shouted in a knife-like voice, "Hurrah for the doctor!" A noisy clapping of many hands followed with a lusty shout. Herman Schlagel, their leader, stepped upon the platform, and struck the bare stand. "Order!" he called authoritatively.

The voices were hushed and only the seating of some three hundred people in wooden chairs, that noisily scraped the bare floor marred the situation. When the last one was

seated, the rest heaved an audible sigh of sympathy.

"We are to have with us to-night two speakers who have never addressed us before. Doctor Rogers first, then Michael Strovisky, the famous Polish leader and thinker, will tell us of our wrongs, and how so many of our kind are oppressed and downtrodden in other lands."

Groans and hisses were plainly audible.

"Mr. Strovisky will not be here until eleven, because he speaks in Freeman's Hall on the far west side at nine and an open air meeting at nine thirty—if he is not prevented by the police."

The hisses and groans were louder.

"I hope, my friends," he resumed impressively, "it will not always be like this. Perhaps the day will come when we can have rights, freedom of speech, justice and equality. Doctor Rogers will now address you."

Olzear stepped briskly upon the little platform, gave a slight nod of recognition to Schlagel, then faced his audience.

"When I came among you three months ago, it was to study at the source the cause of this great division among my fellow kind. I wanted to learn the reason why labor is

classed and placed solidly against capital. I wanted to know which side was to blame and why there is this division in all the large cities."

He waited a moment and scanned the faces before he continued, "My reception at your hands when you found out I was not a manual laborer like the most of you was anything but encouraging. Still I did not despair, but by faithful effort and enduring many rebuffs, I was enabled at last to convince you of my motives and I am now permitted to stand before you and give expression to what my unbiased observations have led me to believe, or, I might say, formed themselves from contact with you. To-night I am with you as partisan, fellow laborer and brother."

"I say, doc, we didn't know but you'd come to sneer an' pity us, and we couldn't of stood that," a gruff voice shouted from the back of the hall.

"You should not close your doors against those who do not work with their hands. Your labors are from eight to ten hours a day while there are others who work twelve and sixteen hours and they are none the less laborers in the strict sense of the word, because they work with their heads and hearts and not their

hands. It is a narrow definition you make of the word 'working' men, when you deny these people a common meeting with you, when they desire it."

A small man with bushy red hair, bristling whiskers, and pale watery eyes, jumped up and doubled his fists threateningly. The veins ran heavily purple behind his ears and across his temples. "It's me you'se do be meanin' by thot an' it's me who's still of the same moind not to have aesey-money dudes wid their biled shirts on here, a spakin' about phwat they don't mane nor ondersthand. Its outvoted I was or ye wouldn't be talkin' about phwat I don't belave nor you yoursel."

"Sit down Cassidy", "Shut up," came from all parts of the room.

He sat down with a sullen, defiant look.

Mark Winthrop coughed nervously. The heavy clouds of smoke from the many pipes that were in full blast irritated his throat and strangled him, as he was not used to tobacco.

The doctor looked down reassuringly, then said, "My easy money comes from working sixteen and sometimes eighteen hours a day, Cassidy, as you very well know and you object to eight."

He looked beyond the malevolent face of Cassidy and continued, "It is just this notion on the part of labor that capital doesn't do anything, that is all wrong. There would be no employment without the use of a conserved amount of capital."

He looked at them and spoke deliberately and distinctly. "Capital is *your* friend. Its sponsors or distributors are *your servants.* They serve you better than you do them for Capital never fails and you do."

Michael Cassidy thrust his brutal face forward and sneered openly.

The doctor ignored it and continued calmly, "Until the Employee understands the position his Employer holds toward him, there will be no bridging this chasm you have made from choice."

The door creaked on its rusty hinges and every head was turned as an old man walked into the room followed by a noisy rabble. Every one joined in the hubbub and "Strovisky!" could be heard above the babble of sound from every part of the hall.

They finally quieted down—some leaned against the wall, others climbed onto the window ledges.

The doctor stepped down from the platform.

Strovisky looked at him attentively; "Finish your talk, young man, I'm tired and want to rest a minute or two."

He dropped heavily in the empty chair beside Mark Winthrop who looked attentively at the old man with an ever increasing interest.

He seemed conscious of it and answered the look. "Seven speeches and two threatened arrests in one day have about used me up." His head dropped on his chest and rolled heavily from side to side. "This is my last speech here," he articulated slowly.

Olzear Rogers felt the break in his talk and the enforced waiting for Strovisky would weaken anything he might say. "While Mr. Strovisky is resting you can ask me any questions you may desire."

A perspiring German called out, "My name iss Pritzelous, and I chust like to hear you tole us vat you tink aboud de provit sharingness dat dey tries in sum blaces, hey?"

"I haven't any ideas on the subject but I would like to ask you two questions: one is—How many of you would be willing to share the profits of your employers?—all who would, stand!"

The chairs scraped noisily, heavy shoes squeaked and every man stood in his place except Cassidy.

The doctor rubbed his nose, a trick he had at times when thinking deeply. He scanned his audience, then added, "How many would be willing to share his losses? All who would —sit down."

An uneasy shuffling of the feet was all that was heard. Many looked angry, some very foolish and others grinned openly as if it were a huge joke.

"You can't have one without the other for they run about even in the race," he exclaimed.

An angry snarl from Cassidy and some of his friends caused Strovisky to step forward and take his place beside the doctor.

The old man stood before them with a forbidding scowl on his brow. His rugged features were set and stern. His hair was white and long, the ends swept his shoulders. His apparel was coarse but neat. He spoke in a voice deep but resonant like the lower strings of a violin. "You ask freedom of speech and you must give it. If this man's views don't accord with yours, it's because yours don't agree with his—you must listen if you would be heard."

As he ceased speaking the audience shouted "Strovisky", "Strovisky," and pandemonium reigned.

Mark Winthrop looked at the noisy crowd over his shoulder and called to the doctor who took the empty seat beside him. "Hadn't we better go? It's getting late and my folks will be worried, I fear."

"It will only last a few moments longer, then we can get out easily. I want to hear what this man has to say."

Michael Strovisky ran a trembling hand through his gray hair, then spoke in a voice full of force that held even Mark Winthrop spellbound. "Oh, dissatisfied friends," he exclaimed pathetically, "everywhere I go, I find hundreds of your kind, who look to me as you do, to say something that will help you in your hard struggles for recognition, equality and justice." He paused impressively. "Everywhere from the Czar's kingdom of serf-bound humanity, the German peasantry, across England's green Isles into sunny Italy and even in the free land of America, I find always and always, the same class of people, who are dissatisfied with the world—its laws—the law's representatives—society—and themselves." He

clasped his hands behind him to quiet their trembling.

"What can I say that hasn't been repeated to you many times?"

He threw his head back and took a step forward as he shouted in ringing tones. "You want the trusts done away with? My heart is with you, so I cry *down* with the trusts. You want taxation removed and I say with you, *down* with it, if it robs you of your bread, for this is a rich government—a wealthy land, one of the richest there is and it needs not your hard earned money. You cry down with society and its representatives—the autocrat bondholder and property owner. They go on their way rejoicing—they toil not—spin not—heed not us, while we labor in heat and cold, by the roadside, in dingy, stifling shops, or in dark dungeons beneath the surface of the earth. We never know a moment's freedom from care or an endless, exhausting struggle for bread. Again and again I cry with you, *down* with the plutocrat whose hands are full and running over while ours are empty." Michael Strovisky stretched his clenched hands above them.

A murmur like the echo of distant thundering waves came from the aching throats of his

audience, then suddenly broke forth in a wild inarticulate shout of fury, terrible in its intensity.

Michael Strovisky's hands dropped by his sides. The terrible, consuming earnestness of the man died down. He had reached his climax and with his hearers had climbed the ladder to the top. He knew that none of them could ever remain there and he must lead them down again.

"With you I cry 'down with the press that misquotes our words—deeds—motives for the vile purpose of unwholesome sensation and self.' Down with this eternal cry of 'Patriotism.' 'Patriotism'—for what?—for whom?" The irony in the man's voice held the very essence of sarcasm.

"Can we have such a thing for a country that says, 'Let us kill off the worst, imprison the bad for life and wear the rest of them out trying to reform them,' and calls it pity—pity."

Mark Winthrop shuddered at the expression of the man's face as he leaned toward his breathless audience.

Olzear Rogers whispered under his breath, "A fine Shylock."

Michael Strovisky straightened up and brought

his hand down on the stand with a thud. "We don't want their pity—no!—we've enough of that for ourselves to satisfy the Creator, who is supposed to see and know all things; and, if so, knows our condition and does not help us. Each one of you knows what pity is when you eat your crust earned with two calloused hands, and the sweat of your brow."

The old man leaned heavily against the table and scanned the upturned faces. He knew they were drinking in his every word greedily, thirstily and a great yearning filled his heart to help them—they seemed so helpless, ignorant and earnest. The hard lines around his mouth softened somewhat as his lips parted in a pathetic attempt at a smile.

"All this I have said to you my friends, but states the case; it doesn't help us a bit—unless it makes us feel deeper, think more about the issues facing us. One thing they have never called us—the people in power—and we ought to be grateful. They haven't called us 'The army of the unemployed—the unfed'—no, not yet. But there is such a class I want you to remember, and they are worse off than we are."

A gutteral groan vibrated from swelling throats but no word was spoken.

Strovisky ran his hands through his tousled hair and resumed in a mild voice. "This America is a funny land, a country of loud boasters, much bombast and noisy bluster. Lots of show and mighty display. It is like a boy with his first new boots, full of brag and sudden pride."

A smothered laugh and broad smiles could be heard and seen.

"Their Cæsars and Napoleons of finance are tremendous powers. You'd think they discovered and civilized the country, the way people bow down to them."

A loud guffaw from some pleased listener broke the silence.

Strovisky smiled in sympathy. "Royalty when it deigns to come here is treated like a god" (little 'g' he added laconically) "and these Americans born, seem to think without thinking at all about it, that one-half the created beings were made especially to serve their half whether they wanted to or not."

He waited for the laugh of derision to subside then resumed in a brusque voice. "What can we do, what is best for you, for me? If we are too poor to hire a hall like this—or a cheaper one and we gather on the corners, the police

make us disperse—'move on'—'move on'—they cry and call us a disorderly mob and they arrest the leaders. Why is this?—Isn't this supposed to be a free land?—If we can't speak our thoughts openly who is to blame?—If we strike down one president, another stands up and still another. There seems to be plenty of men willing to take the job and each one that falls makes it harder for us and our bravest are sacrificed."

"Curses on 'em", "curses on 'em," came from many parts of the room.

The old man pressed his hands together. When he spoke his voice trembled and wavered. "Shall we stop resisting, go with the tide, no longer struggle and strive, or shall we start anew with redoubled force?"

"Yes! Yes! let us fight for our rights," came from every part of the hall.

Cassidy's hoarse growl could be heard distinctly like the gutteral tones of a dog at bay.

The old man's body swayed weakly, and he leaned toward them with an indistinct exclamation as he placed one hand over his heart while the other clutched the table. "It's no use to fight—or kill—or—" and Michael Strovisky plunged forward and fell at Olzear Rogers' feet.

The doctor felt the wrist. The audience was on its feet in an instant.

The physician placed the sinewy hands gently across the old man's breast and faced them. "Michael Strovisky has passed on and he will know why the things he deplored exist—go home, my friends."

Mark Winthrop faced the assemblage and raised his hands as he uttered a benediction for the silent people. "Peace be with you."

They filed out clumsily in their efforts to be quiet—looking as long as they could at the silent group before the platform.

CHAPTER II

SUZANNE AT HOME

The week following the receptions and Strovisky's tragic death, found Olzear Rogers before the Jermym residence. Several waiting carriages, reminded him that he had not fulfilled his promise to call on Adelaide Prince. He had touched the bell and his coachman drove under the porte-cochère. The distinct monotone of feminine voices struck his ear as he entered the hall. When his name was announced a general cry of pleased surprise greeted him. Evidently his appearance was an agreeable diversion.

"Do come over here, doctor, you're just the one to tell us in what particular Christian Science falls short of being a science. Mrs. Berwyn declares it is full fledged and that it is only a question of time when Materia Medica will have fallen into a state of innocuous desuetude."

The doctor laughed and shook his head, with a direct look at Adelaide who held a dainty

cup toward him, from her seat behind the tea table.

"No, you must excuse me Mrs. Seawall, I've only a moment stolen from a very full day and this cup of tea will fortify me, for a half hour's lecture before the clinic." He seated himself near Adelaide and sipped his tea with apparent relish. "Where is Mrs. Jermym?"

"Called to the telephone a few moments ago. Ah! here she is now."

"Tell us, do tell us nothing dreadful has happened," several called to her.

"You looked so wilted," another one said.

She smiled faintly while shaking the doctor's hand. "Nothing bad for us; Mr. Jermym has just consolidated the C. W. C. of the U. S. and he is very jubilant over it."

"U'mm," Mrs. Seawall ejaculated. "That means another half million or so added to that famous 'ball' your husband has been rolling the past five years."

Mrs. Berwyn looked sharply at Suzanne. "I don't know whether to congratulate you or not, you seem to be anything but joyous over it."

"Its another Trust you know." She uttered the word "Trust" with a slight emphasis.

"Yes, to be sure, but what of that?" Mrs.

Berwyn asked in a mild voice. "My husband calls them velvet and a yard wide."

"I don't approve of trusts. It may be velvet on one side but it means shabbiness and its necessities to the others."

A surprised look passed over the faces of her guests.

"My dear Mrs. Jermym, it is foolish of you to look at it that way, if your husband had not underwritten this—syndicate—let us call it, since you don't like the other names,—some one else would have done so."

"You can't stop them; Mr. Freeman says they are just a sign of the times, a natural outgrowth, because labor has made consolidations necessary."

Mrs. Seawall looked at Suzanne impatiently. "Don't you know, my dear, they are foretold somewhere in the New, or is it the Old Testament?"

Suzanne looked unconvinced.

"It says, 'I will send my servants forth to —ah—gather the'—well anyway it's there," she declared when they laughed, the doctor as heartily as the rest.

She looked across at him with a flushed countenance. "Can you repeat it?"

He quoted the sentence in a deep, melodious voice.

"Oh doctor! one could better imagine you in a pulpit with that magnetic voice, than before the clinic with scalpel in hand, talking and cutting at the same time."

He flushed slightly. "My dear madam, do you know the origin of medicine?"

"O yes! Æsculapius was the first physician."

"You are mistaken," he replied. "Healing in its earliest inception, was performed by the priests as a sacred rite when our race was cradled in its infancy and the Vedas were chanted in the form of the *soi-disant* new discovery the New Thoughters use for denying the things that are."

"Isn't it astonishing? Do tell us more about it." Mrs. Seawall moved her chair closer to him that she might the better hear.

"In its primitive phases medicine brought gods and men into close relationship. Then it was simply religion, not an exact science as it is to-day."

"No wonder we consider it a matter of life and death," Mrs. Berwyn remarked in an aside.

The doctor continued enthusiastically. "All

the priests were physicians. Their gods were gods of healing, their temples were hospitals."

"How instructive; can you tell us what form of service they used?" Suzanne asked, for she was interested.

He handed his empty cup to Adelaide. She gave him a bright smile in exchange, then he repeated with fine dramatic force the oldest affirmation known to man.

"All health do we call by our blessing, by our praise upon the bodies of mortals.

"To thee, oh Pain, avaunt.

"To thee, oh Fever, avaunt.

"To thee, oh Disease, avaunt.

"I drive away death, I drive away disease, I drive away sickness, I drive away pain and fear, I drive away rottenness and infection, which Angra Mainy has created."

"Isn't it wonderful how every instance proves there is nothing new under the sun!"

"Yes! and now I must go, it's been a case of stolen sweets." He shook hands with Suzanne and Adelaide and was at the door when Mrs. Seawall called to him.

"Doctor, you will try and come to us on Thursday evening, will you not? Montezuma

talks on Indian folk lore—their philosophy of medicine and music."

"I'll try to be there." He vanished behind the portieres. She continued. "Their dancing and wild beating of tom-toms doesn't seem so absurd, when one understands what they are trying to do."

Adelaide left her seat at the tea table and joined the group. "Tell us what their object is. I'm so interested in anything pertaining to our aborigines."

"They performed those rites to distract the patient's attention from his aches and pains, and used all the means in their possession to do this, not knowing exactly which one would prove effective."

"Will this Indian speak English?"

"Yes, my dear, as perfectly as you do."

"Does he look like one?" Adelaide queried.

"He is the most perfect specimen of a civilized Indian I've ever met."

"Mr. Mark Winthrop," the butler announced.

Suzanne went forward to greet him.

"You know some of the ladies, do you not?"

He acknowledged several introductions, then seated himself near Suzanne.

"Make Mr. Winthrop a fresh cup of tea, Adelaide."

Mrs. Woodman leaned toward the minister. "You just missed the most instructive lesson on medicine."

"I'm sorry for that," he replied.

"Did you know that religion and medicine were one, ages ago?"

"Now that you speak of it I should suppose so. All things emanate from the same place, the throne of grace or gifts," he replied.

"We've been very serious this afternoon." Mrs. Freeman glanced at Suzanne significantly. "Do you mind giving us your opinion of these big consolidations that are monopolizing our industrial world with such persistence that nothing seems to be exempt?"

The minister stirred the lemon in his tea. "The giants of finance who have acquired these great sums of money are simply servants in trust. I feel that it is necessary this should be, for some great purpose."

"Then you approve of these men and their methods?" Suzanne asked in astonishment.

"A man may occupy a conspicuous place, but I protest he fills it only as he is a credit to that position, and his fellow man."

She blushed as the memory of her husband flashed across her mind and added quickly, "I don't think Mr. Winthrop wants us to understand that he makes that statement as a fact without possible qualifications."

"I think I do, though," he remarked with firmness.

Mrs. Woodman pulled her veil down. "Facts are stubborn things and I've one to deal with at the dressmaker's, and must run away. I wish it were our trust, Mrs. Jermyn, and I promise you *it* wouldn't be a proposition to be discussed, but a quickly accepted and very welcome fact. I'll take you to Willard's, Mrs. Berwyn, if you're ready." They passed out together.

"What a difference there is in ideas," Mrs. Sewall remarked tentatively, while making a vain search for her cardcase.

"Abstract ideas are vastly different from positive realities," Mark Winthrop declared with mild assurance.

"I know I had a chatelaine, Suzanne, where could I have dropped it? Oh! here it is. I must meet Mr. Sewall at the club; he's waiting for me now." She rustled out followed almost immediately by Mrs. Freeman.

Adelaide walked into the music room and

seated herself at the piano. She let her fingers stray idly over the keys, finally drifting into a dreamy waltz of Chopin's.

Mark Winthrop looked wistfully at the woman beside him. She seemed oblivious of his presence until he moved his chair nearer her, then she looked at him attentively.

"Your lectures have been such a help, I feel you can give me the advice I need." She hesitated an instant, then plunged bravely into the theme that had been forming in her heart and mind ever since the day she had laid her baby away from sight. She wanted to aid the downtrodden, struggling masses, especially the little children. She admitted reluctantly they could not be reached except through their parents, and she was at a loss as to how to set about it.

He listened attentively watching the glow of enthusiasm in her eyes and on her face All the relaxed muscles of her body seemed to take on new force, new life, as she closed her appeal with an impassioned statement of the poor, starving for want of food while she had more than she deserved or even needed. "The rich are made ill from over-eating, the poor are weak from being underfed. How can a seeming

equality of the distribution of the bare necessities of life be attained?" She ended with an expressive gesture of her hands.

"This is good logic," he declared; "I've been thinking about these different classes during the last week and I find there are two distinct elements in a broad sense, 'heirs by right and rebels by birth.' "

"You mean?" she questioned with a troubled look.

"That back of all social discontent, back of all the forms in which it appears, we find that the primary cause of these disordered, unwholesome conditions is in the people themselves."

"Oh, it can't be," she said in fervent denial.

"There is but one remedy which I can suggest and that is to educate them up to our standards, beliefs, and our ways of thinking."

"Oh, Mr. Winthrop! where is your great heart of sympathy that the vain struggling of the under mass does not appeal to you?" She looked at him accusingly.

"My sympathies are with them, but my judgment stands against them. They make their shadows, then live in this unsubstantial gloaming in the background."

"They are human beings, not phantoms," she cried.

"They are undeveloped negatives that need the bright light of a conscious understanding and an honest undertaking to develop them."

"They need our help and sympathy then, more than I thought," she exclaimed with fervor.

"We consider them fallacies, not facts in the rostrum of life."

"But they are vital facts," Suzanne exclaimed.

"They are a minority now opposed to the majority, because the latter are greater in wealth and numbers. They want everything reduced to a common state and abolish all individual ownership. It seems real to them and possible, because real people are the actors in the socialistic and anarchistic drama. They oppose competition, ignoring the law that all growth is due to some antagonistic force that resists the disclosure—thus making it possible."

Suzanne looked unconvinced. "What they need is equality—justice—work and a chance to think beyond their struggle for the necessities to sustain a bare existence."

"Equality is a chimera—a fantasy until man recognizes the law of Unity—a Unity that reck-

ons not the more or less of anything. Equality and Unity exist when man ceases to covet, measure, weigh or value the possessions of another in the scale with his lack of desires."

"These people are poor, very poor; they are not happy or comfortable. They are not well-fed or properly clothed and they work long hours and receive short pay—why all this?" Suzanne looked at him questioningly.

Mark thought a moment before he replied, "Work and labor are two expressions of the same thing; I fear I shall weary you with my explanations."

"Oh no, I'm very much interested."

"Work is directed to a possible end, a final product, a complete realization. This is the result of thought. The man who digs a trench simply for the purpose to procure money to buy bread, shelter and clothing, is a mechanical laborer. He doesn't care if the excavation is for a sewer—water main, or gas pipe. He is not interested in the result—gives it no thought and his labor is called drudgery, and he is paid accordingly. Such people are blessed with perfect physical bodies, strong muscles and fibrous sinews compactly woven for strength and endurance and—"

"Yes! yes! I know all that," Suzanne replied impatiently; "but tell me why the natural expenditure of mere physical force receives such meager remuneration."

"You have named it yourself—you called it a 'natural expenditure of force.' Because it is natural—even commonplace, it is rewarded as such. Nature or the natural things of life are scarcely understood—or appreciated, hence have very little value. We forget the simple when we struggle to define the complex."

"Perhaps you are right," she murmured indistinctly.

"That your sympathies have been inspired for the laborer is a good sign—his efforts have been rewarded. Sympathy is a glorious asset to cultivate for a future state of felicity."

"Nothing is impossible, Mr. Winthrop, when there is true sympathy in the world."

"Always remember the necessary things are the most plentiful and that is why we have an excess of manual labor to meet the demand. There is always employment for mere labor. It is the thinking man that finds idle hours and unappreciated efforts and it is the thinking man that agitates and tries to uplift labor."

Suzanne looked worried.

"The muscular man seeks the ditch to dig as naturally as the thinking man searches for mental employment."

"You look at conditions as they are, I look at them as they ought to be, Mr. Winthrop."

"Dear Mrs. Jermym, please understand me. If thought made the capitalist what he is, thought must lift the laboring class above their work. All growth comes from within, when it is aided from without.

"They think, and I know it, but we do not listen when they speak. We are trying to hold our hands over their mouths so their cries will not annoy us. Look in their faces—see if I'm not right. They are like patient beasts of burden, these human beings, and we must think aloud for them—cry aloud, for our mouths are not closed in fear or by threats.

"How do we know the laborer is not happy? How can we measure health, wealth, and happiness? Would my standard of success be accepted by them? Would my gains mean loss to them? Would my happiness be accounted cheap or dear at any price when compared by your estimate of its expression?"

Suzanne looked at the minister attentively but did not answer.

"May not my success spell failure for another, or more ambitious man? It is the goal for which we strive, the ideal we struggle to attain that writes success or failure across our lives, our achievements—our memories."

"What do you consider the most desirable thing in life?"

Mark looked at Suzanne Jermym with an expression in his eyes that startled her into sudden self consciousness. She seemed to be looking into the man's mind through his eyes and saw herself mirrored there. She realized she was staring at him in surprise and closed her eyes.

Mark Winthrop's voice had vibrant notes in it when he spoke. "Riches to us would mean poverty to a king, or to a Rockefeller. Wealth to a bibliomaniac, might mean a lot of old, musty, unintelligible books to us. In seeking the principle we forget the things it stands for, Mrs. Jermym."

"We elect our friends and we make our enemies, and the masses hate us because we do not include them."

"Brain and brawn rarely ever meet on terms of equality," Mark replied tentatively.

"I know it and more's the pity."

Mark stood before her with an indescribable feeling tugging at his heart; "I've pained you, but thought it best to show you how these people are considered by the world at large, so that you might know your philanthropic efforts would be met and combated." He held his hand out—she laid hers in it an instant and then he was gone.

"Adelaide, come here dear."

The girl stood beside her. "Does he approve your method of feeding and clothing the outcasts?" she asked.

"No—and yet I'd give my life to help them, for they've been defrauded of their rights."

"My dear, you're mistaken, they haven't been wronged, because some one else has something they want."

Adelaide placed a hand affectionately on her shoulder while Suzanne shook her head unconvinced. "These conditions will adjust themselves in time. You or any one else can't force issues that will stand the test of time."

"The poor are our trust; we must help them."

"Yes, by example and education. Money is simply a temporary relief for their physical needs."

"My body is here, but my heart is with them,"

Suzanne declared with fine enthusiasm. "I'd give all I have to help them and the little children of the poor."

"Nothing is given, everything has its price or an equivalent. What have they to offer in exchange for a life like yours? You will not be any happier there than you are here. Happiness comes from within, not without, and is dependent upon yourself, not things or other people. We want to share it, that is why we include others in its expression."

"You are preaching Emerson and I might say with him 'all life is precious,' and when we learn that, we cease to put people and things beneath our feet, or consider anything unworthy of a kind thought, devoid of better possibilities."

"You take needless suffering upon yourself, Suzanne, for you cannot come in contact with these people and not feel sorry for them, and to what end? They don't want sympathy, but labor—big wages, and less competition."

Suzanne sighed wearily. "Let us dress for dinner; Franklyn will dine early, he has a meeting at the club with his new directors." She touched the bell and ordered the tea things

removed. "I'm weary to-night, dear; you talk to him."

Adelaide followed her upstairs with an uncertain feeling as to what Suzanne's intentions were, but hoped fervently they would not lead her into physical contact with the masses.

CHAPTER III

THE PENDULUM SWINGS

Olzear Rogers laid a shining set of probes on the table, then looked at a card dropped through the slot in the door. He placed the instruments in his satchel and touched a button. Almost immediately the door opened and Mark Winthrop came into the room.

He coughed more from a slight embarassment than stress of physical necessity.

"Can you spare me a few moments? It is rather important, but I can wait if you're greatly pressed for time."

"Any one in the outer office?" the doctor asked as he shook his hand.

"I think not."

Olzear looked at his watch. "I can give you ten minutes; will that do?"

The minister smiled deprecatingly; "I'll make it do. Time hangs heavily on my hands, but you don't seem to know what that means."

The doctor pushed a chair forward. "Be

seated, don't hurry yourself, I can make it fifteen minutes, at a pinch. Excuse me if I light a cigar; I can listen better. Tell me in what way I can serve you."

The minister laid a glove across his knee with careful precision and hooked the upturned clasp.

In the meantime the doctor had lit his favorite weed, seated himself with his hands clasped over his head and waited for the minister to speak.

"The people of my church are probably as broadminded as can be found anywhere. Yet they are exclusive, in a way. I left my first congregation because they were too narrow, and I've told my present one that if I couldn't be honest in my statements to them, we would have to part company."

He looked at the doctor with a smile as he added, "They've been very patient with me."

Olzear nodded encouragingly, but wondered vaguely what such a preamble meant.

Mark Winthrop straightened in his chair. "To cut my story short, I desire to ask your advice and aid in opening a way for your friends to meet with my congregation, at a so-

cial I hope to have given for them. What do you think of the idea?"

The doctor jumped up and shook the minister's hand with a mighty grip. "You were called all right. I'm grateful to you, even if they're not; but never mind, it's a step in the right direction."

The minister smiled; "If it is possible, it will be because the hearts of my congregation are in the right place."

"When will you speak to them about it?"

"Next Sunday if you think those people will care to come."

The doctor looked at the timepiece ticking busily on the cabinet. "I must get to the hospital. I've a very sick patient there. Would you like to go with me?"

"Yes," the minister said simply.

When they were seated in the doctor's carriage, he looked at the man beside him, then ejaculated with enthusiasm, "Do you know, Mr. Winthrop, I believe you can show these people just what they need and where they stand. They have a meeting Saturday night; eight of them are to speak. Each one has a five minute talk and chooses his own subject.

I'll fix it so you can close it with a fifteen or twenty minute address.

"I should be very glad to speak to them," the minister declared fervently.

"This will place you in touch with them, so that when your people are ready to receive them, they will be more likely to accept, because you will not be a stranger to them."

"I'm glad I consulted you, doctor."

"So am I! How did you happen to think of it?"

"I want my people to see and feel through actual contact and observation at close range just what the masses are like—"

"Splendid idea," the doctor interrupted with enthusiastic emphasis.

"I believe when their sympathies are truly enlisted, our church as a body will be a great help to those struggling men and women, and in time help them to become useful citizens."

The doctor nodded acquiesence and marveled inwardly at the man's sudden enthusiasm. "What do you call a useful citizen, Mr. Winthrop?"

"One who performs his duties honestly and considers his fellow man once in a while."

"H'mm," the doctor muttered between long

drawn puffs at his favorite cigar. "I used to think that way, but have changed my mind. In our present day a useful citizen is the man who minds his own business and never runs against the law."

"That makes the difference between us and the law breakers. We are more in sight of the world than they are, because we do not act contrary to the law laid down for the well-being of the all or many."

"You are right!" the doctor replied, as the carriage drew up before a massive stone building with gray cheerless façade.

"Good thing the patients can't look at the exterior of their abode. It would be depressing to say the least. I hope that some day the hospitals will be more like a private residence and less like the state asylums." The doctor opened the door and ushered the minister into a long bare hall.

Mark Winthrop wondered of what service he could be to the doctor's patient, but with his usual quiescence made no comments and soon found himself in a room with four beds, one in each corner. On one bed lay a man with a pallid face, bandaged head and closed eyes. It was here the physician stopped and questioned

the nurse, gave some final instructions, then led the way out, remarking, "The man's vitality is wonderful. I believe he will pull through; if he holds out another twelve hours he will have more than a fighting chance."

"What happened to the man?"

The doctor looked at the minister an instant before he replied, "That was Cassidy."

"The one at Faver's Hall?" he interrogated with surprise in his face and voice.

"Yes, he used to be my hostler. I discharged him for brutally kicking one of my horses and he swore vengeance."

"Ah!" the minister interjected with a nod.

"It seems my coachman heard of this and to satisfy him, I let him drive me nights, contrary to my usual custom. Cassidy knew I always used a livery cab after dark, and as I reached home last night Robert saw him hiding in the shadows by the steps. As Cassidy raised a club to strike me, Robert jumped down from his seat and landed on him full weight, bearing him down with such force, that he struck the stone curbing and has a fractured skull in consequence."

"I didn't read anything of it in the papers."

"No, I've kept the matter quiet and hope to pull him through."

"His was a personal grievance then, poor fellow." The minister smiled brightly at the man beside him. "You are doing a very unusual thing, are you not, in trying to save this man's life after he attempted to take yours?"

"Not at all! The unusual thing will be his recovery."

"Your conduct is unusual in the extreme; I'm glad I know you. If you will let me out here, I'll run over to the printer's, as I've next month's calendar to fill out."

They agreed to meet at Faver's Hall, Saturday night.

The doctor took a small tablet from his pocket, and scanned the penciled pages until he ejaculated aloud, "The Berwyns." He touched the bell, placed the speaking tube to his lips and said, "Home, Robert!"

Four hours later he searched the Berwyn rooms and failed to discover some one he deemed necessary to hold him until the principal event of the evening should occur. He was on his way from the house when he met two women face to face. Adelaide had a white

scarf bound about her head in such a manner that it gave her a nun-like severity of countenance. Suzanne looked as though she felt anything but interested. A glimmer of sudden interestedness flashed over her face when she saw the doctor standing before them.

"You're not going to stay and make it bearable for us? Adelaide has such a longing to see and hear a native born Indian speak intelligible English while he gives a preachment on his dead and gone ancestors, that I know she will want to remain until the end."

"Nothing but a pow-wow, or bona-fide war dance could interest Suzanne these days. Wait for us here, we'll hurry." They vanished up the stairs.

He removed his coat and hat again, then stationed himself near and waited until they came to him. He led the way into the well filled rooms. They greeted Mrs. Berwyn and then he began a systematic search for a seat where they might be undisturbed. When he found what he wanted, they heard a profound sigh pass his lips.

"Was it such a task?" Suzanne asked.

"No, that was a sigh of relief, to know I can have you quite to myself," he replied, looking

directly at Adelaide. "Miss Prince and I, you know, have never had a chance to get acquainted yet."

"I think though that we are not strangers," she added with a smile. "It seems as if I had known you always. Understanding sometimes weaves a more potent spell, than years of companionship."

"How happy you are in your epigrammatic expressions. You are very clever, I knew you were, and original too, a thing I admire above all else," he declared.

"Oh don't, I beg of you, I abhor compliments or praise of any sort. They place me under such deep obligations; I feel as if I just had to live up to them and I've a natural distaste for doing things I think I have to do."

Suzanne and the doctor laughed at her vehemence. "Now I know you're one in a thousand; you don't try to be, you just are," he added convincingly.

"I wonder why the majority of men and women like praise and compliments?" Suzanne asked, as she folded her hands in her lap and leaned back with a pensive look about her that did not detract but added to her beauty.

"Oh! I can answer that," the doctor replied;

"Miss Prince has told us why she doesn't like them and now I'll tell you why we do—it's because—"

"Hush, here comes Mrs. Freeman," Adelaide whispered.

Her sleeves brushed the palms before them, then she passed on. They looked at one another, sighed in relief and smiled.

"Because what?" Suzanne queried.

"It pleases us, because it is the opposite expression to blame, censure and disapproval."

"Splendid! henceforth I'm silent; such an example of philosophic wisdom puts me to shame." Adelaide patted her hands in silent applause. "Isn't this a jolly little corner, all screened off so that we can see and not be seen? If they will only leave us alone a little longer, we shall know one another quite well, won't we?" Adelaide queried.

"That is why I came to-night, the hope that brought me here," he replied frankly.

Suzanne leaned her elbow on the arm of the couch and rested her chin in the palm of her hand. She watched the people moving about like figures in a cimetograph.

The hum of voices, laughter, and the subdued strains of stringed instruments in the hall

beyond, seemed to her melancholy mind fanciful and unreal. Her eyes grew large and luminous as she looked beyond it all, through an inward vision and saw other things, other people. The poorly fed, unkempt, half clothed, half famished denizens of the underworld. "To include is to exclude, by our very inclusiveness we make the exclusive, don't we?" She asked the question in a dreamy voice apropos of nothing her companions could discern.

Adelaide sat thoughtfully alert.

The doctor looked at her intently with his eyelashes brushing the lens of his glasses, so firmly had he pressed them on his nose, for a better view of the girl beside him. Then there ensued one of the silences that come naturally to people who are sincere with one another. It was a silence that talked when there was no necessity for audible speech. Thoughts crystalized into the very things they expressed, so real they were.

When a man and woman can endure a natural unstrained silence for any length of time, believe me, they understand each other. They are the comprehensive ones.

After a while, Suzanne sighed and roused herself. "Every one here reminds me of some

one else, and everything seems a repetition of some former affair; I wonder why."

"Brave Nestor, can'st thou deliver another one of thy brilliant formulas of philosophy?" Adelaide looked at him with her eyes and face full of questioning smiles. When she met his ardent gaze, a faint flush dyed her cheeks.

"We live the things we like, we look the things we are."

"And if one desires to be socially elegible, what must one do to attain it?" Adelaide queried of him.

"Be conversant with the customs of the especial set to which one may aspire and imitate, imitate, imitate. Always imitate some one else. No matter how much the soul may cry out for individual expression, it must hush."

Suzanne leaned forward and nodded an emphatic agreement. "And then?" she questioned.

"We must read the same books, wear the same style of garments, say the same things in the same passive way."

"That's it," she exclaimed with fine irony.

Adelaide raised her eyebrows questioningly, "Is that all?"

"If we are sufficiently well established, we

can ride a hobby to death and distraction by calling it a fad. But one may never, no never, fail in the nicest degree of tact, good taste or etiquette. All this eventually stamps us, Mrs. Jermym, so one cannot mistake the class to which one belongs, and that's what makes us look and act alike."

"Society is a necessity, you admit that, do you not?"

"Yes, Miss Prince. It is the one thing that differentiates us from the others. It makes the only classification known, between us and our less fortunate fellow men."

"I wonder when and how society was first established and by whom?" Suzanne asked in a musing voice.

"I do not know, Mrs. Jermym, but fancy it was just discovered by some outsider, after men and women made a natural choice of associates, and selected their own kind, so that they could mingle freely, through a mutual sympathy of likes and dislikes."

"Then the victory does not fall to the weak or the strong, but to the tactful one," Adelaide added as an afterthought to the doctor's preachment.

He nodded acquiescence.

"I know one must never show what one feels, nor say what one honestly thinks, but act according to the precepts laid down by our social predecessors." Suzanne's voice trailed away and another silence threatened when she suddenly asked: "What of the excluded ones?"

"I don't think they are set aside for any reason save incompatibility of temperament. It sounds like legal phraseology but it fits the idea and it's exact." The doctor looked at Adelaide's fan as she waved it to and fro with a graceful curve of her wrist. When she laid it down he picked it up and studied the delicate carving on the ivory handles with curiosity.

"The only difference between men and mere men then, is their associates. Am I correct?" Suzanne asked.

"Yes, I think you are," he replied.

"It's the excessive, the extremes that mark us in the sight of the world, eh, doctor?" she queried, following the idea to its end. "More or less of anything is only of the things that are. It's always more or less brains, or intelligence, or the comprehension of life's fitful or pitiful dreams." Suzanne sighed wearily as she finished her remark.

"Come, cheer up! all is not lost. Even Rome

may once more ring with the weird chanting over the sacred Tiber and Greece unfold her manacled hands and fight gloriously as of old."

"It's the same old story of oppressions everywhere from the beginning to the end," she replied wearily; "fight, struggle, strive with hands, heads, hearts against our fellow kind for what?"

"Don't care, Suzanne, there must be such things; we can't help it. Society to me is the rubber-tired wheel that runs without friction, because it has been extensively and expensively oiled. Anti-society is—what?" Adelaide looked at the doctor, inviting him by a nod to finish the illustration.

"The cart that jolts and creaks, as it strikes the hard bumps on its unguided way." He spoke cheerily enjoying his illustration as much as Adelaide.

"That's all very well," Suzanne replied, "but by and by these outside people will become indifferent to circumstances or influence and they will be dangerous; what then?"

"Dear lady, leave yesterday with its yesterday, and the coming yesterdays with days before."

Adelaide pushed the foliage aside. "Hush! some one is speaking. It's the Indian. Why,

he looks like an American," she added in a disappointed whisper.

The doctor held her open fan back of his head and made wild plunges with the other hand as if he were tommyhawking something. The fierce expression on his face convulsed them with silent laughter.

When it was over, he closed their carriage door and remained on the pavement with bared head as they drove away.

Adelaide looked back and saw him standing there. With a sudden impulse that swept in a hot wave over and through her, she fluttered her handkerchief from the half open window.

When he realized what it was, Olzear Rogers clapped his hat on after a wild flourish of acknowledgment, threw his shoulders back, thrust his hands deep into his pockets and whistled shrilly for a cab. He seated himself in the corner, pulled his hat down over his eyes, forgot to light a cigar, or cover his knees with the robe and didn't know he was home until the driver asked if there were further orders. Then he roused himself, got out and was half way up the steps, before he realized he was home. Then he turned and called to the driver, "You can go."

CHAPTER IV

AT FAVER'S HALL

When Mark Winthrop faced the noisy crowd in Faver's Hall he had a strange thought: "Was I born and educated for this? Have I taught from the pulpit for ten years to be enabled to sympathize truly with these people in their needs? Have I at last served up to the point where I can go down in the depths and guide them into light? Is it only when a man has lived up to his highest ideals that he can realize the lowest because he knows the absolute supremacy of the good, the true, the beautiful?"

Something within the man fell away. Something that had bound and held him close-reefed to his former surroundings. He discovered through a fateful form of inductive reasoning that he was where he belonged. He felt perfectly at home, satisfied and at ease. It was a strange weaving of the fabric of circumstance that caused him to feel so sure he could help those people in their necessities. The words shouldered each other in a mad tumult to be

heard, as they rushed from his mouth in a voice so unlike his own it sounded unfamiliar to his ears.

"Life should mean more than strife and hunger and the body is better than the clothes you put upon it. The soul within you is greater than the emotions and passions reflected from it. Our troubles and trials simply test our strength, our powers of endurance, our purpose in life. We must grow greater than our worries by growing through them. All growth must come from within and be aided from without.

"A desire for more of anything shows us our incompetencies, imperfections, or the undesirability of something we possess.

"A wise opponent attacks the strongest spot in an antagonist if he hopes to gain in the end. When you make an attempt to conquer anything hereafter, remember men draw unto themselves all the forces they can command to maintain their identity and integrity intact.

"You have struck at random attacking weak spots—that's why you've always lost.

"When you are a power, my friends, you will be more the servants of circumstances than you are now. To-day you are struggling to

attain your majority. When you've gained this, prepare to be attacked in turn for the same purpose.

"We make men great, then reduce them to rank and file again. Thus do we bestow our gifts.

"We give power, then take it away again. Under conditions of this sort we learn the value of the things we possess and the necessity for those we lack.

"It is only when things become a part of us through understanding or desire that we learn to value them even approximately."

Mark waited for some expression of disfavor from his audience, but they sat silent, passive and indifferent.

"Your great mistake has been in trying to force an active spirit into an inactive body, that is consequently growing hourly, more antagonistic to your theories.

"Man only wants what seems good to him. Remember that, and the people you oppose will look different to you.

"You place your personal grievances before you and cry aloud when they will listen: 'See how abused we are, look how poor we are, give

us what we want, equality, wealth, little labor and big wages.' "

"Down with him, he's agin' us", "Out wid him", "Mop up the flure wid him", "Rouse mid um," filled the hall, while hisses and wild stamping of feet drowned the rest of the minister's sentence.

He stood calmly erect, threw his shoulders back and looked at the excited faces before him. "Silence," he shouted in a voice not to be gainsaid. "I am trying to show you where you stand in the sight of the people you oppose."

"Silence!" he thundered, when the noise increased. "I intend to help you if it takes ten years of my life."

After they had quieted down so that he could be heard he continued in a stern voice: "Please don't interrupt me again. When I've finished, you can ask me as many questions as you choose, or object to what I've said, and we will discuss it openly."

"Get out, you are not with us. Throw him out," were some of the words that could be distinguished.

"You need not take the trouble to throw me out, for I'll come back every time you do, and you might as well hear me now, for I'll

wait until you do. I've made up my mind to see this thing through to the end."

Herman Schlagel raised his hand. The shouts of derision ceased. "Slavisky said in his last speech 'to listen if you would be heard.'"

Olzear Rogers came into the room and took a back seat unnoticed.

Mark Winthrop rested his hand on the table beside him and continued his address. "All the people who speak here, believe as you do and advocate the same methods to procure what you deem your rights. You are entitled to certain things, but not all that you lay claim to, and it is because of the things you do need and deserve that I am here as your friend to help you if you will let me."

"Hear de pious duck," some one shouted; "let's hear him, den we'll trun him out."

Mark Winthrop waited until the boisterous laughter subsided, then continued: "You stir up strife, then when it is ended call it peace.

"Here you are linked together, a body bound by the ties of mutual sympathy for real or fancied wrongs, forming an opposition trust more formidable than any money combination that exists to-day. You need a better understanding of your duties to your fellow men.

No one ever has, or can take from you anything that rightfully belongs to you." They looked puzzled and decidedly unconvinced. "Anything you have to fight or struggle for is not the thing for you to have. That is why war is made the acme of suffering. It is wrong for men to sacrifice one another. There is a higher law than ours that regulates our needs, rewards and punishments."

He looked at the upturned faces with their varied expressions and a great longing filled his heart to help them. "Believe me, you are each one destined for some great thing. If you give yourselves but half a chance, you will find this field of labor open to you and a place prepared and waiting for you to enter in and be rewarded with the acknowledgment you desire."

They moved restlessly and looked unconvinced.

"Anything you have to fight for is not for you, but belongs to the ones who possess it, whether you consider it lawfully so or otherwise," he repeated again. "The rose and the weed grow side by side; in our eyes the rose has a value, the weed none. Why?" He felt repaid, he had their attention, every one of them, and continued in a softer tone. "The

rose has achieved the purpose for which it was designed. It has blossomed into a thing of beauty and fragrance. It is a joy to the beholder and we covet it, long to possess it, yet near the rose stands the tall weed unrecognized."

An audible sigh passed over the lips of many.

"If the world did not need us, my friends, we wouldn't be in her garden as roses or weeds." Mark saw the doctor and appreciated his nod of encouragement. He looked at his audience. They were interested and he decided to speak a few moments longer. "Now, my friends, what you consider worth while is worth while to you, though the world may never understand what you think about the things you made the important issues of life." An uneasy look swept over some of the faces. Others were sullen, while many were blank and expressionless.

Mark Winthrop hesitated an instant, wondering how he could best illustrate his thoughts, then gave it up and trusted to the simplicity of the words.

"Any form of opposition is a compliment. It is a recognition of a coveted value. Our estimate of the things we oppose can best be

realized by the forces or means we employ to reduce them to a state of harmless inactivity. We never oppose a negative force.

"Man has never been so constituted he could ignore the beauty of Truth in any of its various expressions. Only by antagonistic cultivation, or perverse denial can he enable himself to think a good undesirable. When anything seems lacking, or is offensive, or checks some aim or desire, then Truth becomes an evil necessity to that one."

Mark saw he was talking over their heads. He looked worried.

"We only want what seems good to us. As long as we feel justified in gaining our desires we act with courage and conviction, even when we know we are wrong. As soon as this sense of justice falters, then the desire labels itself a mistake, an error, a sin, or a crime.

"Be one with the world, be in it and of it, then it will be one with you. Separate yourselves from it and it will have no time or desire to hunt you up, unless you break some of its laws. One word more, then I've finished." He waited a moment, his silence was impressive as he meant it to be. "We are all dependent upon capital and capital is dependent upon

labor. Neither can be independent, neither can shake off its responsibilities. The rich should not be cursed for what they possess, any more than the poor are condemned for what they lack. Another's success does not oppress you, my friends, though I admit money is the most powerful civilizer in the world to-day and idle money and idle labor are the curse of a nation. Each becomes a festering sore in the other's eyes and breeds revolution."

They looked forbidding, and moved restlessly in their seats.

"We find a great poet has sung of 'The man with the hoe.' The man and the hoe become of equal value in his rhyme. The poet to be sure never dug potatoes for a living—never had to. Fancy him spending long hours in the heat or rain digging endless hills of potatoes. Impossible! A beauty in the homely act of labor however struck his fancy. He epitomized the labor and made the laborer's hours the length of his poem. This is a fair estimate of the value of poetry some might say, especially those who would rank the laborer and his product after the same rule."

Mark's audience responded to the idea. They smiled and nodded an emphatic approval.

"In the poet's fancy, the man and the hoe were one. In reality they were two, always were and always will be. An old rusty battered up hoe, or a new one for that matter, would not have been inspiring to his most salient mood. But the two together, the necessary animate and inanimate, combined with the long row of uncovered potatoes, the distant home in the background, all together created an artistic *ensemble* worthy to make an impression on a less susceptible mind than a poet's.

"There was a quiet dignity in the scene that suggested to him many things, that were lost to the man who dug potatoes for a living, or as an article of diet. The dignity of the scene lay in the patient toil of the laborer. All the rest was as a tale that had been told ere it was begun.

"Nature labors ceaselessly — silently. She helped the potatoes grow without any talk about it.

"The rain moistened them in the most natural manner and didn't stand around waiting to see if it would be recognized as a social benefactor, or even as a necessary factor in the little game nature was playing with a few— potatoes.

"After these necessary agents had labored unceasingly twenty-four hours out of the twenty-four, for several months, along came a man—one man—with a little hoe, to dig up the contented, fat potatoes and removed them from their natural home.

"Then along comes a poet.

"He has a spasm of rapturous appreciation and proceeds straightway to immortalize himself, the man, the hoe and the potatoes by identifying himself with them.

"One little song that has been read across the length and breadth of the land, because some potatoes grew in a field and a man dug them up to sell or eat. The poet did not sing of the empty stomachs and hungry mouths of the half of creation who haven't land to grow a potato on." Wild applause greeted Mark's sarcastic words.

"It was as natural for the man to dig the potatoes as it was for good old mother earth to cradle them, until they were matured. It was as natural for the man to want them, as it was for the sun to ripen them, or the rain to make them solid and meaty. All of these things were a necessary element to complete the potato crop and—the poem. Without the man, the

poet had not been inspired. Without the labor, the potatoes had not been planted—or perfected by growth. Without labor the potatoes had not been gathered. Thus labor was responsible for the poet's rhapsody—and the potatoes.

"If nature works—so must man—he is nature's highest prototype. If nature weeps fertilizing tears, so must man. If the value of nature's labor remains unrecognized, so must man's. If nature works without reward, so too must man.

"The only difference between nature's efforts and man's is that one tries to grow the best thing of its kind without any reward save the power to perpetuate itself. Man works for the love of self, or something he loves. Why then all this wailing and gnashing of teeth? We hear very little from the laborer himself, until some one goes down a few steps in the accepted social scale and finds what he considers undesirable conditions. Conditions he deems undesirable for himself.

"Love your work, my friends, and it will be like nature's labor—finished ere it is begun."

Olzear Rogers came up as he stepped from the little platform and clasped his hand in a fervent grip that meant more than words.

The crowd moved forward impulsively. A few pushed along until they came close to the minister; some held their hands out, while others stood awkwardly waiting and several began to question him at once. All signs of hostility had vanished. Curiosity or indifference had taken its place.

Mark Winthrop tried to gather the drift of their questions, but very soon gave it up and looked helplessly at the doctor.

"One at a time; fall back there, all who desire to ask Mr. Winthrop anything, get in line!"

An old man was the first to face the minister. He looked sheepish as he said, "I don't think you're such a pious duck, after all." He held out a dirty hand hesitatingly.

Mark gave it a hearty grip, and smiled. "I'm glad you've changed your mind. I never considered myself pious and never want to."

A greasy looking Italian came next. "Wia dis law to taxa my bannan cart, de litta monka and de ole organ so big onlee, to play a booful operatic moosic ona de sidewalka. Ha?"

"You are taxed according to the value of the things you have for use, not their weight or size, so we can have lights on the corners to show us the way home after dark."

The Italian shuffled on, rubbing one soiled hand over the other, shaking his head slowly.

"What do you call freedom, the freedom America claims to give?" another asked.

"You can elect men for public office and can follow any form of religious worship you like. You can be a soldier or not as you choose. It does not mean, however, freedom from work. But it is the only safe means to a certain end, for it alone invests every citizen with equal rights, though he may not know, or care to use it. Freedom does not come through wealth. The rich are subject to the same laws you are."

"What do you call justice?" the next questioner asked in a gruff voice.

"What do you call injustice, my friend?" the minister questioned gently. "I know you've got a definition for it, or you wouldn't ask that question, and I am here to learn as well as you are."

The man looked up with a dogged defiance. "Why was I manacled and sent to prison, when I stole to feed hungry mouths."

Mark Winthrop laid his hand gently on the man's shoulder. "It is because the world has no sympathy with your mistakes though it con-

dones your needs." His hand slipped down the length of the man's arm until he got hold of the heavy hand hanging expressionless and relaxed, then Mark clasped it firmly in his and added, "If men and women only knew it was the law breaker who deserved their sympathy, not the one who loses his valuables, you would never have to break in and steal from another the necessities of life. Justice is giving to each one what he is rightfully entitled to."

The man passed on with quivering lips and dry eyes, though many were moist.

The next one in line moved off without saying anything.

Mark laid a detaining hand on his shoulder and looked at him questioningly.

"You've answered me," he said laconically, and walked away.

"Phwat's the diff' bechune the rich mon and the poor mon? One do be havin' it aesey an' the other don't be havin' onything, aesey or onaesey atall—atall."

The minister smiled. "One knows how to get what the other one doesn't."

"Will I have any luck?" a pale-faced woman asked as if she were before a fortune teller.

"There is no such a thing as luck or chance.

God plans with care and fixes the things that are by the Immutable law and then It Is."

A timid woman with pale face, paler hair and a sensitive mouth came next in line. "What do you call Love?" she asked in a scarcely audible voice.

Mark Winthrop started slightly and looked at his questioner more attentively than the ones who had preceded her. "Love is a holy thing." He hesitated an instant.

"Why?" she asked in an anxious voice.

"It affects our hearts, our lives, does it not?"

She nodded her head.

"It is a Divine Principle and does not recognize luck, chance, fate or any condition outside itself. It sleeps in the atom—moves in the ether, and breathes in the soul of man."

"Why?" she asked again in a hesitating voice.

"It is the cause of creation. It is Divine.

"It is the all of everything.

"We cannot compass It.

"We cannot own It alone.

"It comes when It listeth.

"It goes when It willeth.

"Our responsibilities multiply to the Divine Provider of all things, when we learn the

necessity for this mighty generative principle. That's what we are here for." Mark looked at the woman with luminous eyes.

"How can we recognize It?" she queried doubtfully.

"It has as many faces as man. As many complexions as woman. It has the strength of all nature behind It and the power of God within It. It recognizes no law, no force above, beyond or outside itself. I abjure you, my friend, love something—love some one."

"What are the real things of life?"

Mark scanned the youthful face of his next questioner and labeled him a student of sociological conditions. He gave him the credit of being sincere and answered him accordingly.

"You ask me what are the real things of life, and I question in reply, 'Are they what we are or what we want to be? Are they the realities that are here now with you and me? Or are they the abstract ideals that move just beyond, leading us ever and forever on, painting our life's portrait in grays, reds and browns?' Oh my friend, I do not know, but this I feel. Time is the paintbrush. Eternity the palette. Life the pigment, and God is the Designer."

"Then you feel there is a necessity for this God of whom you talk?"

"A thousand times yes. He will exist as long as man exists. They will go out together. One is but the feeble expression of the other. Life is not for to-day, nor to-morrow, and not for man alone, but for the glory of God."

"What do you call a martyr?" a swarthy faced, undersized man asked.

Mark Winthrop looked at the square jaw and cunning eyes, that shifted uneasily under his close scrutiny while he read the man's thoughts like an open book.

"There are just as many martyrs for a wrong cause as for a right one, or for any principle upheld in the face of an overwhelming opposition. A man, however, who strikes in the dark, or at an innocent man, is not a martyr, but a coward, though he may suffer the martyr's death."

"Did you ever hate anything or anybody?" another questioned.

Olzear Rogers laughed heartily. "Come now, you're in the witness chair, confess!" He enjoyed Mark's look of astonishment.

"I have disliked lots of things." He looked at the faces about him with a smile that did

more to win their regard than anything else could have done. "I've never hated one of God's creatures," he declared. "I condemn the act though man suffers for it because you cannot separate the two."

"What is hate?" the next one questioned.

"Fear, my friend. We fear the things we can't control, then we imagine we hate them."

"Does it pay to tell a lie?"

Mark looked at his questioner. "A lie may stand for many things. Lack of truth, however, is a lack of need for Divine help or guidance. When we bear false witness we rely upon ourselves to substantiate it. The one who tells the truth unconsciously calls on all creation to hear and remember—as it always does—because all the forces of nature respond to the call of Truth. It is the beginning and end of everything. We realize the end but not the beginning when we feel the effect without knowing the cause.

"The Poet chants It.

"The Artist paints It.

"The Actor portrays It.

"The Writer thinks It.

"The Reader feels It.

"The Lover loves It.

"The Erring One respects It.

"The Criminal fears It.

"The Child learns It.

"Man betrays his fellow man by revealing It.

"All Nature worships It, without stint of measure.

"Truth is Life.

"Life is Holy.

"The Holy is sacred and the sacred lives enshrined in the soul of man, a thing above the common—a dedication of a serious purpose—an expression of the religion of God for man. There is no natural protection for sin, it must conceal itself. It is a relative state. Only when placed in close juxtoposition with Truth can it be so named, or recognized."

Olzear Rogers looked at his watch. "Time for one more question, the rest must wait until Mr. Winthrop comes to you next time."

"Vat's it you call dot batriotismness dis America showeds an' shoots apout mit deir beeg noises on de Ford of Julyingness?"

"That isn't patriotism, simply the way some people take to express their idea of it. True patriotism is love for your fellow man. We call it love of country, but that stands for the people, nothing more, nothing less."

"You are a preacher they tell me. Are they right?"

Mark looked at the man before him. He was tall, had massive jaws, beetling brows and deep set gray eyes.

"I try to be one, that is my business in life."

"Do you consider the God of whom you preach, sees and knows all you do?"

The two men looked at each other with fearless honesty. An interested circle surrounded them. No sound was heard as they pressed each other forward in their eagerness to hear.

The minister passed his hand across his brow with a slow, deliberate motion, then looked his interlocutor in the eye. "I don't know—I wish I did—sometimes I hope he does; sometimes I hope he doesn't."

"Shall I give him another one, boys?" the man asked as he looked over his shoulder at the people behind him.

"Yes! yes, George, ask what Hell is," an eager voice called from the rear of the circle.

"The kingdom of Heaven is within you, we are taught, and if this be true, so is the kingdom of Hell. We make our Heaven as we make our Hell by our thoughts and deeds.

Hell was never thrust upon a man unsolicited, undeserved. You must seek Heaven to find it and you must also seek its opposite. Kindness, honesty and a helping hand make Heaven. Envy, hate, murder in the mind and heart are of Hell."

The man called George turned and faced his associates. "He's all right, he's an honest man. Let's make him one of us!" He placed his hand on Mark Winthrop's shoulder, then shouted, "Mark is with us, he's one of us!"

They repeated the words three times in unison and by that lusty shout Mark became a member of one of the most rabid socialistic bands of men and women in Chicago. Had there been one dissenting voice he would not have been elected.

He let them shake his hands, slap him on the back and call him by his given name, with feelings hard to describe.

Olzear clasped the minister's arm and led him toward the door where his hat and coat lay on a wooden table covered with socialistic literature. After he had put them on they descended the stairs in silence and were soon speeding north in the doctor's cab.

"Let us have a bite at the club. I missed

"HE LET THEM SHAKE HIS HANDS WITH FEELINGS HARD TO DESCRIBE"

my dinner. Cassidy had a relapse; grew obstreperous; had to give him an opiate and that detained me, so I did not hear the first part of your talk."

"I am rather tired and a cup of tea will rest me." Mark tucked the robe about them while the doctor told the driver where to go.

"Have you formed any conclusion about the discontented mass from the few you've met?"

"Yes, I have. They reason with their hearts and not with their heads. However, I don't care what they believe or think so much, or even what they are trying to do, but I want to know what led them into the cause they espouse."

Olzear hesitated before he spoke. "I don't know the cause, of course, but as near as I can explain it from their actions, they oppose everything that doesn't yield them a personal gain."

"In other words," Mark added, "you think if we could show them they would be better off by a change of attitude towards the ones they antagonize, they would switch about?"

"No, I fear not, for gain to them means money. They know that it gives power and you can't reach an altruistic spirit of equity in them, for it hasn't been developed."

Mark watched the frost form glistening stars and waves on the glass transom in the cab door and remained silent.

"How do you propose to help them, Mr. Winthrop?"

"By showing them what it is they lack and what differentiates them from the people they scorn and envy and why there is no sympathy between them and their more fortunate fellow beings."

"Can you do this?"

"I'll try," Mark Winthrop answered. "My first step will be the social at the church."

"That will be the two-edged sword that cuts both ways. I fear after all it will cut, not heal."

"Time must do the healing. That is what does it literally in your business, isn't it?"

The doctor laughed. "Oh! yes, it not only develops but heals—if we give it time." He opened the door and waited for the minister to get out, as he was on the near side. They entered the club and seated themselves at a side table and placed their orders before the doctor resumed the conversation.

"I believe, Mr. Winthrop, you can do more

for these people than any one else." He nodded to a friend across the room.

"They have placed themselves on the defensive, armed with their fancied grievances and have tried to reverse the law of the universe. They believe in tearing down instead of building up."

"Defensive and destructive go together," the doctor added.

"Yes, but I had rather have them like that as a class, than vegetate like plants into a state of non-existence. There would be no hope for them then."

"You believe there is a better chance for the man who is a positive evil doer, than a negative one, Mr. Winthrop?"

"If he's inclined that way, assuredly so. When a positive man has struck bottom, as a rule he begins to climb up; whereas the passive one remains wherever he happens to drop."

"How do you intend to place the money problem before them?"

"Simply prove that the great wealth of the few does not oppress the poor, never has, and never will. For instance, my salary does not prevent you from receiving all that rightfully

belongs to you, does it? A man should only lay claim or expect what he honestly earns."

"Good! you've grasped one side of the situation, but there is still another one. Ah! there's a man you ought to meet. That's the mayor over there at the corner table."

Mark Winthrop glanced across. "Wonder what his ideas are."

"I'll ask him to stop here on his way out." The doctor penciled the request on one of his cards and sent it by a waiter.

"A man called upon to fill an office of that kind is thrust up for show—and attack. Aye, doctor?"

"Yes, but he likes the limelight pretty well. This is his third term, isn't it?"

"I believe so. Why must the real things of life have to tower above the multitudes to be recognized." The minister's voice was full of delicate sarcasm.

"Really the necessity exists, I believe, because absolute truth and the things it stands for are so rare, they have to be tagged conspicuously before they are recognized."

The mayor stopped at their table with a friendly greeting. "Anything especial?" he asked

as he acknowledged the introduction to the minister.

"Yes, a little information about these socialistic organizations, and the reason why they are denied many of the privileges we enjoy unmolested. Can you spare us a few moments?"

The chief executive looked rather astonished, but pulled up a chair and threw his felt hat on a table near them. "This discontent that prevails more or less in all large cities results in socialism and nihilism abroad. In America we have the milder forms of it in the Farmer's Alliance, the Populist Movement and in our city the labor organizations, and mild socialistic societies. Nothing rabid or harmful about them, they talk and talk don't amount to much, don't you know? They never do anything very startling and we pay little attention to them."

"You mean that they are ignored because they do not contribute anything to the welfare of society?" the minister asked.

"Exact-lee." The mayor spoke with emphasis. "Though they do contribute votes," he added as an after thought with a hearty laugh. "Waiter, bring me a brandy smash!" he called to one standing near.

"Pardon me, " the doctor said, "I'm remiss."

"Don't mention it," the mayor spoke good-naturedly, while he spread his hands out on the table and looked in open admiration at his pudgy fingers. "I didn't know you had any time or inclination to study the social problems." He looked at the doctor. "Been at it long?"

"About a year."

"How do you find 'em?" he asked with a heavy emphasis on the you.

"Just human" the doctor remarked suavely. "They've buckled poverty and its natural discontent on as securely as we have our prosperity, and, like us, they neither deny nor shirk the responsibilities. Things speak for themselves there—as elsewhere."

The mayor squinted his eyes thoughtfully, then turned to Mark who had been an attentive listener. "What's your ideas on the subject, or haven't you stirred the dregs yet?"

"If a man has no higher conception of life than a man-made law, what can you expect of him? These laws of ours fail repeatedly in their purpose, their application, fitness and endurance, because they change and change. Essential changes due to conditions, new classi-

fications and the exigencies of the times." He drank thirstily from a glass of water after examining it carefully, as he held it between himself and the light.

"Looking for fish?" the mayor asked in a jovial tone.

"No, parasites," the minister remarked calmly.

Olzear Rogers looked startled and spoke quickly. "We make our laws, then see to it that they don't fail in their application. We try to make the cause fit the effect, but suppression alas! is not dominion."

"We can't outwit the effect of our own laws any more than those of the Eternal," the minister quoted in an even voice.

"Guess you are right," the mayor remarked as he swallowed half the contents of the glass placed before him. "Not drinking anything?" he added as he scanned the table.

"No, we are lunching," the doctor replied.

"To what class of law breakers do these men belong, when they meet on the corners and are ordered to disperse? Why is this done if they are harmless?" The minister looked at the mayor attentively while waiting for an answer.

"We consider they stir up strife and scatter them so they won't get gay. We never let them forget we have the power. It wouldn't do."

"Then you do not believe we are in any way responsible for their condition?" the minister questioned.

"To begin with, they are atheists as a rule, and that is moral anarchy. Isn't it?" he questioned evasively.

"Yes, for the commands of God are contrary to their practice. They first deny the law of the Creator, then feel justified in breaking those of man?" Mark replied.

"The law wouldn't exist for them if they didn't try to break it. They defy and are defied. They scheme and are out-schemed. If others did not possess, they wouldn't want. They hate and antagonize us because we possess what they want. 'Possession is nine points out of the law' and it is a mighty good thing it is, where these people are concerned." The mayor brought his fist down on the table with an emphatic thud.

"Possession is a law that holds good under all circumstances," the doctor added in a matter-of-fact voice.

The Chief Executive looked at him sharply. "Yes, and furthermore, let me add, the church, the press and the schools have established the standards of acceptable ethics, and these people hit there when they strike at society."

"I don't think they have reasoned that way," the doctor remarked, "or that it would make any difference if they had, for that matter."

The mayor pulled a pipe from his pocket and began to smoke. He was evidently thinking as he turned abruptly to Mark. "You asked me what our responsibilities are to this class of people and I did not answer you then. Man's responsibilities are various—mine—numerous, though I don't in the least worry about them, for I let the other party do that." He thrust one hand in his pocket, pushed his chair back slightly and crossed one leg over the other. "You can measure your responsibilities by any rule you choose and I can do the same, eh!"

"Assuredly, but this can only be done by comparison."

"Comparison," the mayor laughed good naturedly. "That can't be done in my case for I stand unique, a fourth term looms over the horizon."

"I mean that life, its existing conditions and

results, are valued by comparison, else the under mass had not placed themselves in opposition to us," the minister explained with a slight smile.

"Well my friends, publicity is doing more to remedy the established evils than anything else, and fear of it prevents many contemplated ones, so we don't worry until we have to." The chief executive looked bored, drained his glass, reversed it and reached for his hat. "The more a man has the more the world expects of him. There was one character in the Bible I always envied."

"What one was that, Mr. Mayor?" the minister questioned curiously.

"That mite story about the widow—she gave a penny or something like it and was rewarded then and there by not being expected to give anything more—I sometimes think I'd like to play the game that way myself though I suppose I'd get tired of it like everything else. Here's your lunch, and I must stop at the democratic headquarters." He waved his hat and walked away.

They watched him down the length of the room.

"A nice discrimination between a possible evil and half acknowledged right is harder to

understand than a downright wrong, for there are no consecutive steps from which to reason. Eh, doctor?"

"Yes, decidedly so, and I have an idea that our estimate of the public reflects in a mild degree its opinion of us."

CHAPTER V

MARK STARTLES HIS CONGREGATION

When Mark Winthrop entered the pulpit the morning after his talk at Faver's Hall, he did so with a feeling of depression, bordering on melancholy. He unfolded the paper that contained the brief outline of his sermon and laid it on the open Bible. It had been written the week before, as sometimes happened when the inspiration seized him. He sat down and looked at the people. "It's like a stage setting that is fixed for one act and is never changed." He looked at the straight-backed pews, long aisles and familiar faces before him. "I'm just a part of the furniture," he thought. He closed his eyes. The sun filtered through the stained glass windows and touched the tip of one woman's nose, making it seem twice its natural size. When he saw it, he smiled within himself. "Same nose, same sun, same everything," he mused while folding and unfolding his hands with an impatient movement, then

"HE STEPPED FORWARD AND RESTED HIS HAND ON THE OPEN BOOK"

closed his eyes again, for Mark Winthrop was tired though he did not realize it.

The deep notes of the organ vibrated slowly while the melody sung itself in tones like the human voice. Mark recognized the familiar strains and his folded hands fell apart. The positive and the negative in the man became quiescent. He saw with his mind's eye the motley throng at Faver's Hall, with their eager, searching eyes questioning him for some word of comfort to satisfy their restless spirits.

"What would those people do here?" the still small voice asked Mark Winthrop. "What would music say to them? Would it soften their stubborn hearts and cause a little kindlier feeling for one another?" he wondered. "Would they feel happier in the soft light, the quiet? Would they understand the God of Peace and Love any better for such environment?"

The music ended in a soft strain that lingered in the air.

He stepped forward and rested his hands on the open book. "My text to-day will be 'Our Duties.'" He resumed his seat.

The choir burst forth in song, "Hear ye, my people."

The minister's face had a new expression, one of determination and strength. When the song had ended he breathed deeply, thinking, "The life I have is the life I give freely to Thee and Thy service." When the time came for him to speak he stepped beyond the pedestal that held the open Bible. "Hear ye, my people," he quoted in ringing tones. "I call to you from the depths of my heart and say listen to me. We have well-nigh forgotten the primary significance of the altar in our materialistic day. Still it must stand for what it did thousands of years ago—sacrifice. Sacrifice of what, of whom, for what, for whom? Lambs, sheep, goats, bullocks?—aye, and men. Don't let us forget that man to-day must sacrifice man—since he no longer uses the figurative symbol of his ancestors.

"Back of each one of you, in the shadows, all unrecognized, unknown, stands your physical counterpart man, or woman. While you feast, they hunger. While you are warm, they freeze. While you think, they feel. While you pray, they curse. Why?" he added in a voice of intensity that thrilled his hearers and riveted their attention, "why is it so? I will tell you," he added after a moment's

impressive silence as he threw his head back and drew a long breath. "Because they lack what you have—that's all." He looked at them attentively.

"You are very like them—save for the things you deem the necessities of life. You walk the same, breathe the same air, glory in the same sun, pray to the same God in the same way if they ever happen to pray for anything but food and shelter." He looked down and saw Suzanne Jermym's quivering face and tear-dimmed eyes, then turned his head and met his wife's shocked expression and understood her accusing glance. A feeling of exultation filled his breast. He wanted to shout aloud, "Think on, censure, blame, deny, I care not." He waited while these thoughts sped through his throbbing brain, then resumed in a milder voice.

"It is because out there in the world, all unrecognized, unknown, your other self lives the life you know nothing of, that I want you to make a place for some of these strangers and welcome them among you. Let them feel the clasp of a friendly hand, the smile of true sympathy. Do this, I ask of you in a spirit of gratitude, that you've been blessed with

the things they have never known. Won't you in your positions of security bend low and help a few of the struggling mass that exist while you live?—for they know not what life is. Lay your likes and dislikes on the altar, just once. Forget your prejudices, in a new desire to see what a little of your great blessings can do to help these waifs of humanity, cast ruthlessly on the shores of destiny, because you attained what they missed."

An artificial cough from his wife informed him she deemed it advisable to change his subject.

Ordinarily he might have heeded her, but on that day he would permit no human being to change the current of his thoughts. "I am asking you to open the doors of this church as a special favor and let me invite a few of these poor people here, for an evening's pleasure. I also desire those who are in sympathy with the undertaking to assist me in making them welcome and happy. Can you devote one evening to this, and won't you try to make it as near a labor of love as you can? I would suggest music, some light refreshment, and when you meet these people face to face, forget all desire to criticize in your efforts to please."

He folded his hands and uttered a fervent benediction:

"Thy will expressed, Thy will be done."

Contrary to his usual custom, he left the pulpit and went direct to the vestry and thus avoided mingling with the congregation.

His wife noticed the questioning looks on the faces about her and could almost repeat what each one thought. Jane Winthrop had not filled the difficult position of wife to a minister without learning a few of the characteristics of the average man and woman.

Several rushed up to her. "What is the idea of all this? What will the outcome be? I suppose the refreshments will fall on the woman's aid society, as usual?"

She looked at them with smiling lips, though a tempest raged in her heart. "I really think you are to decide these questions and all others among yourselves. Mr. Winthrop places the proposition before you to be rejected or accepted."

"U-hem," a gray haired woman remarked in a heavy voice. "He knew his people well enough to feel sure they would not fail him. I stand ready to do my part though I have an

idea, that the whole thing will bring about the most unlooked for results."

"What must one wear, or say, or do before these people. We can never strike a theme in common, Mrs. Belknap?"

"My dear, haven't you learned that if you remain silent, the other ones must talk?" These people are ignorant. They will do the entertaining. The less they know the more they will have to say." She walked away with a pompous stride.

"Whatever caused Mr. Winthrop to espouse the cause of the masses?"

"I'm sure I don't know; the idea must be a new one and he was carried away by his enthusiasm. I must go to my Bible class. It is Sunday-school hour, you know." Jane Winthrop turned away and left them.

As she neared the vestry door she heard voices in heated argument and surmised accurately that it was some of the Board of Directors who were arguing the matter with her husband.

"No one ever heard of opening the doors of a church like this for such a mob of people!"

She understood from her husband's reply and the tone of his voice that he would not

be swerved from his purpose. "Let us establish a precedent, then," she heard him say.

"They will destroy more than we can take in, in six months—they are vandals," another argued.

"I'll make good any damage," the minister replied with dogged determination.

"What will the public think of us?" another put forth the question impatiently.

"I don't care what they think, but I do know what the masses think of us and it would affect you somewhat if you knew." Mark Winthrop's voice was heavy with sarcasm.

"But my dear Mr. Winthrop, what are we to gain by this—ah—unusual procedure?" another queried.

Jane dropped her Bible in consternation when she heard her husband's answer.

"That's it," he said in disgust. "What are we to gain by it? What benefit are we to obtain? None, I hope, absolutely none. For once I trust this church will *give* something and receive nothing in return. No wonder they hate us, no wonder they weigh us in the balance and find us lacking. Those men and women measure us exactly by that which they do not possess."

"We haven't refused your request for this—ah—experiment, but we are the trustees and are responsible. It is essential we should think outside and beyond, so to speak.

"When I asked what it would bring us, I meant in the way of new attendance, or membership, because we've many empty pews and the morning offerings are very light."

Jane Winthrop smiled. She was but human.

"Always money—money—not souls, not human beings, but how much do they give us—how much money do they represent." The minister's voice was freighted with a great weariness that pressed him and his enthusiasms down together. "Gentlemen, you must decide this among yourselves. When you've decided, let me hear from you." He opened the vestry door and faced his wife who met his troubled look with a forbidding frown.

"*Et tu Brute!*" he ejaculated as he passed on to the little circle of children who were anxiously waiting for him to talk to them. A great tenderness filled his soul, for among them was the dear face of his child. He shook his broad shoulders like a dog that has been in the cold water and finds himself in the sun on dry land. He seated himself in their midst

and talked to them. He made them laugh and cry alternately. He knew easy laughter brought easy tears. He knew well why children laugh and cry without effort, for he had studied life in its various phases for many years.

Alas for the man or woman who never weeps! Alas for the ones who have outgrown youth's ready response to the emotions!

When Mark Winthrop finished his talk to the children he left the church and started home, leaving the results of his efforts in the hands of the ones who would have to come to a conclusion and notify him.

Had he any forewarning of the coming events? Did he foresee the possibilities of his unusual undertaking? Would he have changed them at all if he had?

Hardly, for destiny was weaving a fantastic filigree of unlooked for circumstances, that would ultimately reverse the course of his life's purpose.

He did not expect any sympathy from his wife, who never transgressed the conventional laws by a hair's breadth. Neither did he expect any encouragement from his congregation as a body. They would lend him a helping hand because it affected the church.

A few would enter into the spirit of the thing and feel about it as he did—"only a few," he murmured as his thoughts reverted to the events of the morning.

A passionate longing filled his soul to be understood. Then he remembered the bowed head of Suzanne Jermym, and a great wave of joy filled his heart. "There is one," he cried in silent exultation, and stopped irresolute, then turned about and with swift steps reached her home and rang the bell. What he expected would have been hard to describe. What he longed for above all else was sympathy and to be understood.

Suzanne came to him with a great light in her eyes, a gracious smile of welcome on her lips, and eager outstretched hands. "How enthusiastic you were, your words and looks thrilled me. Let us sit down and talk it all over. Of course, you can count on me for anything, everything. What a splendid idea it was!"

He looked at her but said nothing. When she seated herself beside him, he lifted her hand with gentle grace and kissed it. "Bless you," he murmured, "bless you."

She gave a little hysterical laugh and twined

her fingers around his thumb. "I wonder if you know what that means to me; can't you see?" A dark flush swept the nervous pallor from his face, then left it colorless.

"What are these waves of feeling that intoxicate and bewilder me, are you conscious of them?"

"Yes," he answered in a voice grave even to huskiness that gave it an intensity hard to describe but quickly felt.

Had she looked in his face, she would have known that his lips were drawn in a straight line that looked like a scarlet thread.

A crimson flush dyed her face as she cried aloud, "Don't you understand, I love you, love you as I never dreamed it possible for a human being to love." She leaned toward him impulsively. "Take me in your arms, hold me close, close, tell me I have not fallen in vain." She crept nearer, a dry sob broke the strained silence. She could have laid her head on his breast, she was so near him.

Mark Winthrop breathed heavily, but made no sign.

She looked in his face with a pitiful appeal in her eyes. "You love me—tell me you do, it must be so."

"Yes."

She gave a glad cry and clasped her hands across her breast. "Take me to you, hold me in your arms, tell me you love me a dozen times. Comfort this hungry heart that bursts with a new joy. Feed this famished soul that has perished hourly in the wilderness of plenty for a little love, a little sympathy, a tender thought, a fond caress." Her face luminous and transfigured with the intensity of her emotion held him spellbound, facinated, enthralled. "Do this and I swear I'll worship you, love you, live for you, die for you."

Mark Winthrop sprang from her side trembling in every limb, with a look in his eyes like a hound at bay facing the last struggle.

Tears fell from her eyes, drenching her upturned face.

He looked down at her like one bereft of reason as he cried aloud in anguish, "I dare not."

Suzanne shrank back in a corner of the couch sobbing noiselessly, "Yes! Yes! I understand, forgive me, I did not dream so great a love could be a sin. I had forgotten everything."

"*There is no sin,*" he cried in a voice of

triumph. "There is no sin in loving." He passed his hand wearily across his throbbing brow, then looked down on Suzanne with blood-shot eyes. "Dear heart, if it be a sin why have I loved you all my life, held you in my arms in sweet dreams, unbound your hair and buried my face in it, felt your heart beat against mine in perfect unison through the still sweet hours of night? If such love be a sin, then was I damned before I was born."

She looked at him bewildered. "I never knew you 'til a year ago, how could it be?"

He laughed a mirthless laugh. "Aye, how could it be? I don't know how, but it was, and is, and is to be."

Suzanne clung to his arm; a great happiness illumined her face.

Mark Winthrop had to look away in self-defense, before he could resume in a husky voice broken by emotional gusts of feeling that nearly unmanned him. He looked over her head at the far corner of the room. "I preached my first sermon to you, as I shall my last. I've sung to you at twilight, loved you madly through the strains of the violin. I've wandered over many lands, met strange people, spoken an unknown tongue as if it were my own.

I've suffered, wept, been happy and you were always with me, here by my side, my very own."

"It may never be—it never was," Suzanne cried in bitter disappointment.

"It will be sometime, dear, it must be so."

She fell to weeping softly—hopelessly.

"I've known you always as Eunice, Eunice, my boyhood love, my spirit companion, my wife in the sight of the invisible hosts." The man leaned over her with intense yearning and placed his hand on her head.

"That's my name," Suzanne spoke softly, "and my mother's. Father could not bear to hear it after he lost her and he called me Suzanne."

His hand brushed her hair with gentle strokes.

"Take me in your arms, hold me close, close. Can't you see I'm famishing for this love and some physical expression of it?" She struck his breast with her open hands. "You say you love me, yet you've never shown it and I long for the touch of your lips on mine. When you kissed my hand I wanted to tell you my lips were burning for that wasted caress." A passionate burst of tears choked her utterance as she laid her head on his breast.

"CAN'T YOU SEE MY HANDS ARE NAILED TO THE CROSS,
THE CROSS OF DUTY?"

Mark raised his hands high over his head as he cried hoarsely, "Every word you utter presses the thorns deeper in my brow. Every tear that falls from your dear eyes, is a spear thrust in my side. Can't you see my hands are nailed to the cross, the cross of duty? Why do you tempt me? My God, why do you crucify me?" His fingers closed and unclosed convulsively. His chest heaved with a mighty straining.

Suzanne threw herself on the couch and buried her face in the cushions sobbing convulsively.

The man's hands dropped nerveless as he staggered past her with unseeing eyes. Out of the house into the garish light of day, he wandered amidst the throngs who were leisurely taking their usual Sunday constitutional. He looked neither to the right nor left. A fierce pain tugged at his heart. A hard lump in his throat would not down, and hurt. Over and over he murmured the endearing words he dared not utter before her. Over and over he called to her through clenched teeth. He wanted to hold her with an intense, consuming longing that was devouring his failing endurance. His fingers quivered and

throbbed to touch her hands again. All of his senses were centered on the uselessness of life without her and on his empty arms and hollow hands.

He paced the streets with long strides looking over the heads of the people he met. Beyond them he saw the reclining figure of the woman he loved and had left without a word of farewell. An intense desire to retrace his steps and shatter the unsatisfying memory caused his feet to drag slowly over the pavements. He looked blankly at the house before him—it was his own. He entered reluctantly and passed into his study, where the familiar things helped him to regain a semblance of his lost repose.

CHAPTER VI

ADELAIDE AND OLZEAR

Franklyn Jermym returned home soon after Mark Winthrop's departure from the house. He was informed that his wife was in her room with a headache and did not want to be disturbed.

"Where is Miss Prince?" he asked.

"She just came in and is with Mrs. Jermym; she will not be down for dinner."

"So bad as that, John? Gad, I'll call the doctor. If I'd known it I'd have dined at the club;" he rushed to the telephone and lifted the receiver with an impatient jerk. "By Jove, I'll go back there," he declared abruptly; then he called in a louder voice, "You needn't serve dinner for me, John."

"Very well, sir."

"Sheridan 4423; hurry up there central, will you please? Hello! this Doctor Rogers?—Good! I'm Jermym, my wife isn't well, come over and see what's the matter, will you? I'm

at the club in a little game. You can call me up there if it's anything serious;" then he hurried from the house.

Ere long, Olzear Rogers was ushered into Suzanne's presence. She held her hand out in silent greeting, but kept her face turned to the back of the couch. He felt her wrist and counted the irregular pulse, then scolded her in a friendly way.

"Why do you worry and wear yourself out needlessly? This will never do. Hysteria is for a purposeless woman, not one with your poise and self-respect."

She shuddered as if he hurt her. "Life is such a farce, send me away, anywhere. I'm tired of it here."

"As you like, only don't say you're weary of life, just because a few people have proved disappointing. Where do you want to go?" he asked after a lengthened pause.

She moved her head impatiently.

"Yellowstone, Europe, Asia, Africa? You can find all kinds of disappointing people any place you go."

"I don't care where it is, if I get away from here." She turned a misery-stricken face toward him, that puzzled him greatly.

"Better go to India, ride the elephant, bow before the Vicerene and—forget all about it," he added absently as he heard the rustle of a silken petticoat outside the door and thought it might belong to the woman he had been anxiously hoping to see.

Adelaide placed a tray on the table, before she saw the doctor. "Oh, how lovely! I just 'phoned and here you are already."

He gave her hand a fervent squeeze that made ripples of color tint her face an adorable shade of pink. "I'm trying to persuade Suzanne to go home with me for the holidays, it is so quiet and restful in the country."

"Splendid!" He looked significantly at Adelaide. "Then if it isn't too far, I can run down and see how the climate agrees with her."

Suzanne shook her head negatively. "No, I just want to keep going for months, then when I am tired, I'll stop and rest."

"How soon will that be?" the Doctor queried.

"Haven't an idea," she replied indifferently.

"This will never do, Mrs. Jermym; you might get in the habit and go on indefinitely like the Wandering Jew. Who will accompany you on this globe-trotting excursion?" He asked the question with evident concern.

"Adelaide can't leave her mother that long, and I don't care to take any one else, so I'll go alone." She turned her face away and sighed from sheer weariness of heart.

A look of relief crossed the doctor's face. "I'm sure Miss Prince has prepared something appetizing. Try to eat it, then go to sleep, it is the best thing you can do." He lifted her hand; it lay limp and expressionless in his.

"Will you excuse Miss Prince a few moments?"

"I'll show the Doctor out, Suzanne. Mamie will give you the tea." Adelaide touched a bell and followed him downstairs. Varying emotions crossed her face as he seated himself in their favorite chair and motioned her to the opposite side.

"You think nothing serious the matter with Suzanne?"

"No, she is nervous, extremely so—and hysterical, that's all. It isn't of her that I desire to speak now, but of ourselves." He took her fluttering hands with a gentle show of authority and looked at her downcast face. "You know that I love you, Adelaide?" he questioned with simple directness.

Her head dropped lower and he had to bend forward to catch her whispered, "Yes."

"HE LAID HER HEAD AGAINST HIS BREAST"

"You love me, don't you, dear?" His voice thrilled with deep vibrations, which were like music to her sensitive ear.

'Yes." Her breast heaved tumultously from the pounding of her heart.

He dropped her hands and raised her chin ever so gently until he could look into her eyes. "Then this is our betrothal, dear one, this is our betrothal." He held her face between his hands and kissed her brow, eyes and lips with reverent tenderness. "That was the kiss of the cross, sweetheart, my cross, upon which hangs all I hold most dear."

Her eyes were suffused with transient tears of happiness.

He laid her head against his breast, and she rested there content, with luminous eyes and quivering lips. Lips that ne'er grew cold again, for want of kisses.

Had the tempest-tossed woman in the room above them, known one half the ecstasy that filled their hearts, when Olzear clasped Adelaide's unresisting figure in his arms, methinks neither threats of hell, nor promise of heaven, could have marred the joy that had been hers at that moment.

As it was, Suzanne had refused the maid's

help, sent her away and kept a weary vigil through the hours that lengthened into darkness.

The two people downstairs let time slip by on noiseless wing, the world forgotten, its cares and obligations laid away, because a greater thing had swallowed them up. They could not have told you how time was measured by the unrequited ones, who wait for a happiness long deferred. They only knew they understood one another and that time meant heaven, and more time, more heaven. Nothing else mattered to them. They were sufficient unto themselves.

As the unimportant things of life fall away and one's purpose is centered on a new receptive being who responds to the suggestion, then the dividing line of thought merges with that other one, and the ego, the self of man is conquered, submissive and lies down voluntarily. Then are our wishes granted before expressed. Then and only then, are the tangled webs of life's circumstances simplified and understood in a single unity of thought, unity of desire, unity of purpose.

Ah, this selfish feasting when love responds with prodigal generosity and lays its treasures on the shrine of an adored one, each successive

gift being more precious. Thus do we become sacred in other's eyes, through this wondrous magnetic affinity of like for like, love for love; one like, one love.

Love alone brings inspiration.

Love was, else the myriad worlds had not been evolved in the cold infinitude of space to bear on their broad breasts the priceless freight of created life—life that chants its symphony through the long hours of sorrow and the briefer ones of happiness with variations on the one theme—Love.

Without love was nothing created that is.

Verily all things love their kind, it is the law, the one unwritten law, that needs not tongue nor pen to portray. It cries above the barren and rugged mountain peaks and shrouds their severe and inaccessible heights in vestments of virgin white. These mystical cloud veils enfold their rough summits in billows of concealing splendor, as they reach up in their mighty strength for this soft caress found only in the phantom spacing we call Heaven.

The human loves its mate and kind; the tree its leaves and fruits (for it not only bears, but nourishes them with almost, if not human kindness).

This old earth loveth its own so well, she claims them all again, but promises us a new growth as fair—a new day as dear and new life as precious.

Love never yet was satisfied with what it had. It desires, and feeding on desire, still hungers for the thought that lies concealed within the very heart of things—the perfect realization.

When we are no longer loved, we are no longer wanted.

The strong are ever—ever seeking the weak.

The mighty depend upon the lesser for the power to be.

We choose the battle of the strong if we have strength. We choose the battle of the weak if we are weak.

The birds of the tropics are brilliant in plumage and gifted in song. Those of the frozen north measure their pinions and strength against the ceaseless wind. Their plaintive calls echo down the winding canyons or across the frozen ice fields, telling us that life is an endless struggle and its every expression grows a fierce strength even to be in those unresponsive climes.

All heat and no cold were not well meant.

Nature is kind, ever and always.

She is warm, temperate, or cold.
She yields to the needs of man.
She loves man.
She bears man.
She buries man.
She forgets man.

Nothing that is, came without a thought.

Nothing that is, but ultimately reveals that thought, for everything identifies itself with its source—somewhere—sometime.

Nothing that is exceeds the power that gave it birth.

Nothing that is outgrows the purpose that shaped it for its growing.

Space dulls our sense of sight. Time dulls our sense of values. This causes us to see in part and feel in part.

We know the things we struggle to attain rest upon contingencies and cannot last. We see the part and foresee the parting.

Life grows long in values when we include God and His creations in the plan.

We cannot miss a thing we have never known, neither can we miss a thing we have never possessed.

We cannot possess a thing that does not belong to us. We may detain it, that's all.

We had a rose yesterday—a pleasant moment of forgetfulness for self to-day, and we long for the same things to-morrow. This is aspiration.

Recognition follows aspiration, as the day the night. When we find that the perfume of the flower is not cultivated, but a natural odor—the beautiful suggestion of its mission is increased. The essence is the soul of the blossom. By growth it increases its capacity for growth. Each leaf bears its own perfume as each blossom bares its own imperfections.

The wild rose and violet are like an infant that breathes a few uncertain moments here, and passes on. They have not fulfilled their inherent possibilities. The thoughts in the flower and in the child have not been identified with their surroundings—have not become a part of them.

Life and death are consecutive steps.

We must taste mortality, touch mortality, ere we can find immortality.

As we live, we grow better, wiser, else the theme of our strivings remains unsung.

Everything vibrates to its own music. As soon as we respond to an emotion the suggestion belongs to us. If the theme be high the vibra-

tions are many and if it be low the vibrations are few.

Nature sings her songs on the heights, then returns them to the earth in the subdued and conquered strains of echoless beauty.

Fancy the music of the elements, the profound utterance of nature's truth, the song of time, the symphony of eternity, and no human soul to recognize or interpret their beauty—their lessons.

Impossible!

We can judge the world by what we lack, what we desire, or what we possess.

When we measure it by what we lack, we find men good, women true, and life beautiful.

Adelaide returned to Suzanne with the love light in her eyes, a look of infinite tenderness on her face. She saw the woman tossing wearily on her couch. "If you were happy, Suzanne, only half as happy as I am, dear, you could not be ill, it would be an impossibility."

She opened her eyes, heavy with unshed tears and looked at the girl's transfigured face. A heavy sigh crossed her lips. "You were gone so long, I—" She sat erect and looked at the radiant girl questioningly.

"Oh, Suzanne, I'm so happy. The yuletide

wreath will be my bridal flower." She buried her face in the woman's lap, and wept for joy.

Adelaide had touched the ultimate depths of feeling where grief and happiness are expressed alike. Only the heart that feels, can label this overflow, exquisite joy or poignant sorrow. After all, our emotions are a keyboard, that responds to another's touch, whether it be in harmony, or discords.

"May you be as joyous as I am miserable. May you have all the love and caresses that have been denied me. May you never have a hungry heart, dear."

Adelaide dried her eyes, and looked at the pale face above her. "Won't you be happy, Suzanne? Tell me you'll try, then I can go home with less regret, for I must leave you in a day or two; Olzear will be there on Saturday."

"I rejoice with and for you dear, and shall miss you, though I'll soon leave here myself." She kissed the girl tenderly on her brow with a murmered, "God bless you."

Thus the pendulum of life swings down and up, or up and down, marking off the circle of man's journey into the unknown realms, where that circle will be complete.

CHAPTER VII

MARK WINTHROP'S EXPERIMENT

The Ladies' Aid Society had done its part, so the minister declared when he saw the preparations made for entertaining its unknown guests. The vestry had been turned into a refreshment booth. Ferns and roses banked the table in an imposing pyramid; these with the punch bowl and fancy cakes made a tasty display. All this pleased the minister greatly. He numbered his assistants, thirty-seven women and seven men, and he believed more would arrive later.

He asked the choir master what had been selected for the program and was enthusiastic over the choice. Certainly his people had done their part and he hoped the effort would bear good results.

Not one of the assembled congregation felt as Jane Winthrop did. She stood near her husband, icily formal in speech and manner, having stamped the affair as undignified, unheard of.

Doctor Rogers was studying her with shrewd analysis, when Suzanne Jermym touched his arm.

"You received my note of congratulation, but I want to tell you again how fortunate you are. Adelaide is a treasure; you should be very grateful." She thought a moment, then added in an impassioned voice, "Love her with all the strength of your being and never forget to express it by word and deed; your arms will be her only shield against the world. Do not attempt to measure or weigh your love. Do not withhold your caresses; they are the sweetest, most acceptable expression of an inward grace."

"I thank you truly—I'll remember, and you, where are you going to find health and happiness?"

"To Paris first, then drift as the inclination leads."

"Do you imagine you can find it that way?"

"No," she replied apathetically.

"Then why leave us?"

"I can't remain here; I cannot;" her voice broke unevenly.

"And you will not help us celebrate Christmas?"

The noise of many feet, loud shouts and explosive laughter announced the arrival of the expected guests. The doors swung open and they trooped in like a bowery chorus attired for dress rehearsal.

"Hello, Mark", "You're all right", "This is bully of you", "You're one of us," and like speeches were shouted above the medley of voices. Each one seemed to be trying to out-talk the other, to say something to Mark Winthrop.

He was busy shaking hands and telling them to "make themselves comfortable, that there would be music presently."

Mrs. Bellnap looked at the president of the aid society in unconcealed dismay. "Heavens, we haven't enough of anything; there must be nearly three hundred of them."

"Then they may only receive half a glass of frappé and one cake apiece," that lady remarked with an indifferent shrug of her shoulders.

After much confusion the visitors were seated for the musical part of the program. They listened attentively enough, not that they cared for it, but because one of their members had provided the entertainment for them.

They liked the singing better. Each number was received with vociferous applause, catcalls and shrill whistles. After the solo and an encore some one shouted, "Annie Rooney;" another called, "Bedelia," and "I'd Leave My Happy Home for You."

When the noise subsided the soloist smiled and said, "I'll sing America for you."

Disappointed and disgusted looks, with never a sound of encouragement greeted her effort. When the song was ended there was no applause. All interest in the music had ceased. They moved about in their seats, restless and expectant.

Mark Winthrop surveyed them with mingled feelings of pain and pleasure before he addressed them. "My friends, when we discover the things we need are just the things that come to us, we will then be able to welcome all people, all experiences, all conditions as friends or instructors. Thus it is I welcome you here to-night. We need you and you need us. You know the way over here now and the doors of this church stand open for you."

"Hurrah, Mark; you're all right," they shouted ere he could raise his hand for silence.

"INDADE, THIN YOU'RE MARK'S WIFE, TO BE SURE!"

"We shall be glad to serve you; refreshments are in the vestry."

A wild rush followed. The children reached the room first, while the more considerate brought up the rear, only to find the place full to suffocation.

A little woman with red hair and pale, watery eyes, ran to Jane Winthrop, bewailing her luck. "Phwat do youse tink of thot, mum? It's niver the taste of a hand-me-out I'll see this night."

"Never mind, you can tell me of yourself and what interests you most these days."

"Well, now thot's koind of ye; phwats yer name?"

"I am Mrs. Winthrop."

"Indade, thin you're Mark's wife, to be sure." She looked her over with careful attention, while Jane flushed at the woman's familiarity. "Thot's a purty waist on ye, but does yer see the one I have on now? I'm thot proud of it!"

"Its very nice, Mrs. ——" Jane hesitated.

"Misery Whalen, is me name, an' I made it by robbin Pater, thot's mesilf, to pay Paul, an' thot's mesilf, too. Now moind ye thot." She laughed boisterously while poking her sharp elbow in Jane Winthrop's side.

She drew back with a cold stare and retreated a step backward, but Misery enjoyed her joke hugely and took a step forward.

"I don't understand just what you mean." Jane spoke icily.

"Why, mum, don't ye see the waist is out of me last year's skirt?" She made another lunge at Jane, who beat a hasty retreat, with a look on her face that bewildered her jocose companion.

She nearly stepped on two boys who were rolling over and over on the floor pounding each other with clenched fists. She tried to separate them and succeeded only after some one came to her assistance. She never knew who it was.

"Aren't you ashamed?" she demanded breathlessly, as she placed herself between the panting boys.

"Naw, I hain't, coz he's er hog; he's got his pockets full of coike, an' I hain't got enny."

"Nit, yer ain't greedy, yours's soakin' in yer stummick, dat's where 'tis."

"This will never do; don't you know it's wicked to fight?"

"Fight," they cried in astonishment, "that warn't no fight; we waz tusslen', dats all."

Jane looked as she felt, decidedly unconvinced, but sighed in relief, when she saw the boys wink at one another, lock arms and walk toward the refreshment room.

Mrs. Bell was having a harder time in the vestry. There were not glasses enough, neither half enough punch or cake to meet the ever increasing demand.

One, Delia Blake, dropped her glass and spilled the contents on Suzanne's crepe dress. "Oh, mum, I cut my finger an' clean forgot until it hurted."

Suzanne saw the gaping wound and quickly wrapped the finger in her handkerchief, telling the woman not to think of her dress, that nothing spotted it. Only once did she smile during the evening, that was when she overheard two of her sex talking confidentially.

"What a plain lot of women I never seen before. Not one of 'em has dimonds on, and there hain't three silk dresses on the whole bunch."

"I know it," the other remarked patronizingly; "an' only one has a pompadoor, an' that one ain't two inches high."

"Sairy an' Betsy Blake who clerks in Siegel an' Cooper's told me the very least I could have

one to be stylish was four inches, so I put two rats under mine."

"It's the biggest one here, you bet."

Jane Winthrop looked for her husband, saw him with Dr. Rogers in the center of a group of boisterous men. She turned away, but stopped abruptly. Some clumsy person stepped on her dress and ripped a few yards of ruffling off. She sat down to pin it on, and heard some one behind her say:

"It's a poor church, Maggie; ours bates it to a finish."

"Sure, Katie, there's not a statoo or picter in the place; its poor pickins Mark has in this crowd. The punch was like slop, not a drop of the crather in it, to say a grace to your gullet on the way down."

Mrs. Bell looked at the empty table in the vestry; it had been cleaned literally save for a few pieces of pineapple left in the bottom of the punch bowl. "Here, sonny, wouldn't you like this?" She held them toward a weeping boy whom she imagined had been slighted.

"Naw, I don't want any more of yer slush, me fer a growler of beer." He walked away, wiping his eyes on his coat sleeve.

She placed the glass on the table and started

back as it began to tip sidewise. She looked under it and was astonished to see a small boy with bent back trying to push it over.

"Come out, what are you doing?" she cried. "Come out, this instant, I say."

"I won't! I want to find the roots of them flowers."

"Come out, I tell you." She reached for the boy as the table rocked threateningly and the glasses tipped and rolled about.

"Show me the roots, then," he cried, as he crawled to the opposite side.

"Come out, little boy, that's a dear, and I'll give you some of the flowers; they haven't any roots."

He peered up at her; she handed him a handful of roses. After examining them carefully, he threw them on the floor, crept out and walked away with a swagger of defiance.

As the last guest passed out, Mark Winthrop looked for Suzanne. She was standing near, pulling on her gloves. He hesitated an instant, then went to her. The conventional words he should have spoken were strangled by the ones he longed to utter and could not.

"They will never forget it," she murmured softly, looking up at him with wistful eyes,

larger than usual because of the purple shadows beneath them.

"You are not well," he spoke anxiously.

"Just tired, I guess—good night." She turned away and passed out of the church.

"Are you satisfied?" his wife asked in a sarcastic voice.

"No," he replied staring at the door.

"Then you want to try it over again?"

He ran his hand through his hair and spoke wearily: "What is it, Jane, what do you want to know?"

"Look at this church, cushions on the floor and piled in the corners. The carpet is muddy and full of crumbs. The vestry looks as if a cyclone had struck it and some ignoramus stepped on my dress and ruined it."

"Is that all, Jane?"

"No not all, for you'll be the laughing stock everywhere." She swept past him.

"They'll never forget it, never." He spoke mechanically as he followed her.

"No, nor we either, if I'm not mistaken," she retorted in an angry voice.

The next day Mark Winthrop tried in vain to prepare a sermon for the following Sunday,

but ever and always Suzanne's pale face came before him and distracted his thoughts.

"Recompense," he repeated over and over, "what is recompense? What shall I say, what can I say? Why did I choose such a subject?" He threw his pen aside after trying vainly to work it out: then he left the house.

"If I see her," he reasoned, "I shall be able to think again." He turned south, then wavered in his decision and walked east. "Am I strong enough? Have I the right kind of stuff in me?" he muttered aloud. He drew a deep breath, then faced south again and walked with long, even strides, until he found himself ringing her door bell, only to find she was "not at home."

When Mark Winthrop faced his congregation the next day, it was with feeling akin to pain, that gave way to anger. There were only two dozen people in the church. He looked at Suzanne's pew; it was empty.

His wife's metallic cough conveyed to him plainer than any words could have done, "I told you so."

Once more and for the last time he addressed them, and the few that were there remembered it ever after.

"All things are good, all things that are, are for the best and the best is good enough for you, for me. This is my text friends, because I'm going to talk to you as man to man and man to woman. I've been honest in my endeavor to help you, honest in all my statements to you. There were many things I did not say, that could have been spoken here and I should still have been honest. I might have told you what I thought about you collectively, and individually, and still been honest. I refrained from doing this because of an inherent dislike to give pain. Had I said how smug and satisfied with yourselves you appear to be, this would have been resented. Had I told you how narrow and bigoted you were when I came among you, how selfishly unsympathetic, you would have requested me to resign in a body."

Jane Winthrop coughed loudly, but he would not heed her.

"All the little petty actions, the mild forms of spite and envy, that have been displayed among the members of this congregation from time to time, were a thousand times worse in you, than the spontaneous carelessness of the men and women you have condemned, simply because they lack the things you esteem and deem

the essentials of life. In you it is a cultivated vice, in them it is but a natural instinct." His lips curved in a half smile. "Oh, I have learned to understand the expressions of your faces; I know what I'm saying, just as well as I know what you're thinking." He waited a moment, then resumed. "When a man believes a wrong to be right, then and only then can it prevail. That's why a mistake sometimes outlasts its usefulness. The only reason I could ever find for our mistakes was the belief that they possibly made something right somewhere else."

He looked at the angry faces before him.

"I know the people of this church have censured me, for my honest effort to help a few of the unrecognized thousands that people our city. It is this spirit of condemnation that is killing the churches. Until we love one another, we will condemn each other's efforts, successes or failures."

He leaned toward them and spoke with terrible earnestness. "The true life of man is the love of God, and the highest expression of this love is to our fellow beings. Are we not killing this divine principle when we let carping criticism cast out love? Oh, my friends,

love is the only thing that makes excuses—or accepts them."

He passed a handkerchief across his trembling lips. His voice was uneven with suppressed emotion as he continued, "Love is the revealing light that shows us one another's perfections."

After a moment's impressive silence he held his arms out to them with an appealing gesture and spoke in an impassioned voice. "If I am weak, let a stronger one hold me up, that my weakness may prove his strength. If I make a mistake, pray that I do not again fall into like error. If I am wrong, you by right living can show it to me. If I sin, sympathize with the good left in me; that will suffer for my mistakes more than you can ever realize, but for God's love and mercy that enfolds us day and night, I implore you criticize me not—condemn me not." His outstretched arms fell over the open book. His head dropped until his chin rested on his chest.

After a silence that echoed in their hearts, he finished in a husky voice, broken and uneven. "Peace and light from the Infinite Understanding be upon you. Farewell."

He left the pulpit and entered the vestry.

Slowly, solemnly, with set faces and resolute tread the five trustees followed and closed the door after them.

Jane Winthrop grew pale with anxiety and made many mistakes in her Biblical quotations, but the children of her class did not know it. They were impatiently waiting for their beloved pastor, who had never failed them before; but this day they waited in vain. Jane's mind reverted to another time when her husband had spoken almost the same words he had used that morning. She remembered how fearlessly he had told his former congregation, he could no longer follow the set rules and prescribed formulas, laid down theologically with dogmatic limitations, that restricted his utterance and compassed his ideas. He incensed them beyond all power of reconciliation when he had told them their theories were too narrow, their field for thought too limited for him to conform to, for he felt he had outgrown them.

She recalled of what little value he had considered the church he had labored for with such untiring zeal, until the last article was in place. Had he done the same thing again she wondered? Where would he preach hence-

forth? A cold, foreboding chill told her it would be the slums. She grew faint and sick at heart.

The trustees filed past her with a look of relief on their faces that crushed any vague flutterings of hope that might have strengthened her. She shivered and drew her wraps closely about her. The world seemed unpromising. Jane looked at her daughter, then at the faces around her. "Children we will close the lesson now, because I've a headache" (heart ache she could have truthfully said); "next Sunday we will take up the same subject in review."

"Can't we have a Christmas tree?" one little one questioned eagerly.

"Yes, there will be a tree as usual; now my dears, don't disturb the other classes; when they've finished you may go." She left the church with her daughter, never imagining her husband would not be home when she reached there.

When Mark Winthrop entered the vestry, he experienced a feeling of freedom that made him indifferent to anything that might follow. He seated himself in a chair, with the grim expression of a dogged resolve, making his face look set and stern. He shrugged his shoulders

and looked at the door expectantly, then got up and placed five chairs in a row before him. He sat down and waited until the five trustees entered. He motioned them to the empty chairs. "I expected you gentlemen and you haven't kept me waiting, which is most kind of you."

They looked uncomfortable but determined.

Mark watched them as they seated themselves awkwardly and faced him. After a moment's uncomfortable silence he exclaimed:

"Possibly my resignation will help you out of your difficulty."

"It would be accepted," one of them declared bluntly.

Mark smiled. "Were the cushions and carpets so very much damaged, Mr. Weld?"

"One was torn, another badly spotted and the carpet shows unmistakable signs of wear."

"For how much shall I write you a check?"

They looked at one another uneasily, each one waiting for the other to speak.

Mark enjoyed the situation despite the bitter feelings that swept him on resistlessly, to see what the conclusion of the matter would be.

The men shifted uneasily.

The minister crossed one leg over the other

and waited one minute, then two, then three and spoke. "Will ten dollars recover the torn cushions with new plush?"

"Yes, I—ah—think so."

"Will ten dollars clean the other one?"

"Yes, I'm sure it will."

"Well, gentlemen, I'll mail you a check for twenty dollars. The carpet was old enough to have been replaced with a new one a year ago, so you'll excuse me, won't you, if I don't buy another one."

"We wouldn't think of accepting your resignation, but the congregation has fallen away and that means lack of interest. Really, Mr. Winthrop, there wasn't a dollar in the morning's contribution box so I—we—ah, have to keep up expenses and we can't do it unless people attend. We regret, deeply, profoundly, the severance of interests, and hope you may be more fortunate elsewhere."

"Thanks for your kind wishes; good-by gentlemen." Mark waved his hand and leaned back with closed eyes. "The play behind the scenes is funnier than the one before the audience." He mused aloud, "What is the meaning of existence, I wonder; what am I? who am I? and what am I here for?" His

thoughts reverted to the past, and after an inward retrospection he spoke aloud. "I guess I'm here to find out what the Eternal Purpose desires of me, for I don't seem to know. All this was unexpected and must have some special meaning. If these doors close others will open, I suppose. There are other doors, of course, but where?" He moved restlessly. "Who can measure my efforts, or estimate the sincerity of the thoughts that prompted them, or the purpose of the Invisible Hand back of that? Our failures are made known by the apparent results and I guess I'm a failure, as a preacher." His head sank low until it rested on his chest. "Man measures man by what he holds in his hands and has back of him, but God measures him by what he has in his heart, and the possibilities before him," he muttered incoherently.

The utter stillness of the room rested him. He mused long and communed silently, trying to understand why the unseen forces were shaping his destiny in such strange fashion. He put on his hat and coat, then entered the empty church and spoke aloud. "Waiting for the next act, same scene, same audience,

everlastingly the same, and I was just a part of the furniture."

His voice sounded hollow and unreal, as it penetrated the distant corners and returned to him dispassionately. He closed the door, passed out of the vestry and soon after, he was ringing the bell at Franklyn Jermym's and this time Suzanne was at home.

CHAPTER VIII

THERE IS NO SIN

When Mark Winthrop's card was presented to Suzanne she experienced a feeling of surprise akin to regret. What could he say or do to alter things? She had resigned herself passively to the idea of a wandering existence, until all memory of the man should have vanished.

Reluctantly she decided to see him and descended the stairs with heavy feet. Her trunks were packed and strapped as she had planned to leave on the five o'clock limited and it was then a quarter to two. She pushed the draperies aside and entered the room. He was standing before the window and did not hear her. An emotional wave, consuming in its very intensity, filled her eyes with shadows and drew fine lines of repression around her mouth. A sigh freighted with hopeless resignation echoed through the silence. Mark

turned instantly. "Are those your trunks in the hall?"

"Yes."

"You are going away?"

"Yes."

"How long do you expect to be absent?"

"I don't know."

"Just when I've found you and need you most I lose you."

"It is better so," she replied faintly.

"Is it though?" he asked with a peculiar light in his eyes that reflected the tempest in his heart.

"There's nothing else for me to do; I cannot stand it here—I cannot." She clasped and unclasped her hands with nervous force.

He straightened his shoulders and took a step toward her. "I need you more than ever, strange things have happened; I am no longer a minister of the gospel, but a man without a calling and I shall never preach again."

She looked at him in bewilderment. "What has happened?"

"I've resigned."

"Why did you do so rash a thing?"

"It pleased the people as much as it did me; it had to come sometime, so why not to-day?"

"Yes, why not to-day, when everything that was, comes to an end."

He looked at her with a hungry light in his eyes; his chest heaved with a mighty straining.

To her bewildered brain it seemed as if it might be the end of the world, her world with its swiftly vanishing realities.

"If I were dead would you kiss me, Mark, one little kiss?"

A sudden tightening of the muscles around his heart caused him to place a hand on his breast. "You—you wouldn't take your life?" he gasped.

"No, to do that one must be a courageous coward."

"Why do you speak of death?" he asked brokenly.

"I'm going out of your life to-day and we may never meet again." Her lips trembled, but she looked at him bravely.

Mark Winthrop groaned aloud; he had touched the depths.

"I thought you wouldn't mind kissing me once before we part forever."

"Yes, I'll kiss you good-by, Eunice." His eyes burned with a feverish longing that was

consuming the very self of the man into a state of non-resistance.

"Then kiss me now dear, for I must leave you in a few minutes and I want to remember your lips were the last that caressed mine." She walked up to him, with a wistful smile.

He leaned toward her with his hands clenched behind him. "This is our farewell then, the end of my life's fond dreams. The curtain always falls when the play is over, and for me it will be night, black night hereafter." His voice was husky. His face was very near her own. He looked into her eyes, glorious with the pathos of a sublime renunciation and limpid with emotion. His trembling lips touched her hair, her brow, her lips, then a great cry of mad exultation, defiance and hopeless strength revived her failing senses.

In an instant he had her in his arms and was showering a tempest of kisses on her quivering tear-stained face. He unbound her hair with eager fingers and let it fall in waves over his hands. He tore the lace from her throat and buried his face where the filmy meshes had concealed its beauty. His lips throbbed, as did the flesh beneath his hot caresses. He held her to him with a gentle strength, then

lifted her in his arms as if she had been a little child and carried her about the room, pouring out in wild bursts of uncontrollable passion, the love that had been buried deep within his heart for years, the love that had never found expression before.

"You are mine, mine," he cried in ecstasy. "You've always been mine in the sight of Heaven and now you'll be it in the sight of man."

And Suzanne, what of her? She lay in his arms like one entranced, enthralled, content, passive, satisfied to be the recipient of so great a love. The years of soul hunger fell away, and a new thing hard to describe had begun to grow in its place. She was a woman with a hungry heart and this man's wild, unrestrained love, gave life a warmth never before realized. After all, what did the past matter? What were its obligations? It had all been a hollow mockery, devoid of life, utterly devoid of love and as she felt the fierce pounding of the man's heart over her own, the restraining walls of her self-imposed environment loosed their hold on her life and she responded for the first time to his kisses. Consciously she yielded, understanding full well that it meant his

guidance for all the future days that might belong to her. After all it is what we miss in the gleaning that fills life's goblet with pain.

This wild love of the man burned the barriers of life's self-imposed obligations to dust and ashes with each repeated caress; while their love, united from conscious contact, soared above the self of the man, the self of the woman, and waited. For what? To see if it would prove a blessing, or a curse. To learn if it were to be of the earth, earthly or a spark from the Divine Alchemist who knoweth all things and doeth all things well if we but let Him.

Mark Winthrop's face was luminous; the very dynamics of earth had ceased to exist.

"Eunice, my beloved, you are the only real thing in this phantom world of everlasting change. It were death to the one God principal I have left, if you were to fail me."

"I shall not disappoint you dear, not now, that the physical reality has outlived the shadow woman of your dreams."

He clasped her yielding body closer. She clung to him dependently with rapturous indifference to time, place, or life's necessities. "Take me away, Mark, to some far off corner in

this big world where we can be alone and live for each other."

He did not reply but hid his face on her neck. The distant tinkle of the telephone, roused her to a sense of her surroundings. She re-bound her hair and stepped into the hall. To place the receiver to her ear, was but the work of an instant.

"This you, Suzanne?" it was her husband's voice.

"Yes."

"I think you'd better wait a day or two, heavy snow east, and trains are hours late both ways; what do you think about it?"

"All right," she answered in a faint voice.

"What's that, you'll go to-night?"

"I said all right."

"Oh, I'm glad of that, because I'm in a game, here at the club and I couldn't very well see you off without losing by it—do you hear me? Why don't you answer?"

"Yes, I hear you."

"Very well, then I'll change your stateroom for Tuesday." He rang off.

How easy he was making it for her. No feeling of regret or pity stirred her heart, just an intense longing to get away and leave it all be-

hind forever, so she could live her life in her own sweet way.

When Mark Winthrop left Suzanne their obligations to the world had ceased to figure in the plan of their lives.

Suzanne knew she had a difficult task before her, but realized Mark's was even more so. It would take great courage to sever conscientiously the ties that bound a man of his temperament to the stern realities of life. Love is a wonderful thing. It makes the strong weak and the weak strong, sometimes.

He knew he would not waver, could not change or check the current of the stream that was sweeping him into a definite, though unexpected line of action, the one he had elected to follow. His reasoning faculties were acute. He would not stumble at any of the problems so suddenly thrust up for analysis.

"In the sight of the world I have obligated myself to provide for my own and if this is accomplished, it will have no further concern in my affairs," he argued.

He entered his study and threw himself on the couch for a brief contemplation of the day's events, that had so suddenly changed the plan of his life.

The gleam from a street lamp on the corner cast weird shadows across the floor. He watched it while his heart throbbed in exultation. Great waves of intense feeling made his senses reel, while dear remembrances of the woman who had decided to share his uncertain fate, made his eyes moist. "Damn me if I ever fail to appreciate it," he muttered aloud.

A rap on the door disturbed him. "What is it?" he called sharply.

"Tea is waiting," the maid answered through the bolted door.

"I don't want any and please don't disturb me."

He heard her pass down the hall.

His train of thought had been broken. He shrugged his shoulders impatiently, lit his study lamp and looked at the familiar things about him.

First he emptied the contents of his desk. Sermons in embryo, notes, quotations, thoughts on a multitude of different things pertaining to life in its many phases, looked at him from the pages. He crumpled them up and consigned the lot to the grate, lit a match and watched them blaze and crackle, then settle sullenly in a charred mass of half consumed

parchment. He opened the drawers of his bookcase and emptied the contents on the table. File after file of sermons, from the long period of his ministry, lay before him. They had been used to illustrate his ideas and fit a few of the fancied or real needs of his congregation. He opened them at random, scanned the carefully written pages with a critical eye and was straightway lost in wonder, that he could have devoted so much time, energy and painstaking thought, to such trivial subjects, when life and the living it meant more than mere thoughts and words. The sermons followed the first consignment and were soon blazing merrily, casting a fitful glow over the thoughtful man, as he watched them curl and flutter into rapidly changing shapes, as the flames caressed, then consumed them into non-existence. Another and then another file fed the greedy, unsatisfied fire, until only a smoldering heap of unrecognizable matter lay in the bottom of the grate.

Mark spread his open hands above it. "'Dust to dust, ashes to ashes.' We talked of life you and I, now I'm going to live it, live it in every fiber of my being, live it to the uttermost and let the real man within have expression and recognition. You were useless after all.

"HE WATCHED THEM CURL AND FLUTTER AS THE FLAMES CARESSED, THEN CONSUMED THEM"

So was I. It is well we go out together." He waved his hands over the blackened mass. "Begone idle words and futile thoughts with your false and feeble imaginings. Begone useless aspirations for impossible chimerical results. Begone dead past with your endless strivings for a failing cause. The greatest field of labor to-day lies outside, not in the churches. In the highways and byways, under the broad canopy of Heaven, this great work can best be achieved. He leaned over the blackened, expressionless mass in the grate and sighed heavily. "This tongue of mine shall never more give utterance to words that do not express the emotions of my soul. No more following where others lead. No more paraphrasing another's words to fit my needs. No more hoodwinking my natural instincts into a pitiful state of abject servitude." He straightened slowly and drew a deep breath. He raised his hands above his head and stood transfixed in wrapt ecstasy, then cried aloud, "I am free, free, free. Free to love and live that love, and I shall free myself."

Once more he turned to his desk and unlocked a small drawer. He opened a yellow book, then seated himself and added up a column

of figures. "Eighteen thousand, that's more than I thought." He spoke aloud. After a moment he opened a check book and wrote carefully the name of his wife and filled in the space below with the words "seventeen thousand dollars," then signed it. He laid it on the end of his desk and from the back of the drawer brought out an insurance policy and laid it with the check and on top of that placed the deed of the house they occupied. He sat back twirling the pen in his hands for some time, thinking how he could best tell his wife the step he contemplated taking on the morrow. Fine lines of worry puckered his brow. No definite plan seemed to formulate itself and he gave up trying. After awhile he lit the chandelier and walked about the room taking a careful survey of the pictures on the wall. He opened his bookcase and took out volume after volume of his favorite authors and let his eyes linger lovingly on the familiar pages. He sighed audibly as he put them away. The smiling face of his child looked down at him from its little frame of gold. He picked it up and studied the likeness attentively, then held it to his cheek with a caressing motion while a tender light illumined his face. "She will soon

forget," he murmured. He put it in the breast pocket of his coat and threw himself on the couch with weary abandon, for Mark Winthrop was exhausted mentally, as well as physically and ere he was aware the sweet goddess of slumber, pressed gently with insistent fingers on his tired eyes and the world with its obligations and futile strivings, fell away, as the fountain of oblivion refreshed the flagging tissues of brain and body. Sleep, the welcome and longed for benediction that follows the days of joy or the days of pain, until the ultimate slumber comes, like a half chanted orison at the vesper hour of life, with a final benediction from eternity.

The day dawned gray and cheerless, with a forbidding chill in the air, emphasized by heavy swirls of snow, that beat a path through the frost-laden atmosphere, with an ever increasing fury. Mark opened his eyes on a new phase of existence. He was stiff and cold from his night's slumber on the uncovered couch. He looked out of the window and wished that he might have slept on indefinitely through such depressing weather. A sudden revulsion of feeling changed the current of his thoughts, when the duties of the day thrust themselves forward,

with the assurance of necessities and he braced himself to meet them. He went to his room and made a careful toilet, then awaited his wife and child in the dining room.

"Why were you in your study all night?" she questioned while making a careful survey of his personal appearance.

"I fell asleep on the couch; let us have breakfast, I'm famished." He looked at her from time to time wondering what she would say and do after he had told her his plans. When the meal was over, he asked her to meet him in the study. She followed almost immediately and seated herself opposite him. The severeness of her attire, the careful clipping of each word denuding them of any lingering inflection or tender cadence, had been among her most pronounced characteristics. That morning they got on Mark's nerves and he wished her voice might have been less suggestive of the biting frost outside.

"Its chilly here; I'll have Kitty light a fire in the grate." She looked at the open fireplace, saw the charred remnants of her husband's vanished career and stopped abruptly. "You have burned something, what was it?" A frown puckered her brow. "I hope you haven't been

foolish or done anything you'll have occasion to regret?" She scrutinized his face closely, but he did not reply.

Very soon the maid had the materials ready for the fire, and the wood sent forth hisses and cackles of discontent, as it slowly but surely succumbed to the active force, that was consuming its fiber by inches.

Mark sank back in his chair and crossed one leg over the other in his accustomed attitude.

Jane sat erect, silent and expectant, dreading his disclosures.

For the first time in his life Mark was at a loss for words, because of an inward shrinking from the infliction of necessary pain. "I'm no longer a minister of the gospel," he said after the silence had grown tense and unbearable.

"You mean you've resigned your pastorate," she corrected in a dry voice.

"No, I mean just what I say; I shall never preach again."

"This is a small world, Mark, you may meet the starting point some day and begin over again."

"The world is large enough for the man that's

free and to-day I'm a free man. It's the criminal or law breaker that finds it too small."

"Why have you decided not to preach again?"

"I was a fool to have ever tried it."

"You succeeded where others failed."

"Possibly, but it was a failure, when you sum up results."

"People did not consider it so until—"

"Always the people, Jane; they are your world, the world you live for."

"What made you fail then?" she queried with cold persistence.

"I guess it was because I tried to be honest with the public instead of myself."

"I thought you were too honest—for your own good."

"Not as a minister of the gospel. Had I been as true to myself as I tried to be with it, I'd have preached to thousands, not a hundred or two at a time. I tell you, Jane, the public don't want an honest preacher." He brought his closed fist down on the arm of the chair with an emphatic thud.

"What will you do now?"

"Live my life in my own way. I'm going to give this dwarfed, hunch-backed soul of mine its little hour of freedom. The world has had

the best years of my life; my hopes, prayers, thoughts, patience, feelings, the very best of me, has been centered on its interests. I've forgotten my dreams and hopes, in trying to lift it up to meet its ideals."

"You were faithful to the letter," she said in a softer voice.

"True to the letter but not the spirit, Jane. I'm tired of the struggle, I'm going to be what I am, say what I think, do what I like. From to-day my soul and I are one. We shall live as one, think as one, love as one, for we are one."

Jane looked at him with a numb feeling of fear tugging at her heart. "You've found Eunice?" Her figure grew tense and rigid, her eyes never left his face.

He started slightly, then looked at her with a growing wonder. "Yes, I've found her—but how did you know?" A look of relief crossed his face.

"Haven't I heard you call to her with an inflection you never used when speaking to me? Haven't you talked to her in your sleep for ten years?" She spoke with a pathos that robbed the man of any feeling of censure he may ever have felt, for his loveless life as her companion.

His strength of purpose vanished for a moment as a profound regret swallowed it, while he swallowed a lump in his throat.

"I'd about made up my mind she was a fancy, an ideal, a dream."

"She was—until—a year ago." His voice grew faint, the words were punctuated by silent spacings between each one.

"I think you're mad, Mark, or nearly so. You've talked to that woman night after night for ten years, you've sung to her—loved her. Yes! I knew all this—my heart told me so. If she was a fancy before, how can she be anything else now?"

"The woman lives, Jane, lives and loves me."

Jane Winthrop shrank back in her chair, but made no sound.

"It's all very strange," he continued; "we met a year ago—in the flesh. I loved her as a boy, then as a man, but always as an ideal, an inspiration, until we met and then?" His voice trailed away in a hushed whisper.

"Are you sure she loves you?" Jane asked the question with no hope of denial.

"Yes," he replied with simple directness.

"Has she a husband?"

"Yes."

"Children?"

"No."

"What are you going to do?" She looked at the man who sat staring at the fire with unseeing eyes.

"This is the most solemn moment of our lives, Jane."

"I know it," she replied bitterly, "and I know also what your intentions are; you need not mention them."

Mark Winthrop left his chair and walked to the table without looking at the woman who sat rigid and erect, with pallid face and tightly clenched hands.

"You've always been faithful over the little things and because of this I'm able to make you keeper over a substantial amount of money with which to meet all your future needs."

Jane Winthrop dropped back limp and helpless as her husband laid the check on her lap face up. "Here is my endowment policy that was made out for you, it matures in five years, you will then have twenty thousand more."

She looked at him. His matter-of-fact voice drove her wild. Did he realize what he was doing and what he was about to do?

"Here is the deed to the house and lot, I'll

transfer it to-day, so there will be no question as to its ownership."

"You haven't kept anything for yourself?" she cried in amazement.

"I'll use my two strong hands henceforth like millions of other men," he answered with ready assurance as he leaned against the mantel and watched the smoldering coals.

"What do you imagine the world will say of you?"

"I don't know, I don't much care." He pressed his hands together.

"It will say you have sinned against your child, your former calling, your better self, and —your wife. It will probably say you've gone mad."

"There is no sin in loving, else it had not come to us unsought, for—"

"There is no sin in loving," she interrupted him, "but in doing lies the mistake."

"I'm sorry if any reflection falls on you or the child; you will forgive it some day and she? —youth forgets quickly what it doesn't understand." He looked thoughtfully at the pale woman who folded and unfolded the papers in her lap, with an excess of nervous abandon unusual for her.

"When are you—going—away?"

"To-day."

"My loss is another's gain—perhaps I haven't been a very loving wife, I lacked sympathy—will you forgive me, Mark?"

"It is you who must soften your heart, dear, and not only forgive, but forget. As for me, Jane, I've nothing to forgive, you are absolved, because you've never been blamed."

A softer expression smoothed some of the lines from her face. A suspicious film fogged the lens of her spectacles. "I'd have loved you better, Mark, if I'd never known about this other woman—and yet?—to-day I'm glad, glad from the bottom of my heart—for you—and me, that my love died in its infancy and I had the courage to bury it in an early grave." Her voice broke unevenly, though she would not shed a tear.

"How could we ever dream life held such unexpected issues. You don't think I am acting a coward's part, do you?"

"No! you are braver than you know, more honest than your traducers will ever be. Indeed I wish you were less honest, and yet—if you were—I'd despise you, while now,—I have only pity in my heart, pity that it should all

end so ignominiously." A hard cough finished the sentence that had the echo of a sob in it.

"It's like a funeral, Jane, we are saying all the nice things when it's too late."

A faint smile passed across her face, like a fleeting ray of the distant moon, or a rift in somber hued clouds. "It is better than useless upbraidings or bitter recriminations and senseless anger. You know it is—a funeral, Mark—the burial of all our mutual plans—hopes—and aspirations. It is the end of our wedded life." She buried her face in her hands. It was her one sign of womanly weakness. Then she stood erect with a new strength.

"We did our best, the best we knew how, even to the last; let us always remember that."

Mark looked down at her with dim eyes. "You are a brave woman, Jane, a splendid woman and deserve a kinder destiny. My failures are due to myself alone."

"Your failures would be another man's success. In what way can I help you; what do you want to—take away—with you?"

"I'm going on a long journey, out toward the setting sun, where the shadows grow long behind. You know what I need Jane, you know."

CHAPTER IX

SUZANNE'S EMANCIPATION

When Franklyn Jermym returned home after his little game of poker at the club, the gray clouds were shifting uneasily in the east, as a new day came out of the shadowy depths and crept unnoticed across the slumbering city. His eyes were bloodshot. His hair rumpled and his hands trembled so he noticed it. His lips were parched from the brandy laden breath that passed over them. "Gad, but I'm tired," he said aloud as he drew his coat off, then stared in astonishment when Suzanne stood before him, pale and calm. "Wha—what's the matter?" he stammered in surprise.

"I've been waiting for you all night and have something to tell you."

He shrugged his shoulders impatiently. She seated herself, shading her eyes with the open palm of her hand.

"Can't you postpone it until to-morrow? I'm dead tired."

"No, I'd rather say it now, I've waited so long. Can't you give me a few moments?"

He threw himself into a chair and yawned openly. "Fire away then and hurry about it. I hope you're not going to kick about anything."

"I'll try not to," she answered sweetly.

Suzanne looked very beautiful in the depths of the big chair. Its dark velvet covering threw the creamy tints of her flesh into bold relief. The artificial light brought out the sunny dapples in her hair, and made them shine like burnished copper.

The gown she had thrown over her night robe fell away at the neck and hands, revealing the perfect beauty of her throat and arms. The picture did not appeal to Franklyn Jermym. He looked at her with anything but affection in his bloodshot eyes; fifteen hours at the poker table had dulled his senses to any of the visible charms his wife might possess. Besides he was tired and a man isn't supposed to be anything but the natural brute under such circumstances, is he?

Yet he had married her for that same beauty, because he wanted the best that money could get. She had been socially fit and was a credit to him—and his money. But at five A. M. she

had absolutely no value to his eyes—he was tired.

She remained silent so long, he yawned again. "You're not broke, or in debt? You haven't been playing bridge, have you?"

"No."

"I meant to tell you, I added ten thousand to your account the other day; why don't you spend more money? You can have all you want. You don't write a check once a month they tell me at the bank."

"I'll not want any more money, Franklyn, I'm going away."

"Yes, I know it, but not until Tuesday." He yawned again, pulled his tie off, threw it on the table, then unfastened his collar and looked at its wilted corners intently.

"I'm going to-morrow, or I should say to-day." She rested her head against the cushioned back of the chair and looked at him. "I'm going for good, Franklyn, and—"

"What the devil are you driving at? I changed your state-room to Tuesday. Why didn't you tell me over the 'phone?" he cried impatiently.

"I'm not going to New York." She answered

his outburst calmly enough, though her heart fluttered high in her breast.

"By Gad, I wish you knew your mind three minutes at a time." He tore his vest open and threw it on a chair.

"I do know my mind; that's why I'm here trying to tell you that—"

He struck his palms together. "Then out with it."

She looked at him with outward calm, but a rapidly growing inward concern, that made her words fall disconnectedly. "I could go—without saying anything at all—but I much prefer we understand each other. It will make things easier in the future—for both of us."

The man stared at her with a puzzled frown. "Don't you expect to come back? You talk as if you didn't."

"When I leave your house to-day, I shall never return to it again."

"You won't, why not?"

"Because our relations as husband and wife end to-day."

He blinked his eyes as if she had struck him. "You—you aren't going to leave me Suzanne?" he cried with a sudden fear gripping his heart until he scarcely breathed.

"Yes, Franklyn, I am."

"What for," he cried in dismay; "what are you going to do that for?"

"Because my life here is unbearable and I've no desire to prolong the agony."

"Why, Suzanne, you're joking, you don't mean it, you're just trying to frighten me. Come now, run to bed like a good girl and I'll write you a check when I get to the office that will make you forget all about it."

"I don't want the check, Franklyn, but I do want you to listen to me. I prefer above all else to let you know why I'm taking this step, why I consider it necessary."

"Oh, I see, you want the last word—you win—you can have it." His mirthless laugh jarred her nerves sadly.

"When we were married I did not know what love meant; in fact, contrary to the average woman, my education along those lines had been sadly neglected—"

"I'm to hear the sad, sad tale of your life, am I?" the man asked with cold disdain, as he wound his watch and held it in his hand, as if timing her recital.

Suzanne flushed, but continued: "To the world

you've been a model husband—at home you've been—well, that's another story."

"All right, all right," he replied wearily, "call me any old thing you like."

"I have no more value in your eyes than John, the butler, and would have less if I didn't add to your physical comforts and be a credit to you at the same time."

The man shrugged his shoulders and turned the stem of his watch suggestively.

'I am here, you are anywhere, everywhere, but here. Night after night, I sit alone, unless I seek companionship outside. Month after month comes and goes with its long days and dreary nights, and it's the same story. Through all the years of our married life you've sought my society only—when you were weary of your other companions."

He looked at her with sleepy, half closed eyes.

Suzanne drew a long breath before she continued: "You've never taken me in your arms, said you loved me, or—or kissed me—or showed you cared for me, you've never—"

"Given you anything but curses, why don't you say?" he broke in abruptly, as he unbuttoned first one shoe, then the other, and threw them with a vicious swing across the

"GIVEN YOU ANYTHING BUT CURSES, WHY DON'T YOU SAY?"

room. "Why didn't you ask me to do the rock-a-bye baby act and why haven't you kissed me once in a while and told me you loved me?" he cried in a sneering voice. "I'd have let you," he added after looking at her intently; "you can begin right now; you can kiss me good-night or good-morning and go." He walked toward her with a look of determination on his flushed face. "Come, dovey, kiss me; tell me you love your honey boy, and then I'll tell you something that will astonish you."

She shrank back in the chair with a look of horror in her eyes.

"Come," he cried in a mocking voice, "I'm waiting to be called your baby boy, or ducky darling will do; what's the matter, you don't seem to be overjoyed at the prospect; is it so hard to begin?" He leaned over her until his face was very close, his fevered breath fanned her cheek. "If you don't begin, I suppose I'd better." He watched her with a cynical smile on his lips. "Well, here goes," he cried, as though he were about to take a plunge.

Suzanne repulsed him violently and stood before him quivering from head to foot. "Don't

you dare—you insult me," she cried, vehemently.

"Since when did it become the fashion to consider a husband's kisses an insult?"

"On the day a wife has to sue for them, ask them as a favor."

He opened his heavy eyes in admiration. "Gad, Suzanne, you know how to do it. By Jove, the stage lost a queen when you married F. M. J. Never mind now, cut it all out and we'll begin over again. I'll agree to spend one evening a week at home and kiss you once a day, if I can remember it, and when I forget, you're to kiss me."

"It's too late, Franklyn, we have come to the parting of the way." She walked past him, closed the door that led into her room and locked it.

"She'll be all right in the morning. She's just uppish to-night. I'll write a check for her for ten thousand more and she'll forget it. I'll come home for dinner to-morrow and give her the evening too," he mumbled as he tumbled into bed, while the sun made shadows through the heavy clouds on its way zenithward.

But for once Franklyn Jermym had figured on an unknown proposition. When he re-

turned home that night, an empty house awaited him. Suzanne had gone—gone without a trace to designate her whereabouts. Her husband was furiously, noisily angry, and shocked into silence by turns, when told by the butler, who supposed he knew all about it, so natural had her departure been. He walked from room to room, hoping for something to explain the situation. His thoughts were in a hopeless tangle. He could not reason from any fact, hence could make no headway in forming a theory. Bewildered and nervous, he entered his room and looked at the empty chair she had occupied in the early morning hours. He began laboriously to recall what she had said to him. Much of it had failed to make a dent in his density at the time, but several things came back with redoubled force and helped him form a fairly correct solution of the situation.

"She said she was going away," he mused aloud. "Did she tell me why?" He scratched his head thoughtfully. "She surely had all the money she wanted, and more too. She didn't seem to want anything very much, now I think about it," he added with his forehead puckered up in a mass of little wrinkles.

"Did she ask for anything?" He tried to re-

member, then ducked his head as if something had been aimed at him. He threw his arm up to ward off the imaginary blow and sat staring wide eyed at the empty chair. "I have it," he cried aloud. "Love—kisses—hugs! That's what she wanted and, by God, that's what she's gone after! She's got a lover. She loves him. She's with him now. I'll kill 'em—I'll strangle her and cut his heart out. They shall die together if I hang for it. They shall die—die—die." He raised his clenched hands in impotent fury as he shouted his words with increasing force. He stamped the floor in helpless rage.

"My kisses were an insult. I'll show you, my lady tragedienne. His are not an insult, though —no! nor his love—ah!" In his anger he tore draperies and smashed bric-à-brac. "Let me meet him—let me look at him—let me see what he's like—then let me kill him."

The man fell limply in his chair, weak and breathless. He looked about the room with wide rolling eyes, then rang the bell violently. "What time did your mistress leave the house?" he asked the maid who answered the summons.

"One o'clock, sir."

"How much luggage did she take?"

"One trunk and a suit case, sir."

"Who drove her to the station?"

"She went on the elevated, said she wouldn't take the horses out in the storm."

"Hem-mm, who took her luggage?"

"I couldn't say; a city expressman, I should judge, sir."

"Did you hear the address she gave?"

"No, sir, she sent me upstairs for her purse while she talked to the man."

"Who ordered him, do you know?"

"No, sir."

"Send John here."

He was more calm when he questioned the man, but the butler knew less than the maid and was dismissed summarily.

"Shall I call in the city police?" he asked himself aloud. "Then all the newspapers will have it if I do. Will it harm me if they write it up?" He reasoned carefully, sized up the situation and decided finally it would hurt him financially. "I'll close out my stock in the C. W. C. and then she catches it good and plenty," he shouted vindictively. "I'll set the hounds on until they find her, then I'll have her brought back here, to me, and I'll kick her out into the street like a beggar." Suiting the action to the word, he gave the chair she had

occupied a vicious kick, and limped from the room.

When it was found that the market had been suddenly flooded with C. W. C. stock, it took a tumble and things went to pieces on the exchange with lightning-like rapidity.

Some one gave out that it was the Jermym holdings for sale and with one of those unprecedented turns of the wheel of fortune, that can only occur in the world of chance, everything he had an interest in tumbled proportionately.

He growled and cursed, kept his brokers at their wits end until the gong sounded. When he cast up accounts, he found with dismay a hole had been made in his bank account that would cripple him badly, if he had to sacrifice as he had been doing that day.

The slump in his holdings all along the line, had been one of the freak conditions that occur sometimes after a period of sanity.

That night, for the first time in many months, Franklyn Jermym spent at home, in the empty house, figuring, turning, scheming for a possible opening wherein he might recoup his losses, and bring his stocks up to par. After the hours had lapsed near to midnight, he left his

chair and stretched his arms over his head. "Gad but the house is still. I guess I shouldn't have left Suzanne alone so much at night." The next day Franklyn Jermym made a wild plunge on the board of trade trying to recoup his heavy losses on stocks. His bullish attitude forced prices up, as his stocks depreciated in value. It was an unwise move.

For ten days the fortunes of Franklyn Jermym hung in the balance, then the crash came. The daily papers bore big head lines and called him a plunger. There were many different accounts of his meteoric rise and fall on the exchange. One evening journal facetiously ended its account with the quotation: "The world giveth and the world taketh away." With their usual persistence the reporters found out that Suzanne Jermym had left the city and her husband did not know her whereabouts. With a shrewdness acquired from years of practice, they not only scented a scandal, but appreciated fully the sensational possibilities of the case, and at once began to work through the servants that were still left in the Jermym house.

They knew it was only a question of a few days when they would be compelled to seek new

situations, and all those approached talked freely and told what they knew, or thought they did.

Thus it was that the reporters gleaned an insight into the private life of the family, that otherwise would have remained unknown to the world at large. They emphasized the few pitiful details into a story highly sensational and almost improbable. Because the public appetite had been whetted by Jermym's spectacular failure, people read with avidity the further detailed accounts of the scandal, and society was in a tumult of surprise, and expressed itself as shocked, to say the least.

After an hour's quizzing, the first reporter gleaned in substance all that could be told. Namely, that "Mrs. Jermym was most always alone." "That Mr. Jermym seldom came home to dinner, or before daylight." "Mrs. Jermym went out a great deal, but always alone." "The minister called frequently."

"Who is her pastor?"

"Mr. Mark Winthrop of All Saints," John replied glibly.

"When was he here last?"

"The day before she left, for five hours and seventeen minutes."

"Did Mrs. Jermym seem to be in trouble?"

"No."

"Thanks, here's a little present for you and please don't repeat to any one else what you've told me."

"Certainly not, sir." John looked offended at the idea.

The reporter hurried away to interview Mark Winthrop while John reaped a plentiful harvest the next twenty-four hours, for every reporter or detective associated with the Chicago press scented the same possibility and those consigned on the case worked the same familiar lines for facts and came to the same final conclusions.

John was something of a financier himself. He saw the possibilities in the situation from the first, and called the help to him. He agreed to pool returns, if they would let him do the talking. The importance to be gained from an interview was not to be sneezed at, and if he told the story his way there would not be any conflicting statements.

It was a pitiful bit of fact on which to build such sensational articles as covered the pages of the daily periodicals for days after, yet the

story held and startled the city because the facts happened to be true.

Extras went like wild-fire. The newsboys cried the headlines until their throats ached. One yellow journal headed the story: "Jermym loses wife and money." One stated: "Another minister gone wrong?"

The paper venders haunted the home of the Winthrops and Jermyms, and found more eager purchasers there than down in the city, considering the population.

Jane took her child and fled east an hour after the first issue had been published.

Franklyn Jermym sat in his room with drawn shades, a crushed, unhappy man. Crushed, because of his business failure, and unhappy because his worst suspicions had been verified. His wife had fled with a man, "and such a man, an unprincipled, beggarly preacher," he cried dozens of times in wild anger. "May they starve," he muttered again and again.

After years of misery, so it seemed to him, he went back to his favorite club and the exchange—only to be met with guarded words and veiled looks from his business associates, while a few quondam friends openly proffered sympathy, and one of them financial aid. He quickly

discovered that the men who were formerly glad to laugh and joke with him by the half hour, had suddenly grown preoccupied and were pressed for time.

He drifted about among them aimless and unhappy for a month or more. One day after an open rebuff, kindly meant, no doubt, but cutting in the extreme, he turned his back on his part of the world and left it forever. The heart burned within his breast in bitter disappointment. The very atmosphere smothered him. The street sounds had a metallic clang, like the brazen hoof beats of time, when it has failed to recompense the expectant ones. He grew tired of people, their unfamiliar faces and the everlasting rush and sweep of the endless chain of humanity, that did not include him in its mad search for happiness. There was nothing within the man to sustain him in his hours of agony. Even the fondest memory seemed a reproach. The emptiness of the rooms at home drove him to distraction.

Then on the day when the one man who had the greatest right in the world to return sympathy and influential aid, had failed him, Franklyn Jermym placed his home and its entire contents (save his wearing apparel), in

the hands of an auctioneer and bought a ticket for the little village in southern Illinois where he had spent his childhood days. He knew full well there were none of his kith and kin there, for the mother, his last tie, had passed away six years before. It would be a restful change, however, from the strident life in the city, and he wanted to look upon the well remembered scenes that had been a part of his youth. He hoped to forget the bitter present in remembering the obsolete past, or dreaming of a possible future.

It was while sitting in the car with his hat drawn over his eyes, that he remembered the man and woman who had helped to make his youth pleasanter than it otherwise would have been. "Ma and Pa Stone," simple country folks, who had provided his mother with farm produce and vegetables. His eyes grew moist and the hard lines softened about the mouth, as he remembered how all of his vacations had been spent on their farm and he had been a son indeed to the childless couple. He decided to go there first of all.

A vague foreboding lest they too might fail him, from death or forgetfulness, made

a stupifying chill creep over his hesitating senses.

The thankless days of his youth were borne in upon him. How had he repaid their devotion? By the same treatment he had received from his wife and old friends, for all his serious, painstaking efforts. He hoped the Stones were still alive and that he might in some slight measure make amends to them for his neglect.

This weary, disappointed man rapped on the familiar door one evening at dusk, feeling like a stagnant pool in the desert of existence, until they recognized him and led him joyously into the rooms he remembered so well. The crackling fire of logs on the hearth, the deep cushioned armchairs, with their flowered coverings, seemed the same, and yet not the same. The old-fashioned clock on the carved bracket ticked loudly and marked off the hours with a wheezing sound—it too, had grown old in service.

"We're so glad yew've cum home agin, Frank. Ma stands the 'sprise better'n I'd expected she would. Yer hain't nervous air ye, Ma?"

"No, indeed, Jeremiah, I'm glad, too glad to be thet; yew were a long time rememberin',

Frankie, but I knowed yew'd cum back to us some day."

Franklyn looked at the gentle-voiced woman and regretted his abrupt appearance. She was pale, too pale; he swallowed a lump in his throat when he saw a few, hot, briny tears trickling down her wrinkled visage. Her frailty flashed on him with a sudden electric pulsation, yet he stood before her speechless with conflicting emotions which they dimly understood.

The old man piled the logs high in the grate that night.

After supper was over they gathered there and Franklyn Jermym made some discoveries and—a vow. He had never imagined a man of little learning, who had spent his life in the fields and among his flocks, could evolve a philosophy of life and get at its inner significance through these channels, yet this was one of the things he found out.

Then he made a vow to try for a time the simple life of a farmer and if possible forget the cares and strife that had made existence such a narrow one.

"No matter what we say or do, these are the things that narrow the horizon and make the

world a little one." In a vague, disconnected way he had expressed this thought to them.

"It's a big world, my boy, till we get sot on suthin', then it begins tew dwindle down, 'til it hain't no bigger'n what we're set'n on. Thet's why a boy, when he strikes out for himself, hez such big ideas. The hull world seems twice as big as 'tis, fer he hain't got sot on enny special thing yet."

"I guess you're right, Jerry, I guess you're right."

"Why, in course I iz, an' yew proves it."

"In what way?" Franklyn queried with more interest than he ever expected to feel in anything or anybody again.

"Tew be sure now. Yew remember how yew used to set right thar whar yer a settin' of now an' say tew me and Ma, over an' over agin, 'when I grows up tew be a man, I'll be jest the best one that ever wuz, 'en I'll go intew a big city an' make p'raps a hundred dollars a day, then I'll save it an' come back an' buy yer farm an' milk the cows, and feed the pigs an' hire a gurl to churn butter fer Ma, coz then yew said we'd have a picnic all the time.'"

Franklyn Jermym tried to cough, but it sounded very like a smothered groan.

"An' Frank, thet's what's goin' to happen, tew. Me an' Ma wouldn't let yew buy enny uther farm, coz yew used to set such store on a comin' out here. So me an' Ma decided long ergo, thet ef yew ever cum back—we'd—oh, shucks, yew tell him Ma."

"Yes, Jeremiah," her thin voice quavered when she saw the unusual emotion in the old man's face. "We decided tew let yew hev the place, providin' yew'd jest let us live right on here,coz we wouldn't feel tew hum enny wheer's else."

The man addressed shaded his eyes with his hand. Hot tears ran down his cheeks. Their faith in the promises and desires of his unstable youth, touched him more than their generous gift. They believed what he had said as a boy would be fulfilled, now that he was a man, because he had come back to them. How he longed for one hour of that dear, dead past, when he had revelled in his eager enthusiasm for the undeveloped future. Alas, for the days when we look back in solemn retrospection on the unfulfilled dreams of our youth.

They waited for him to speak, but he did not. The clock ticked loudly. The logs nestled down snugly and sent a shower of sparks in answering

defiance to the wind, that whistled around the corners and beneath the open porch in unrestricted abandon.

"Yer hain't told us ef yew married, Frank?" Jerry spoke abruptly.

He started from his chair as if he had been struck, then dropped back and shaded his eyes with a cold, trembling hand.

"Never mind answerin' thet question, Frankie, we'd oughter knowed better then tew ask." Ma spoke softly as she looked across at her husband and shook her head, then continued in a matter-of-fact voice: "Yer hain't told us yet what callin' yew took up after yew left college; yer hain't a minister of the gospel, be ye?"

Again the silent man had received a shock and did not answer.

Mary Stone peered at him above her spectacles an instant, then talked on in her thin, gentle voice, with even tones, minus accent or inflection, as is usually the case with people, whose lives have been passed in the country, without emotional excitement or abrupt mental changes.

"Yew see we'd an idee yew'd turn out ter be a lawyer. Pa an' me used ter believe yew hed a leanin' thet a way, coz yew asked us sech puzzlin' questions. I reckerlect one thet set

me a thinkin' fer dear life an I hain't answered it yet, though I bet yew kin now."

The world weary man raised his head and looked at the kindly face. "What was the question, Ma?" he spoke in a husky, rasping voice.

"Law sakes, hev yew got a cold a comin' on, Frank? I'll fix some boneset tea," Jerry cried as he looked at him with worried solicitude.

"Don't yew remember Frankie don't like boneset, Jeremiah?"

"Thet's so, thet's so." The old man shook the tobacco out of his pipe, peered at the clock and said: "Bedtime Frank, shall I call yew when I git up?"

"Yes, Jerry, you know if I'm to be a farmer, I'd better begin to learn how."

After he had climbed the narrow stairs, Mary Stone closed the hall door softly and tiptoed over to her husband who was busy winding the clock with clumsy fingers, and did not hear her call until she touched his arm.

"Jeremiah, dew yew know Frankie hez hed some great trouble an' it's about a woman?"

"Yew don't say so."

"Yes I dew, an' theer's a preacher mixed up in it."

"Gosh, Mary, what makes yew think so?" He left the key sticking in the clock and faced her suddenly.

"Well yew know I jest feel things thet iz, so don't ever talk about preachers er women tew Frankie, fer it hurts him. Cum, let's go tew bed."

When she had tied the cap over her snowy locks and turned out the light, she knelt beside the bed and in addition to her usual prayer, supplemented an especial one for the man in the room above.

Who shall say it did not ascend and in its flight upward and onward touch the heart of the disappointed man and help him to say as when a little lad: "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us."

He lay a long time with wide open eyes and watched the moon's white reflection come farther and farther in the room as it touched one bed post, then the other and crept over the patchwork quilt, until it caressed his eyes, and then he slept. Slept as he had not since a lad. Slept the night through without dreams or waking. Slept as only man can sleep when

he has resolved to forget the past and live up to the simple ideals of his youth in the expected future. And outside the world lay white and still. The frozen snow mirrored the moon's unbroken reflection in a thousand rays of prismatic beauty, as each tiny particle acknowledged its unity with the majestic seting of nature's superb and ever changing panorama.

CHAPTER X

A TWO-EDGED SWORD

And where was Suzanne Jermym and the man of destiny she had elected to follow with such deliberate intent? We know she had gone forth to find the things her woman's heart considered worth while, because her life had lacked the satisfying elements that made it bearable at home.

"Seek and ye shall find," we are told and I fancy it holds good in all the departments of life, for we usually attain the things we seek, whether they be good or bad.

Our greatest pleasures come from seeking, not in the absolute reality, because it is the uncertain things of life that prove the most entertaining—always.

Far out on the South Side in a small apartment, overlooking the turbulent waters of Lake Michigan lived these two people, after they had made themselves absolutely dependent upon one another for the essential conditions

that contribute to a worldly content, for they had severed the ties that bound them to their former self-imposed environment.

Suzanne radiant and glowing, startled with her perfect beauty, all who looked upon her.

Life was full of pulse beats those first days. Softly pliant, joyously happy, she clung to the man, whose arms never wearied with the weight of her body, as he carried her from room to room in their little apartment.

Was the loss equivalent to the gain? We shall see after we have found the balance.

When they left their respective homes, Suzanne supposed as a matter of course, they would leave Chicago forever. She was greatly surprised when Mark remained impervious to her pleadings and declared they would not leave the city, that they had every reason to remain there; in fact, his future work had already been mapped out for him.

The first time he made his appearance in Faver's Hall after the reception at his church, he considered himself amply repaid for his efforts on their behalf and nearly ceased regretting the loss of his pulpit. He hoped these people of the underworld would let him lead them out on firm ground. He seemed to realize

their needs so entirely that he quite overlooked his own necessities and shortcomings. He deplored their surroundings with its uncompromising poverty and stricken realism. How happy it would have made him to have them in his church, but ere the thoughts were well formed, he remembered his declaration to the woman whom he had called wife, "that the work of salvation must go on outside the churches, where men not only feel but claim to be free."

He was only human, and vague ideas floated through his mind. He knew he should miss the restful atmosphere and the cultured repose of his former congregation. He also knew music was an essential element for true worship and was sorry he had not brought his violin. He told them he had given up his church and would henceforth be a laborer like themselves, and declared his principal reason for these changes had been to help them. This would be an easy matter, he declared, if they would lend their sympathies and coöperation. He ended his half hour address with a ringing appeal that moved them to responsive applause and wild bursts of enthusiasm. "Your efforts to attain an equal footing with your fellow men

is a natural expression, but misunderstood desire. You all want to advance your welfare, your position in life. My friends, it is a crime against God and man to cease these struggles and relinquish your ambitions. It would be like strangling an infant that cries, because no one knows what it wants—except the infant.

"I am here to help you make the world recognize your just needs and sympathize with your efforts. No matter how high they seem, no matter how impossible they look, they can never exceed your powers of attainment, if you start out in the right way to achieve them. You are a source of annoyance to the community because it doesn't understand what you want and consequently has no respect for your desires. When the other part of the world discovers you are struggling for an advantageous foothold in the surging stream of life, they will help you out on dry land, instead of pushing you back into the muck and mire.

"There is no act or motive of the human race that does not express a wish for a betterment of the creature, if we could only understand the desires back of them all, and the result depends entirely upon the direction of the effort.

"Every product creates a want. Every harvest proves a need. Every fulfilled desire establishes the result. Every result brings its own recognition, reward or punishment.

"You have closed the door on the very things you want, by working against the people who could advance your purpose. Defy the powers that rule and you always may; but do it at a safe distance.

"Learn to recognize a superior force; go with it, or away from it; never attack it unless you expect to lose. The ones who make the prisons necessary are usually the ones who fill them. The thing that frees one man binds and restricts another. Lack of money may cause one man's downfall, while it makes another one free. Work for something besides money, and remember uneducated labor must climb a rough hewn stairway to success.

"Peace be with you, my brothers."

When he placed his latch key in the door, it opened from within and Suzanne was in his arms.

"Still up, Eunice?"

"I couldn't sleep, for imagining what those people would say or do. Tell me, were they receptive? Did you make any headway?"

"I think so." He sat down facing her. "Come here, sweet, and I'll tell you what I said."

She flew into the shelter of his arms and rested her head on his breast, while he repeated in substance all that transpired.

"Take me there sometime; I know I could understand them, Mark."

"Sometime—yes, but not yet, Eunice, not yet."

Oblivion comes through a state of non-recognition. Neither Suzanne nor Mark would recognize anything that did not add to their happiness. The world with its yesterdays and yesterday's obligations had been laid away that stormy day, when they closed the doors of their respective homes and those of their immediate world irrevocably, by scorning its opinion. Of regrets they never thought. "Never trouble the world and it won't trouble you," would have been their motto if they'd thought one at all necessary to further establish their attitude.

It takes a rude shock sometimes to rouse one to the reality of things, and so it was with these two.

First came the strident call of the newsboys, announcing the failure of Franklyn Jermym.

It stunned Suzanne's reasoning faculties for the time, and caused Mark some uneasy speculation as to its cause.

Quickly following this announcement came the sensational account of Suzanne's mysterious disappearance, with vague hints of greater things to follow. Then came the coupling of their names, together with the usual elaboration of fancied details, motives, and their supposed place of concealment.

One paper declared they were in New York, another Mexico, another the wilds of Dakota, and still another had them in London.

The climax came when they took the life of the minister from his infancy and laid it bare for the unsympathetic gaze of the critical public. All the honest years of effort were sifted over and over, yet in it there was no vulnerable spot until the day he had closed his career as a minister and gone forth a simple man of the world.

The story made good reading, especially when it related to his slum work and attributed his fall from grace to an unholy and mistaken desire to reach these people by descending to their level. Another paper presupposed he had used the socialistic element as a cloak to cover up his dual life.

A racy account of the reception given the socialists by the members of his church, was elaborated into a howling farce. All their mistakes of omission and commission had been so elaborated, it read like a vaudeville sketch. Nothing was omitted, truthfully or otherwise, that could add to the sensational episode and whet the public appetite for more.

The man from whom Mark rented his apartment, came to his apartment just as he was going out. "Are you the Winthrop written up in the papers?" he asked brusquely.

"I am."

"Then you've got to get out of here; we don't rent to such people." He walked down the stairs, but stopped when he reached the landing and called out gruffly, "I give you three days notice; if you're not out then, I'll have you put out, bag and baggage."

Mark heard several doors open and many of the tenants in the building questioned the man. He shouted his replies so they might be heard on the outside. For an instant he stood irresolute, clutching the door knob with a vice-like grip. The hot flush of anger left his face, though a dangerous gleam shot athwart his eyes.

As the outer door closed, Mark opened his own and reëntered.

Suzanne looked up in surprise. "Have you forgotten anything?"

"Yes, dear, I neglected to tell you, we are to move to-morrow. You had better put on your hat, and we will look for rooms this morning."

"Oh," she cried in dismay, "we are so nicely settled, and this little flat looks just as if it had been built for us."

"It seems so, dear, but it wasn't; and we must find another one. Run, put on your hat."

A rebellious sob choked the words of protest down; she did not move.

Mark walked to the window not desiring to argue the necessity for a change. He noticed several people pointing up to the windows; two were taking snap-shots with high tilted cameras, and he discovered one focused from an opposite flat. He turned away with heightened color, and saw Suzanne standing where he had left her, with tears falling from her eyes, unheeded, unchecked.

"Eunice, come to me. I have caused you pain when I tried to be kind; forgive me, sweet."

She flew to him and nestled in his out-

stretched arms, with the penitent tears splashing her smiling face, so quickly had the hurt been forgotten. "No, no, it was I who was wrong; I was very bad and cross, because I don't like to hunt for flats, or move, or any of the things we've had to endure, and that's why I didn't want to do what you asked." He wiped her eyes with his handkerchief. "I don't fancy it any more than you, but it must be done, whether we like it or not."

"Do we have to leave here?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"To-morrow."

"Why must we go then?"

"Because, it's necessary."

"That sounds like a woman's excuse. Mark, tell me truly why must we give up this flat."

"Do you insist upon knowing?"

"Yes."

"You won't feel badly, or cry?" he queried, sparring for time.

"I'll try not to." She looked at him anxiously, fearing she knew not what.

"They've read the papers, some one in the building has protested, and I think we'd better move, don't you?"

"Why Mark, we haven't met any one here; I don't even know my next door neighbor's name." She looked incredulous.

"I know it, but they've been informed of ours, and—" He hesitated, while they looked at one another with strange thoughts passing through their minds.

"Mark, what does it mean?"

"The beginning of the end, I fear."

"The end of what?" she asked with drawn lips and pale face.

"Our happy seclusion, all our fair dreams of freedom from care, our aloneness. It seems 'no man can live unto himself, or die unto himself.' "

She threw herself against him with a great cry of relief. "I thought you meant our separation and it nearly killed me, Mark, the pain, the very thought of it;" she laughed hysterically; "and to think, it is only a few people whom we don't even know, that object to our love. Heavens, they might as well object to our living."

"I guess they do, Eunice, some of them."

"Then let us go away to another city far from here, where no one knows us."

"No, Eunice, we will not run away, it would

be cowardly to shirk the responsibilities we have intentionally assumed."

She walked to the window. "It's a lovely day; I'll dress at once, then we will look for rooms; let us go out in the suburbs."

The crowd of five or six that Mark had noticed, had grown to three score and ten. They stood in groups, or singly. They leaned against the opposite fences or appropriated seats on the neighbor's steps. Some walked up and down to keep their feet warm. Others sat shivering with upturned collars, determined to see the renegades, and no amount of personal discomfort could lessen their curiosity, until the unnatural craving had been satisfied.

Suzanne looked at them curiously, then pushed the curtains aside for a better view. In an instant a dozen cameras were exposed. With a cry of dismay she drew the curtains together, clutched tightly in her hands.

Mark looked at her and read the consternation in her face.

"Those people down there, what are they there for?"

He paled perceptibly, though he answered in a matter-of-fact voice: "They're waiting for us."

"What do they want?"

"They want to see what we look like, what we have on, how we walk, when we walk, and by following us they will undoubtedly find out why we walk."

Suzanne gave a gasp. "You don't mean it, Mark; you don't know what you're saying. We're not freaks, nor criminals; we haven't done anything to—we've just loved one another—we've never injured these people, we've been—"

He held her until the tempest of weeping had ceased and only sighs broke the silence. "Eunice, my beloved, every tear that falls from your eyes has its equivalent in my heart's blood. Don't cry, sweetheart, be brave and let us think what is best for you, for me."

She lifted her face in mute appeal.

"I have but one regret," he replied, in answer to the look.

She did not trust herself to speak; the question was in her eyes.

He removed the pins that confined her hair and ran his fingers through it, until it fell in a rippling mass about her shoulders.

"My one regret is that it didn't happen long ago, if it had to be like this;" he nodded toward the window, "and yet would we have had the strength or courage to endure unto the end?"

His lips trembled; there was a wistful light in his eyes. "If I might suffer alone and spare you the pain, I'd gladly do it, but I feel dear heart, this cannot be."

"No, we must share all things. I can endure anything with you, or for you, but I could not live and suffer through you, Mark, remember."

"I swear to you, Eunice, you will never have that affliction thrust upon you."

"What are we to do now?"

"Are you the brave little woman I think?"

"I'll try to be."

"Then we must go forth and face the world together. It will not be satisfied with one of us. It must have its pound of flesh. They will not accept the half of it."

She shivered in his arms. "Must we go now?" Her voice sounded faint and far off.

"Not until you're ready, Eunice, not until you're ready."

Suzanne lay in his arms, oblivious to his caresses for the first time. She was nerving herself to face the inevitable, with every faculty she possessed. Could she do it? Was it necessary? What would happen if they crept away under cover of the darkness to some distant corner? would they be secure there? Se-

cure from what? she asked herself. People, the world of men and women? Their story had been blazoned from New York to San Francisco. They would be followed and persecuted, no matter where they went. With a strange shrinking of the senses, she realized that the only names they were entitled to use, had become well-known, from the highest to the lowest, and that they were common property, in the mouths of every one.

She flushed with resentment. "Mark, let us change our names; we are utterly lost if we don't." She sat up with a new light in her eyes. "It is the only way out." She spoke with conviction.

His hands fell away from her hair, a startled look swept the tenderness from his face. "Do I hear aright, Eunice? Take a name I'm not entitled to, after I've used my own for thirty-five years, and am to blame if it has become undesirable? Hide behind another man's identity like a criminal? Tell me you are jesting, dear, though it were bad taste at such a time."

She flushed, then paled. "One would think we were criminals the way we've been hunted down." She spoke with emphasis.

"It would seem so," he added, after a mo-

ment's silence, as a shout from the mob below echoed through the room. "If we have offended the people we must bear the public displeasure as best we can. Do you—would you like to separate? Have you any place you would like to go—alone?" He put the questions to her in a halting, uncertain way.

"How can you?" She burst into wild weeping. "It was to be for better or worse," she added between sobs.

He smiled faintly. "Yes, that's what I thought, but you didn't know how much of the 'worse' it was to be, so I thought perhaps—"

She placed her fingers on his lips, then went to the window and looked at the men and women waiting below as they idled the time away, with an indifference possible to people consumed with an unwholesome curiosity, for the forbidden and grewsome things of life.

The men were kicking their heels together; the women shivered patiently.

Mark walked over and placed his arm about her waist.

"I wonder if that was what our Lord meant when He talked about the patience of the Saints." Suzanne pointed to the crowd with a faint smile, that found expression on her lips,

but did not lighten the pathos in her voice, or the suffering in her eyes.

The door bell pealed shrilly. They both started nervously. Suzanne rushed toward an inner room, but stopped irresolute, with tense nervousness. "Who can it be?" she asked with ill-concealed anxiety.

Mark walked to the door and threw it open wide, then filled it by standing on the threshold.

"Am I addressing the Reverend Mark Winthrop?" a suave voice questioned.

"Mark Winthrop, if you please."

"Yes, of course. Well, I'm from the Associated Press, and we would esteem it a favor if you'd compliment us by a statement, just a few words to—ah—satisfy the people who are interested in your plans."

Mark looked at his questioner a full minute before he trusted himself to speak. "Upon what subject does the dear, inquisitive public want me to talk?"

"Well now, Mr. Winthrop, anything you'd say would be appreciated and—read." The reporter looked at the tall man eagerly, with poised pencil ready for instant service.

"So I should judge, from the mob in the street."

His questioner tried to peer into the room, but Mark closed the door behind him with a bang that spoke volumes.

The man shifted uneasily, not from any embarassment, but a fear that he would not gain any fresh material to keep the well paying subject alive. "Have you decided to leave the city, Mr. Winthrop?"

"No."

"Oh, then you're to remain here?"

"No."

"Ah, then I may say that your future movements are unsettled?"

"No."

"No?"

"No."

"I see," the reporter laughed uneasily.

"No," Mark replied suavely.

"Might I ask if Mrs.——"

"No."

"Absolutely nothing?"

"Nothing."

The reporter stuck his pencil in his vest pocket and turned away. "Good-day."

"No." Mark closed the door behind him with emphasis.

"Don't answer the bell again," Suzanne cried when she saw his face.

"This is awful, awful," he cried as he paced the floor with a dangerous light in his eyes. The sleeping tiger in the man had been roused and would not down. "Put on your hat, Eunice, we will soon find out what it is these people are after, and I'll very soon let them know what I want. Get ready, dear, there's no use waiting."

After a little time she came to him, pale but resolute. A gauze veil fell in filmy folds from the projecting rim of her hat.

"Take off the veil, Eunice, be your simple, natural self. I'll be with you, have no fear."

"I'm not afraid that way."

"You're not ashamed, are you?"

"Oh, Mark, you are merciless. No, I'm not ashamed; I feared I might—cry, and I wouldn't have them see it for the world."

"You must not cry, I'll not let you." He led the way down the stairs.

Soon, too soon, it seemed to her, they were at the entrance.

He looked down at her with a great tenderness in his eyes. His voice was caressing in its gentleness. "I would spare you, but they

will not have it so; be brave. I would die for you, my beloved, if it could help you any. Look at me, listen to what I say and answer my questions, don't forget." He pushed the heavy door open and held it for her to pass out; they walked down the steps side by side.

Her face was like the snow drifts, but she did not falter, though the click of a dozen cameras sent a threatening chill over her. Mark was saying something in a confidential manner and would want an answer to his questions. She tried to listen though the tramp of feet on the stone pavement behind them confused and distracted her.

"It was a wonderful tale of pillage and death," he was saying, as he touched her arm. "No one but Scott could create from pure imagination so great a hero. You like Scott, do you not?"

"Yes," she answered faintly.

"I think the author was more real than any of the people he portrayed with such vivid reality."

"Yes," Suzanne spoke more distinctly.

"The man must have lived the different characters. For instance, when he describes a battle field, a victorious warrior who slays the

enemy, or when a hero makes love, I see the man Scott under a disguise. When bitter sarcasm and fierce dislike are expressed, I find a new phase of Scott's character. Isn't it odd?"

"Yes, indeed." Suzanne kept her eyes resolutely on his, for she knew if she didn't the overpowering longing to turn and look back at the people behind them would prevail.

"The only things in the stories that are not absolutely his, are the scenes wherein the episodes occur, and yet now I think about it, they too belong to him. He made them famous by the magic touch of his pen and they will bear his autograph as long as history lasts. Isn't it wonderful the absolute realism of such a life? Some day we'll go to Scotland, and visit the scenes he made famous." Mark helped her over a slippery place on the sidewalk, apparently oblivious of the crowd behind them.

"Let us go back," she whispered; "I can't stand it; all those people seem like the audience and we are the players."

"True, true," he added in a firm voice; "the world's a stage, 'one man plays many parts,' and they don't like a coward any better off the boards than on it."

"Let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone," some one shouted in mock solemnity; then the rabble broke forth in jeers and cat-calls.

"Preach us a sermon, your worshipful reverence", "Give us a blessing", "Why don't you say the marriage service for yourselves?" "Why don't you live in the slums where you belong?" were a few of the things that could be distinguished.

Windows flew up on either side of the street, curious people peered out and not a few joined the mob. Several men in wagons drove near the pavement keeping even with the crowd, scenting fun of some kind.

Mark and Suzanne kept step, side by side, apparently ignoring their surroundings.

One man, bolder than the rest, grabbed the minister's coat and tugged at it. "You're a disgrace to the cloth," he shouted.

Mark turned swiftly, and in a flash there was one man sprawling in the snow, another slid along the icy pavement, while one went over a fence rail.

The crowd fell back in dismay at the unexpected attack.

Suzanne clung weakly to the nearest lamp post for support.

When they saw what effect the sledge-hammer blows had on their fallen companions, they thought they had followed the wrong people.

"That man isn't a preacher," one man gurgled, as he scrambled to his feet, "he's a prize fighter."

"You're wrong, pard," another cried, while digging the snow out of his eyes and ears; "he's an anvil heaver; nuthin' but a blacksmith could have spilled me like that."

"Say, he made yer foice tired, didn't he?"

"What did he slug me for?" another cried in fury as he pranced around rubbing his chin, "he gave me an undercut and I didn't say nothing to his joblets."

"Back to the house," some one cried; "he's a Scotchman."

Like a flock of sheep following its leader, they turned and retraced their steps, taking up their old stand, opposite the Winthrop apartment.

Suzanne let go the street lamp when Mark took hold of her arm.

"You are a brave little woman; the worst is over. Let us go on and be thankful."

CHAPTER XI

THE WORLD'S JUDGMENT

When Mark entered Faver's Hall a few weeks after the newspaper denouements, he did so with a mild feeling of curiosity, wondering what his reception would be. "Would they consider him a friend or enemy? Would they credit him with the disinterested motives that had prompted his intercourse with them?"

Suzanne had begged him not to go, to postpone his meeting with them a few weeks longer.

"Why wait?" he had answered her pleadings. "What is to be will be, so why not now?"

A stranger was haranguing them on their old grievances. Mark walked in quietly and took a back seat. No one paid the slightest attention to him.

The speaker grew hoarse elaborating their fancied wrongs. His remarks brought forth no sound of approval, only the restless shuffling of feet that assured Mark they were not in sympathy. "A favorable sign," he argued.

The orator pounded his fist on the table, ran his hands through his hair until it gave him a ferocious appearance. He fired volley after volley of maledictions at the government, its representatives, the law, its upholders, then left the platform in disgust.

No sooner had his feet touched the floor than Herman Schlagel took his place. "Friends, we have unexpected work to do to-night. We've been traduced, laughed at, made a foot-ball of to satisfy the—"

He stopped in astonishment as the man who had been speaking, rushed from the room in a panic of fear. All eyes were turned toward the door. The sound of his hasty flight down the stairs could be heard throughout the room. "Some one flag Jaggerson, and tell him I didn't allude to him. He's all right," Schlagel shouted; and three men hurried from the room.

Mark smiled slightly as he thought, "No accuser was necessary."

Herman Schlagel continued his discourse. "There is a man here to-night whom we little thought would appear among us. We have played the flagrant fool to satisfy society. Again the eyes of the police are upon us. Many are not here to-night who would otherwise be

in their places. "Why?" he cried fiercely; "because we were made monkeys of by a man who was smart enough to play us to a finish. The next one that comes down here like this one did, we'll heave out of the window."

Curses and threats rent the air, fists were doubled threateningly.

"Wait, you've plenty of time, it isn't nine o'clock yet. Let us see what we've done to deserve all this."

"Nothing—nothing!" they howled.

"Did we go over to the North Side and ask to be entertained in that church?"

"Not on your life," they shouted.

"Very well, why did we go then?"

"He said he wanted us."

"Who?"

"Him!" one cried as he espied Mark in one of the rear seats and pointed to him.

Every head was turned in that direction and the people for the first time realized who was in their midst.

Mark sat calmly erect wondering if they would listen to him if he attempted to speak.

"Yes!" Schlagel continued pointing a dirty finger at Mark. "You came down here to get us to amuse your friends and now we've been

written up in the lying newspapers and the whole town is grinning at our expense. Sit down my friends, that isn't all." He waited patiently for the outbreak to subside.

Mark looked at his accusor with a mild degree of astonishment. It had never occured to him before that this man was capable of playing on their emotions as he was doing. He listened more attentively to what was said than many of those about him.

"I suppose he'd like to blame us for being kicked out of his church. He told us a week ago he wanted to help us get what we were entitled to, didn't he?"

"Yes! Damn him!" a voice shouted directly back of Mark's ear.

He turned and looked at the man. It was the one who had made him a member of the circle. "It's all up," he decided when he saw who it was. Mark felt Schlagel's violent attack would be insignificant, compared with what the man behind him would say.

"Well," the speaker resumed, "he'll get all that he's entitled to, before he's done with us and we will have the satisfaction of telling him a few things besides. We may be poor and ignorant, but that's no crime. We may want

some things we haven't got, which isn't a crime either, and we don't steal other men's wives and use innocent people to cover it up." He was leaning far over the table looking directly at Mark when he finished the last word; then he straightened slowly with a slight nod. "Is there any one else who would like to speak?"

"Jes, I haf sumdings vot happened py me ven I cum by de boat oud."

"Very well Pritzelour, you have the floor—silence!" he shouted above the din.

The German faced them and laid his long pipe on the stand. "Ven I comed mit de ship oud, von of dese pious r-r-roosters come down from de upper pard of de boat und tried mit some smiles, vich dun cost nuddings and some vords vich dun cost nuddings eder to religionize me." Pritzelour rubbed his huge hands over one another, then brought them to a sanctimonious peak, while he swayed back and forth on his heels and toes and puffed his fat cheeks out. The audience roared with delight.

"Vell, he tolt me, 'haf you ogsperienced religioness yet?'

"'Nod dat I haf been tolt py sumpodies,' I said.

" 'Vell, you should know apout God by dis time, you are some very olt man now.'

" 'Ess dot so?' I said mit de mad in me feeling lige it vas out comin'.

"Jes, my frents, he haf de longest face on him, longer by some more of his figsing of de mout." Pritzelour puckered his thick lips in imitation while the crowd laughed with delight.

" 'You betterest to begin ogsperiencin' it rite now—no time lige now time.'

" 'You dink so?' I said mit more mad chumping up und down in me.

" 'I show you how to pegin for you are von sad sinner I fear. Now ve vill pray.'

"Vell, I don't lige to be called by dot name, so I chust pushed my fists up so, und my foot oud so, und he had blenty time to dink apout dis sinner, ven he got some two teet put in at the doctor shop. Jes, it vas funee, I laf me some nex day, lige you do now. I haf foun' out alretty dat dese pious r-r-roosters liges de ladies petter dan de mens—dey haf ten vomens to vun man, listenin' ven dey breaches. So my frents, let us be de sad sinners und keep our frauleins an' chilluns home from de church-house, vere dey learns dings ve don't know

nuddings apout 'till de newspapers tol' us." Pritzelour sat down perspiring and happy.

The man behind Mark stood up. "One word my friends. I'd like to sum up for you what we've gained by this man's presence among us, then I want to tell you what we've lost." He held his hand over Mark's head. All eyes were centered upon him, every face was turned that way.

He did not flinch, neither did he fear. He knew his intentions had been unselfish, his efforts faithful, his desires honest, so he waited curiously despite Schlagel's veiled threats to see how it would end. Mark would not have attempted to leave the room until the meeting was over, if he knew they had intended him bodily injury. Consequently he faced them calmly, curiously with unassumed indifference.

George looked at his companions, carefully estimating beforehand how far he could go—how long he could play with them and keep them from becoming unmanageable.

For Mark Winthrop he had the most intense hatred. He reasoned blindly that he had been taken in by what he chose to call at the time "an honest man." He had been the first to suggest him as a member of the society. He had been

the first to christen him as such when they called him "Mark," in the familiar terms of equality and close relationship. This man then would be a relentless judge, a stern accuser, for he felt he had been cheated, imposed upon and his heart grew bitter with a personal resentment. Mark knew when this one finished, it would be useless for him to attempt to speak to them. He realized all the hopes he had cherished were at an end, that nothing he could say or do, would alter their minds after this man's arraignment ended.

"Whom can we trust and believe in—oh, you destroyers of our faith and breakers of idle promises," he cried in very bitterness of spirit. "This preacher seemed to be all he professed. I'd have staked my life on his honesty and you know I never made a mistake before. It's a clever man that can fool me. I take off my hat to this one. I let him do it because I believed in him and was as easy as the rest of you. How did he do it? By seeming to be what he was not. Why did he do it? To further his own personal aims, to gain his purpose. No wonder he talked here night after night. He had to identify himself with us before we could be used as an excuse, or people wouldn't

believe we were the cause of his downfall. One paper said he stole another man's wife, so that he could meet us on our level. That's how we are classed, with the slums. We didn't know it though, until this preacher dragged us there.

"I defy any one to find a woman of the slums in this hall, our homes, or among our associates." He uttered the challenge in a ringing voice. "The people who don't know us wouldn't believe that any more than they credit us with trying to be honest in our efforts to get what we deserve. There is but one slummer here and this is the one." His hand dropped with no gentle pressure on Mark's shoulder. "Deal with him as he deserves." He leaned over and struck the minister a violent blow across the mouth with his open palm. "That's because you lied to us," he cried with a triumphant ring in his words.

Sudden and unexpected as the attack had been, the retort was even more unlooked for. In a flash, with one furious sweep of his arm, Mark sent his antagonist toppling over the chairs in an inanimate heap. The next one to move forward, received the same treatment and then the next.

"IN A FLASH MARK SENT HIS ANTAGONIST TOPPLING OVER THE CHAIRS"

Instantly the room was a seething hell. Curses, cries of rage, and repeated curses, rent the air. Every one had a grievance and was intent upon wreaking a personal vengeance. One woman struck him with her umbrella. "That for your cheap entertainment," she cried in a shrill voice as she made vicious stabs at him. Mark threw her weapon of attack behind him and backed toward the wall with a dangerous light in his eyes.

"Down wid 'im—bate the loife outen him. Scratch his eyes out," one woman shrieked from a safe distance.

Mark leaned against the wall and waited on guard. He did not waste his breath in explanations or vain arguments. He did not appeal to them by so much as a gesture. He simply anticipated their next move, alone, defenseless, with nothing to aid him save the memory of his boxing bouts at college and a strength that seemed superhuman to the men who had gone down under his sledge hammer blows.

No one seemed anxious to meet the weight of a hand that had put three of their companions to the bad, so they formed a solid line and made a rush at the man who felled two before the

others could get close enough to deliver a telling stroke.

Then Mark saw all the constellations of heaven, as he fell against the wall and dropped on the floor in an inanimate heap.

"Hands up, you're under arrest."

The men and women who a moment before had been cursing the man on the floor, turned their volleys of abuse on the dozen policemen who marched into the room.

With a dexterity gained from long practice and absolute familiarity with the situation, they soon had the leaders and most aggressive members in the patrol wagons. "Get out," they cried to the rest of them, "or we'll take you."

Down the stairs they rushed, forgetting utterly the stunned, helpless man on the floor. They swept past him out in the night and sought shelter in their respective abodes.

Mark opened his eyes still dazed from the shock. It was some time before he realized that he had been freed from his assailants. The silence roused him more than any shouting would have done. He staggered to his feet and began searching among the overturned chairs for his hat. All he found was "Karl Marx Kapitolism," the socialistic bible, and a gray woolen

cap that had a bright red tassel dangling from its peaked crown. "It's better than nothing," he decided aloud as he put it on, started for the door, then turned with his hand on the latch and surveyed the scene. "Once more down and out." He spoke aloud with a shrug of the shoulders more expressive than any words could have been. Then he descended the stairs. As he stopped in the lower hall to turn his coat collar up, he overheard two men talking outside the door.

"Dey had a foight upstairs and der perlice pulled de hull mob and took tirty to de jug."

"Yer don't say!"

"Sure ting, Gaspipe George, deir old leader got two peachy eyes from sumbody."

"Well, say, de one wat dun it better get in his tank an' pull de lid down an' stay dere fer a while, fer George is a bad man to play wid."

"It was some mutt dat didn't care, ye bet. Let's hev a swig, den go home. I has to hustle to-morrer, me board bill's due."

Mark heard them shuffle across the pavement and slam the door of the saloon, then he left the place, stepped on the front platform of a street car and went home.

When Suzanne heard his step on the stair,

she opened the door and started in amazement, then laughed hysterically at the figure he presented with the cap pulled down over his ears, his hands thrust in his coat pockets, because his gloves had gone with his hat.

"How wise that cap makes you look, like an owl." Another peal of laughter that helped more than anything else to soothe his wounded feelings.

He pulled it off and turned it around. "It's comfortable any way, though I'm inclined to think it belongs to some child."

"Don't you know?"

He shook his head as he hung his coat up.

"Look at me, Mark; are you hurt, where is your hat, what has occurred?" She clung to his arm questioning him.

"Ah! a lot of things happened, some funny, some pathetic."

"Tell me the sad ones first, then we can laugh last." She sat down on a stool beside him, eagerly expectant.

He stroked her hair and remained silent so long, she asked, "Was there any disturbance?"

"Yes, a slight one."

"Did they refuse to listen to you?"

"I didn't try to talk at all."

"They believed the papers, then?"

"It would seem so," he replied reluctantly. "I'm no longer a member of their circle."

"Are you angry about anything?"

"No, dear."

"Then what is it—are you disappointed?"

"Oh, the pity, the pathos of it all. The relentlessness of misunderstood motives makes my heart ache."

"What did they do, Mark, tell me, won't you?"

"Oh, they were like Samson, pulled the temple down on their heads and were crushed."

"How?"

"The police interfered," he replied slowly.

"Why?"

"I guess they were noisy," he answered evasively.

"I don't find anything pathetic about that, do you?"

"Yes."

"What is it?"

"I can't bail them out."

"Bail them out?" She repeated the words with a puzzled look."

"Yes, Eunice, since you will know, the police took about thirty of them to jail."

"Mark, were you imprisoned, was that why you wore the cap home—as a disguise?"

"No, dear, they overlooked me."

"Then you must not go there again."

"I'll promise never to go again—never."

CHAPTER XII

MUTUAL BENEFITS

Adelaide passed from her childhood's home a winsome bride of rare promise. Everything seemed to forecast a life of happiness. Her one and only regret at the time had been the absence of Suzanne, whose place in her heart had been firmly fixed; nor time, nor untoward circumstances could alter it. Had it not been Suzanne who had opened the portals for the new life of rapturous joy she was entering? Adelaide shed many tears over the disaster that had befallen her friend. Even after the the truth had been made public in its worst details, she could not and would not blame or permit any one to criticize her. The great love that had blessed her own life made her see as nothing else could have done, how barren, colorless, and devoid of affection Suzanne's home had been. To her husband, Adelaide made no comments, expressed nothing of the grief she felt at the loss of her best friend. A circular

reached her through the mail about two months after she had taken up her abode in the old Rogers' home.

The first line attracted her attention or she might never have given it a second glance.

"Auction of Jermym House and Contents." She read it through to the end, then walked rapidly into the doctor's office and laid the printed circular before him.

He looked at it curiously. "What shall I do about it?"

"You, dear? Why nothing at all. I must attend the sale."

"Adelaide! you don't know what you say. Think of the mixed crowds and curious people rehashing all that's happened."

"Yes, I've an idea it will be rather a heart-breaking experience, but I feel I'm the only one to do it."

"We don't want any second hand furniture."

"I know that, Olzear, but Suzanne, look." She pointed to the paragraph printed in larger type than the rest wherein it set forth the contents of Mrs. Jermyn's personal belongings.

"You want these things, dear?" the doctor queried in astonishment.

"I don't want any one else to have them. It

would be awful to let the public handle and criticize her wearing apparel."

"Very well, little girl, she'd do as much for you I guess." He pulled her to him with a playful gesture and kissed her fondly.

When Adelaide Rogers entered Suzanne's old home the following week, it was with many conflicting emotions. Instinctively she walked to the corner where she had promised to wed the man whose name she bore with such pride and delight. The chair was there, placed exactly as it had been that night of nights.

She sat down and rested her elbow on the dividing arm and let her chin drop in the upturned palm of her hand. Adelaide gave herself up unreservedly to the memories that came trooping in through the only gate that makes us wanton specters in the elysium fields of the past. This gate invisible, shields and conceals, or opens and reveals the hidden things we accumulate on this fitful journey of life. No one may open if we close, or close if we say open and there's but one magic word to this hidden realm—Memory. When we enter and retrace our way over its winding paths we find flowers both real and artificial. We did not know they were imitations when we planted

them. They seemed very beautiful to our uncultivated senses, so closely did they resemble their counterparts in all save fragrance and the power of growth.

We did not stop then to question their unreality; we were living madly with the dust clouds concealing the inner vision, while the ashes of earth hid that which we should have been, from that which we were. Perhaps after the lapse of years, while weeping bitter tears of regret over our odorless flowers, we learn in truth and fact the obscuring dust and ashes of a bitter experience, form a fertile substratum from which may spring the immortelles of everlasting beauty. Our tears enrich these earth substances, making a rich field for a fairer growth. Memory is the land of dreams, the dreams that were fulfilled.

Adelaide's eyes were moist with sorrow for her lost friend, the one who presided with such grace in the beautiful home laid waste. It is ever thus; we measure our gain by another's loss, or realize our loss when another has gained the prize.

Two strange women near Adelaide were gossiping about the sale. "Have you made up your mind what you're going to bid for?"

"Yes, I'd like to get her writing desk."

"Her desk!" the other repeated in mild curiosity.

"You know they do say her husband found her in the preacher's arms the night she left, and if she hadn't time to take her clothes, she surely forgot to destroy her letters and those from the minister will be delicious reading."

"Hm-m," the other one added with a knowing nod. "If you find any, be sure and let me copy them in my scrap book."

"What have you decided to bid for?" She ignored the request entirely.

"I don't want the furniture, so I guess I'll look her clothes over and see what they're like. With all the money she had, they ought to be just elegant."

Adelaide sighed in relief when they passed into the next room. Four more quickly took their places, pushed there by the surging crowd.

"Goodness—what a mob and I wanted to see what this place looks like on the inside."

"Mercy, I don't believe we'll be able to touch a thing," another spoke fretfully.

Adelaide pushed the screen before her. "Would they leave her in peace?" she wondered.

"Mrs. Wright will you hold my muff? It's

suffocating in here. I'll have to take off my seal jacket."

"It is warm for a fact. I've lived around the corner for ten years and never noticed this house until all the papers wrote the people up."

"Scandalous, wasn't it?"

"Yes, indeed. I'm not very curious—listen —that's the auctioneer; the sale's begun. Let us hurry. I want to see everything."

Adelaide smiled despite her feeling of repugnance for the inconsistencies of her fellow-sex.

The auctioneer's voice could be heard distinctly from the next room. "Here's a grand piano. Many celebrities have used it. How much am I bid—five hundred dollars."

Adelaide closed her eyes and ears and let her thought revert to the rare brief hours of the courtship that had been dual in its nature and had grown without words, until the day of her betrothal. It had blossomed into a perfect beauty, nourished by a sublime understanding, aided by the subtle thrill that hypnotizes the non-resisting soul, as hand touches hand, eye looks into eye.

"Words were not necessary, sweetheart," she murmured to herself. "They conceal as well as reveal." Thus she mused with a won-

derful tenderness in her heart until they roused her from these day dreams, when the crowd surged into the hall and hemmed her into the corner.

The auctioneer pushed a table forward, took his place behind it, and began his monotonous call for bids.

Adelaide left her chair and leaned against the wall, a disinterested spectator, until he seized the screen and shouted:

"Here's a screen imported from France, not another like it in town. How much am I bid? Fifty—fifty dollars—fifty—nothing more than fifty—worth three times that amount."

Adelaide conceived a sudden desire for it. "Fifty-five," she articulated in a faint voice.

No one outbid her, and she owned the screen.

Then it was pushed aside and the chair came next. "How much for this tête-à-tête—cozy for two—not room for three, and three's a crowd you know. Thirty dollars to start it—"

"Thirty-five." Adelaide tried to speak indifferently though her heart beat to suffocation.

"Forty dollars," a masculine voice shouted from the back of the room.

"Fifty," an opponent shouted, and a silence followed.

"I am offered fifty dollars. Who will make it fifty-five?"

"Sixty dollars," Adelaide called in a still louder voice, the warm flush of excitement dyeing her cheeks a carmine.

"Sixty-five," the man from the rear called in a determined voice.

Adelaide looked at the faces about her. The voice had a familiar sound.

The auctioneer ran the chair back and forth across the space before him. "Only sixty-five for this elegant chair of real tapestry, gold leaf frame."

"Seventy dollars." Adelaide's voice carried a challenge as she named the price.

The gaping crowd looked at the slender girl standing proudly erect, with purple gleams in her eyes that shaded into violet, when the chair slipped from the man's hand and rolled toward her.

She laid her hand on it with a gesture of possession.

A silence followed broken only by the movement of the people, who shifted restlessly from weariness.

"Make it seventy-four dollars; any one want this elegant chair for seventy-three? seventy-

three—going at seventy-two—seventy-two—no one makes it seventy-one? going—going—gone at seventy dollars."

Adelaide sighed in relief. She relinquished her hold on the chair and was watching a man tag it when some one touched her arm. "Olzear," she exclaimed in astonishment, "it was you who bid against me."

"Yes, dear, and it's a lucky thing you raised your voice so I could distinguish it, or I'd have been bidding yet." He laughed merrily at the expression on her face.

"Why didn't you bid on the screen?"

"Screen!" he repeated in bewilderment. "What screen?"

Adelaide touched it with her muff.

"Why should I bid for that? I never saw it before."

"Silly boy! that was what first made me so fond of this corner, the white screen, green palms and the green and white chair. It was so cool and comfy." She looked at him as only a woman looks when she allows her eyes to say the things her lips may not utter.

"I hadn't time to notice screens in those days. I was much too busy looking at the dearest, sweetest—"

"Your deposit, mum," the attendant interrupted with an impatient gesture.

Adelaide handed him a bill. "I'll send for these things at once."

"No goods delivered until the sale is over." He handed her a receipt and hurried away.

She tucked her hand under her husband's arm with a gesture of proud possession, that made his heart expand until he looked at the people around them with a kindlier light in his eyes.

"How did you happen to come, Olzear? It isn't as bad as I feared it would be."

"I worried about you and thought I'd see how you were getting on. Just as I came in the door I heard the auctioneer say 'tête-à-tête' and remembered it was your corner and mine, so I bid for the chair intending to surprise you with it, and—"

"Why, doctor, and dear Mrs. Rogers, too, how do you do? I never expected to see you here. You're house is so beautiful and complete, I can't imagine there is anything more you can add to it."

"We came because of old associations, and—"

"Oh yes! I see, sentiment, that's why I'm here and that portiere in the dining-room.

By-bye, I must watch closely, or some one else will get it." Mrs. Berwyn rustled past them.

Olzear left Adelaide standing in the open door and hastened down the steps.

She watched him drive away then followed the man who checked sold articles until he had a moment's respite. "When will the clothing be placed on sale?"

"Dun' know, Miss, you jest have to foller along until they gets to it." He tagged a cabinet near and pushed his way through the crowd.

Adelaide made a martyr of herself with the sweet sincerity of a woman capable of deep and lasting attachments and a delicate sense of the fitness of things. She looked the people over and many times flushed in anger or distress at the unkind remarks and the ruthless handling of Suzanne's choicest possessions. "Never shall these curiosity hunters touch her personal belongings," she repeated over and over, and waited patiently like many another woman, but with a different sentiment to sustain her through the tedious ordeal.

And Suzanne?

She saw the notice of the sale the second day in an evening paper. "What does this

mean?" she asked herself in dismay. "Has Franklyn lost everything?" She shook her head in bewilderment. "Impossible!"

The feeling of incredulity gave way when she grasped the full meaning of the notice. It read, "Everything, unreservedly." She knew of his failure at the time of the newspaper exposé, but had supposed in her distress of mind it meant his holdings on the exchange, not realizing that this covered his entire business. He had bragged to her so many times that "no one would ever see him broke," that she had failed to grasp the possibility until the notice of the sale convinced her such a thing had in reality occured.

The next day she entered the bank with a check book in her hand and desired an interview with the president. "Your card please," the attendant requested suavely.

She hesitated an instant. "Was she Mrs. Jermym?" Then she handed it to him with a shrug of her shoulders and was ushered almost immediately into the room of the president.

He motioned her to a chair in silence.

She looked at the austere, unsmiling face of the man, then plunged headlong into the

matter uppermost in her mind. "Mr. Jermym failed in business?"

"Yes, madam!"

"Has he lost everything?"

He looked at Suzanne intently. "Why do you ask me?"

"I—I want to help him if I may."

He leaned back in his chair and surveyed his visitor critically. "In what way do you desire to render him a service?"

"He was very kind to me about money, and if he's distressed financially, I'd like to give him back some of it."

Remington Frazier's words were not clipped with such pronounced emphasis when he asked the next question. "Have you your bank book?"

"No!"

"You have your check book?"

"Yes."

He touched a button on his desk and placed a receiver to his ear. "Mrs. Jermym's statement, please." He turned to her after a moment's delay. "You have twenty-seven thousand to your credit."

She gasped, "Are you sure?"

"Yes."

"I didn't think it was that much."

Once more he held the receiver to his lips. "A statement of Mrs. Jermym's account, please."

In a few moments an attendant placed a typewritten slip in his hands. He scanned it with half-closed eyes, then handed it to her. "Mr. Jermym probably saw what was coming, twenty thousand in two days, you see."

Suzanne flushed hotly. "He had no idea of —"

"I mean his failure." He gave a slight emphasis to the last word.

"So did I," Suzanne answered with a more delicate shading on the "I."

He balanced a fountain pen on his outstretched forefinger with a nicety acquired from long practice.

Suzanne studied the figures on the slip of paper. "I never knew of this last ten thousand. Could I do the same thing?"

"You mean you don't want your—Mr. Jermym to know from whom the money comes?"

"Yes, if it can be done."

He wrinkled his brow; it was the only outward sign he ever allowed himself when astonished. He shook his head negatively. "It will be necessary to inform him that a certain

amount has been credited to him; if he wants to know from what source it comes, we perforce must give him the desired information."

"If he refuses to accept?"

"It will remain as it now stands to your credit."

"May I use a pen?"

"Certainly!" He left his chair and motioned her to be seated, then laid his fountain pen before her and walked to the window. He looked down on the motley throng rushing to and fro, then up at the winter sun that glimmered feebly through the thick atmosphere in a dismal attempt to warm the frozen city.

Suzanne sat a moment in deep meditation, then wrote her husband's name, seventeen thousand below that and signed it with a sigh of relief. She looked at the unresponsive back of the man, pulled her veil down and started for the door.

He faced about when she said, "I thank you," and held it open that she might pass out. He walked to his desk, looked at the check and sat down. After studying her signature attentively he picked up the pen and balanced it carefully on his forefinger while thinking aloud.

"Beautiful woman—had all the money she

wanted—more than she knew, so didn't care for it. Jermym's a fine looking man—good money maker—nervy speculator—jolly fellow —Uh'mm—Pretty woman runs away from him, wonder why!" The pen balanced perfectly, then he placed it on the second finger and resumed his meditations. "She went after something she didn't get at home—what was it?"

The pen wobbled threateningly and slipped toward him. By a dexterous movement of the finger it rolled back without his touching it.

"A woman who has every visible thing and gives it up for no apparent equivalent must want that something mighty bad." Remington Frazier nodded emphatically at the pen.

"Jermym must have cared for her—he showed it—but money alone won't keep a woman's love —unless she's selfish and if she is, then she doesn't know what love is. This one isn't avaricious, she's proved it." He scanned the check again. "Any man would be proud of her—couldn't help it—of course Jermym loved her—he failed after she left him—lost heart I suppose—poor devil." He sighed in sympathy, then placed the pen on his right fore-finger and tried to balance it but could not.

"I wonder why it won't balance on the right hand but will on the left," he mused thoughtfully. "Maybe for the same reason she left Jermym." He watched the pen carefully. "The right hand is the stronger of the two, positive and negative. Uh'mm—the right one gives, the left receives. Oh! lack of strength to resist a superior force, gravitation. What was that superior force, Mr. Jermym? Ah!" Remington Frazier smiled as the pen balanced for the first time on the index finger of his right hand, and spoke triumphantly.

"Attraction, or the universal law of like seeking like, the one thing that makes life possible or endurable, and throughout the universe this holds good in all things."

Suzanne left the bank with a feeling of profound relief. She had laid any sentiment or regret that might in future annoy her, on the altar of a generous requital. She had paid Franklyn Jermym in kind and felt absolved from any self-blame for his failure.

The past with its associations had seemed so remote, like an episode merely, until she read of the auction sale. Then she responded quickly to the generous impulse to share what she had

with the man who had been such a liberal provider.

When she left the building a feeling of mild curiosity, to look once more at the place she had called home, caused her to follow this half formed desire and enter the house. Not to see the dissolution or the scattering of her worldly possessions, but to measure the present with the past. She entered the door with a feeling of expectation hard to define even to herself, and one she could not have expressed in words.

The woman and men that filled the place were strangers to her. She walked into the empty hall, on through the dismantled drawing-room into the music-room with its dome of stained glass, through which the mid-day sun filtered in shifting gleams of red and blue. Beethoven, Chopin, Wagner and Mozart looked down at her from their secure panels on the walls with solemn faces. "Was their purpose in life so serious they never smiled?" She glanced at them thoughtfully, then left the room and crossed the hall. Overhead the shuffle and tramp of many feet on the bare floors echoed through the empty rooms, while the hoarse call of the auctioneer could be heard.

Suzanne walked up the stairs like one in a dream. No feeling of sorrow, joy or regret filled her heart. She was a spectator like many others who had been attracted out of sheer curiosity. She followed the hoarse call, "How much am I bid?" until she entered her old room and stood inside the door.

Was it possible that only three short months before she had lived within its four small walls? Had she been the woman who wept through the dreary nights, broken-hearted, desolate, unloved?

She looked at the bare frame of the canopied bed, denuded of the draperies' concealing folds, and shivered. "Did I live here once?" she asked herself, "and why?"

"For Mark, love and freedom," she whispered softly with her hands clasped across her throbbing breast. "For the love that made me free, free. I was a captive here, chained to my surroundings, friends, associates, the world and Franklyn Jermym."

Suzanne leaned against the wall and waited—for what? Or was she waiting?

The ties of love are the only ones that bind or hold. They rebind and hurt when love, a captive grown, struggles and would go free.

The auctioneer sounded his endless call, "How much am I bid?" "How much is it worth to you?" "Who wants it at this price?"

Suzanne answered the call within her heart as Mark had. "Love does not come when bought, nor stay when sold; love does not come when called, nor go when told."

"Going—going—gone." The dull thud of the mallet, the strained harsh voice of the man sounded afar off. She drew a long breath and looked curiously at the people around her, realizing for the first time she was of the world and not in it, one of them, not with them.

Suddenly those around her pushed forward with a determined look, and a rudeness that astonished her.

"I guess it's her clothes," one remarked as she began to elbow her way toward the front.

"Where are they?" another asked breathless from pushing and being pushed.

"In those trunks on the tables, and I want to see them."

"Now ladies and gentlemen, we have here the contents of seven trunks. It is customary to dispose of such things by the lot and that is what we will do, if you make it worth while. This is the entire wardrobe that belonged to

Mrs. Jermym. How much am I offered for the outfit? Thousands of dollars worth of lace and velvet, silks and satins."

The man held up one of her dinner gowns.

Then Suzanne witnessed the most astonishing sight. Women ceased to be women. They pushed, shoved, dragged one another about like fiends in their wild desire to see—what?

She placed her fingers on her lips to keep from crying aloud, "for shame!"

Above the confusion the man called wearily, dispassionately, "Four hundred dollars, four hundred, who will make it four-fifty—only four-fifty for such garments as these?" He had grown old in the secrets of the trade, and knew his business well. He held up a filmy wrap of chiffon, then one of brocade. "How much? Four-fifty I've been offered, five-hundred—six hundred, who will bid more for such elegant garments?" He held a different one up every few minutes to tantalize them into better offers. He waved a pink taffeta party frock in one hand and a black, heavily plumed hat in the other. "Only six hundred for these exquisite creations? Fie upon you ladies—make it six-fifty. Ah! there's one with a cultivated taste—six-fifty I'm offered—who

wants the entire outfit for seven hundred—only seven hundred for seven trunks."

He scanned the faces before him. Plainly they wanted him to put the garments up singly for only two had bid on the lot. He looked at the trunks. He was tired and the women were rude and curious. The sale had been phenomenal, the prices way beyond his expectations. He held his gavel high in the air.

"Any one make it seven hundred?" He made a feint at dropping it, waited, then struck the stand with a thud. "Gone for six hundred and fifty dollars," he cried in a voice that said plainer than words, "you're left."

A disappointed lot of women walked from the room.

Suzanne looked at them curiously, wondering which one had esteemed her cast-off clothing enough to pay that amount for them.

The crowd passed her without a glance, commenting on the garments that had been displayed.

"That pink dress was soiled around the bottom, did you notice it?"

"Yes, and the blue velvet should have been pastel instead of turquois to be up-to-date."

Suzanne looked at the trunks with idle

curiosity, then a little cry passed her lips. Standing erect, supervising the locking and strapping of them stood Adelaide Rogers.

She heard the sound and glanced in that direction.

Suzanne held her breath.

Adelaide stared at the silent, black robed figure an instant, then a call rang through the room that startled the man who was tagging the trunks so that he dropped the labels in his surprise.

Like a flash Adelaide ran to the woman and clasped her in a fond embrace. She lifted Suzanne's veil and looked lovingly in the eyes moist with tears.

"Oh! my dear, I've found you again." Adelaide clung to her as though she never intended to release her.

"I've just found you dear, for the first time. I did not appreciate you before."

She looked in the face so full of love and pleading and clasped the slender hand in her trembling one. "Not to-day."

"Oh Suzanne!" she cried protestingly.

"You are happy, Adelaide?"

The wistful look vanished as she replied with a radiant smile: "Oh, my dear! too happy—

sometimes it hurts me—here." She placed her hand over her heart. "Have you found it, Suzanne?"

"Yes! I live, breathe, eat, and bathe in its life-giving glow. I've learned to pray, Adelaide—not for favors, but to give thanks for the very joy of living and loving."

Adelaide smiled in sympathy and nodded understandingly.

"We never know what a thing means in reality, until we actually live it, do we?"

"No, it must become a part of us before we can appreciate it fully," Adelaide added gently. "It would have been awful if you'd been disappointed after—sacrificing all."

"Did I?" Suzanne queried softly.

Adelaide's gay little laugh was a delight to the ears. "According to some people's standard you lost everything worth while."

"I suppose so, from the world's point of view. But from mine, I gained what all its people could never give me—contentment. I'm satisfied with life, not things. Oh! Adelaide, I've learned to live outside, beyond, above the petty strivings that make our hearts envious, our souls embittered. For it is these things

that shrink our beautiful world down to the limitations of our vagrant personalities."

"You have climbed the heights, Suzanne."

"Aye! after I touched the depths of solitude and misery in this house, in this room. I've been blessed with a mighty love, made doubly precious from this contrast." Her face glowed with the intense enthusiasm that filled her soul.

Adelaide clung to her silently, her face tender with sympathetic understanding.

"Oh! the loveless lives, made barren deserts in the very heart of our highest civilization. The women who hunger, thirst and *perish* for the only things that make life worth living. God in his mercy will forgive these trespassing ones, I know. He alone sees the lost motive of these mistaken lives. He alone understands where every one else misunderstands and condemns. The gentle Jesus knew well the bitter crying of hungry hearts, failing spirits and languishing souls. That's why he never condemned or chastened."

Adelaide patted Suzanne's head gently and nodded acquiescence.

"Out of the dust and ashes of such a life may rise a bird with spotless plumage stronger than any earthbound phoenix. Its pinions may have

a strength of purpose to bear it aloft into realms of ecstasy we dream not of. For love cannot die, it is immortal and will return unto its source after its earthly pilgrimage, bearing on its fond bosom the fruits thereof. All mortal man can do is to acquaint himself with it here in such fashion that it will acknowledge him—hereafter—I must leave you now, Adelaide, it is your dinner hour."

"Won't you let me take you home, Suzanne?"

"No, my dear, I live far out on the South Side, but I thank you."

"You'll let me come to you sometime, won't you?"

Suzanne looked at the girl's eager face. "I loved you dearly though I didn't half appreciate your sweet companionship." Her lips trembled.

"Don't speak like that, it's just as if I was going to lose you again."

"We must say good-by dear, or you'll miss your dinner."

"When shall I see you again, Suzanne?"

"Some time—we may not say now."

They embraced and she hurried down the stairs.

"Make it soon, Suzanne, make it soon," Adelaide called from the landing above, while

the strident voice of the auctioneer sounded from the back of the house, "How much—how much is it worth?" as Suzanne closed the door and walked down the steps for the last time.

CHAPTER XIII

JANE'S CONCESSION

Over a year has passed.

Many pages in the book of life have been covered over with the indelible ink that time uses, when it traces with invisible fingers the eventful episodes that mark the journey from the cradle to the grave.

Time leads the child with swiftly flying feet, the lover on rapturous flights of fanciful thought, the aged with reluctant, halting steps, as each one nears the journey's end.

Of the men and women thrust into the vortex of action, there were two who were pushed aside over twelve months ago, and it were well perhaps to have speech with them again before we bid them a final farewell.

The summer sun hangs high in heaven's blue. The earth rejoices in the prodigal fullness of nature's abundant offerings, for the season is in its prime.

It is Saturday afternoon.

Seated on one of the wooden benches in a north side park, we find Jane Winthrop. The breeze flutters the leaves of an open book she holds before her. Seated on the grass, with her back against a tree, an open sketch book in her lap, we find her daughter. She has grown tired for her eyelids droop heavily and the chubby fingers have relaxed their determined hold on the pencil. Suddenly she springs up, drops pencil and book and rushes past her mother calling, "Papa—papa."

Jane Winthrop closed her book, a startled incredulous look crossed her face, then she went white around the lips, when a tall man folded her daughter in his arms not ten feet away. She heard him calling softly, "My little Ruby, my Ruby, with the warm heart."

"Mamma is here, come to her."

Mark turned and met the gaze of his wife. He went to her with outstretched hand. She placed hers in it without a word. He sat down beside her with the child on his lap, while she told him of the things that interested her most. Remembering her sketches, she ran to find them and listened attentively when he truthfully praised a few of them, and criticized the others.

"Has this big boy fallen accidentally, or is he rolling on the grass?"

"That isn't a big boy, Papa, but a very little one like that one over there by the tree."

"In size you've made him too large, then, he's a man." He looked thoughtfully in the face of his child so like his own in embryo.

"Try and remember, my child, all these things you've produced are little folks that haven't grown up yet, then perhaps they won't grow so large on the paper."

She nodded her head.

"Your dogs are big as lions—a lion wouldn't sit up like that and beg for a bite, because he'd just take it. See if you can do something as it really is."

"Oh!" she ejaculated in dismay, "I just forget about their size trying to show what they're doing." She stared at her father with a troubled look on her young face. "If I'd kept thinking about the dog's size, I'd never have made his funny position."

Mark looked at the woman questioningly.

A faint smile flickered across her face as she answered the look. "The thought expressed has value, not the thing—can you suggest a way to alter it?"

"Only by showing her the beauty of the thing that pleases her."

The child seated herself in the old position patiently waiting for something to happen so that she could show her father she understood him. A silence fell upon the man and woman, who felt constrained to say many things, yet could find no words to express their desires.

"The tragedy of life is to know all—the comedy is to know nothing."

What could they talk about, the trivial things made commonplace by their very insignificance?

Hardly! for these two people, in the rosy long ago, had set sail in the same boat to cross the sea of life, and they had hoped then, to weather the storms, or float with a friendly tide into the same port.

Alas for the self-made plans of men and women! The current of this fitful stream has its moods that change from the seething whirlpools with its yawning vortex to the tumultuous rapids with its threatening breakers, its safe depths and unsafe shallows. Any one of these may upset the boat that leaves its moorings and ventures into the unknown river known as futurity.

This man and woman had tasted the brackish waters of bitter disappointment, and they had sipped from the same goblet the sweets of mutual joys. They had been almost one, and yet were two, a two that eventually meant several.

Assuredly there were things that could and should be said. Anything that restricts the free utterance of the thoughts of life makes it a mere state of existence.

Freedom means naturalness. Cultivation is simply the training into its highest state the inherent qualities of man. The best of anything is good. An indifferent good is sometimes better, though, than an unadaptable best.

Instinct is animal wisdom or infant wisdom, if you prefer. Education is the knowledge to determine good from bad—right from wrong. Anything that prevents man acquiring this knowledge is bad—bad variously expressed is sin.

Man must be perfected to distinguish the perfect from the imperfect. That is his mission on this mundane sphere. Many questions thrust themselves forward to each of these people, then were crowded back unexpressed. Jane folded her hands across the book in her lap. Warm though the day was, had the man

beside her touched them he would have found them cold.

"Are you happy, Mark?" The question came so unexpectedly that he started slightly.

"Happy," he repeated, then after a moment's thought, "I'm at peace with the world and that's better than happiness."

"That may be a state of indifference."

"True," he replied thoughtfully.

"Have you never missed us—the child?"

"Yes, at first, but I knew some day she would pass out of my keeping into another's, so I got used to it by thinking that time had come."

"You have no regrets then?" Her voice carried an insinuating eagerness with it, that contrasted strangely with the severe lines about the mouth.

"None," he replied lightly.

"You're not sorry then for anything that's happened?"

"Not unless we've failed to learn the lessons that we've intended for us."

"You believe that?" she spoke with asperity.

"Yes! everything was for a purpose—is for a purpose and will be as long as life lasts."

"Would you marry that woman if you were free?" She asked the question indifferently

enough, though her heart was pounding so she feared that he might hear it.

"What for?" he spoke more indifferently than she had.

"For appearance—to lessen your sin in the eyes of the world," she replied impatiently.

"I neither acknowledge nor recognize any sin. There is no such thing. What you call sin was my soul's salvation, the crown on the brow of my life's purpose."

"Your sin was in doing," she replied with heavy emphasis on the last word.

"You think we should marry to oblige the world?"

"You owe it to the woman. I'll free you."

"I owe that woman more than I can ever repay a thousand times more." His voice shook with a sudden wave of emotion.

The woman looked tired and worried. "Don't you miss your people—the congregation?"

"Did another man preach the Sunday after I left?"

"I suppose so, though I wasn't there."

"They didn't stop the performance long enough to give me a decent burial—'Long live the King—the King is dead.'" He laughed lightly.

"Have you been in Chicago all the time?"

"Yes."

"Is—is she here?"

"Yes! 'Where I am, there she may be also.' "

"That's a perverted quotation," Jane's voice had discrepant notes in it.

"Oh well! I'm not a preacher any more, so excuse it."

She leaned toward him slightly, with fingers tightly locked and a tense, feverish look about her. "Come back to us Mark—we will go away and begin over again—away from this part of the world we know and begin again among strangers who will not sneer at us—let's try —again." The last syllable sounded very much like a sob.

"Have you been sneered at?"

"No! but it would happen if I took you back now."

"Would you be afraid to face criticism—with me?"

She nodded her head slowly. "I couldn't stand the looks, shrugs and open sympathy that would mean condemnation—now."

"Then you don't love me as Eunice does, for she faced the people, their sneers and jeers, nor turned back once—and all for me—to be

with me." His voice was tenderly triumphant as he added "To be with me."

Jane's hands fell apart, the tenseness left her languid—passive. "We can only love according to our capacity—mine evidently is not as large as hers."

"To him that hath, shall be given," he spoke softly.

"Measure your past losses by present gains, what have you that—"

"Ah, my dear Jane, it can't be done."

"Why not? You haven't entirely forgotten the past in your gaudily painted present, have you?"

"I can't measure my possessions by the world's standard. I no longer live in it."

"Indeed, where do you reside now, may I ask?"

"Heaven," he replied laconically.

"Really! you say it as if you meant it." She looked at him attentively.

"The kingdom of heaven is within you. I live from within, not without—everything worth living for is here." He laid a hand over his heart.

"Then nothing worries you?"

"No."

"Things used to cause you no end of annoyance."

"Yes, I guess they did." He picked up her book and glanced at the title. She placed her hand on it to prevent his opening it.

"How have you grown so indifferent to all the things that used to seem worth while?"

"If you don't seek world's praise, Jane, you'll not care a cent for its blame." He made a move as if to leave her.

"Wait a little; we may never meet again and I want you to tell me if—if this love that's come into your life has made you like this—altered you so—or caused the change," she faltered in embarrassment.

"The things that bind you, Jane, have set me free."

"Do you ever compare the past with the present?"

"Sometimes—to determine a fact, and then I find facts are links in the endless chain of our varied stages of existence. They might be called the mile posts from which we reckon distances, as we travel the journey from thither to yon, over the road called life."

"You are living in a very unhealthy atmos-

phere, the emotions I fear, for you no longer care for the things you used to."

"You're mistaken; I've taken a new measurement of existence, that's all, and I find no values in life outside the love I give—the love I have."

"You're no longer bound to the things the world esteems."

"The only ties that bind are the ties of love; the ones that rebind are the ones that hold two unloving natures together."

She shrugged her shoulders. "If you measure life and the living it that way, it's a blessing indeed you don't preach."

He laughed; then as often happened his words fell into a natural rhythm. "Love does not come when bought or stay when sold. Love does not come when called or go when told."

"You've usurped the lover's privilege to poetize your thought and paradise your abode, I suppose." She spoke with bitter sarcasm.

"Paradise is ephemeral and lasts but a little while for most people. The world is seeking, ever seeking, but only the lover finds it."

"Can you describe it? You no longer live on earth but in heaven you say. You've

learned to reckon time, latitude, longitude and degrees of heat and cold by love; certainly you've learned by this time what paradise is?"

"Yes, I've an idea." He looked across the stretch of lawn at the people walking and talking, some with smiles and some with audible laughter. A woman held a babe to her breast; others sat closely together intent upon one another, wrapt in blissful oblivion of their surroundings.

Jane leaned toward him wondering what he would say, interested without realizing how much.

"Paradise is the time and place when we live with the ones we love and are loved by the ones we love. It may be a man, a woman or a little child—but it's paradise." Jane's lips quivered. Mark did not notice it and continued in a musing voice.

"Love makes the fairest face more fair, gives the sweetest flower a more subtle perfume. It makes life more precious by giving a new value to time and its twin sister, eternity."

He placed the book on her lap, then added as an after thought, "Love is the only light that reveals the hidden perfections in man, woman or child, the world of nature and the face of God.

Can you understand it, Jane? I wish you might."

"Oh! I don't want to, if it would make me as ridiculous in the eyes of the world as you seem to me."

He laughed with a twinkle in his eye. "Why did you ask me to come back, then?"

"To save you from yourself."

"How foolish, Jane; you cannot separate a man from himself. She'd be with me no matter where I went, or where she might be. Can't you see we are one, a unit—cause and effect have met, been united and acknowledged?"

All Jane Winthrop's expansive graciousness vanished; she looked at the man standing before her in cold aversion, that said more than words: "Lost, lost to all sense of decency or dignity. I give you up utterly and wash my hands of you."

"Anything more I can do for you?" He looked at his watch. "I must leave you now and—"

"What are you doing—your employment?" she interrupted as she noticed his hands were as white and perfect in contour as formerly.

"I'm in the humane society—looking out for abused animals—saving lives instead of souls,

It's easier and you get results here. Now I must go—you know I wish you might be happy." He looked at the child and smiled tenderly—she was fast asleep—her rosy cheek resting on the rough bark of the tree. He walked over and glanced at the open book and nodded encouragingly. "She has discovered it," he said; "I'll go before she wakes—good-bye, Jane." He looked back at the little one as long as he could, then was lost in the crowd.

And the woman? When she saw the last sketch, a wave of bitterness filled her heart. The child had traced with wonderful accuracy the face of her father.

CHAPTER XIV

THE EVOLUTION OF FRANKLYN JERMYM

Great changes have occurred on the Stone Farm during the past year. Franklyn Jermym purchased the place next to it and made the two farms one. Everything consequently was on a much larger scale. He closed the book of the past irrevocably, when he refused to accept the check Suzanne gave him with such unselfish generosity. He recognized the spirit displayed and would not be outdone. He wrote a formal note of thanks and left it to be delivered when next she came to the bank.

In closing up matters previous to settling on the farm he had been obliged to consult a lawyer about the transfer of the city house. It was then he realized she must be found to place her signature on the deed, as she was still his wife in the sight of the law. To find her and secure this signature would necessitate some unpleasant work, unless he applied for a divorce at once, as his lawyers advised.

"I don't care for a divorce; I'll never marry again, never," he had declared with emphasis.

"You're not compelled to, but this business of the deed must be attended to at once."

"You'll have to find her to serve divorce papers, won't you?"

"Assuredly."

"Then hunt her up for the signature and let it go at that."

"Will she sign away her rights, or do you want her to have her share?"

Franklyn looked at the man before him in disgust. "If she wants anything, give it to her, and if she wants a divorce tell her she can have it. I'll not apply for one and I'll never fight her."

"In two years you could secure it on the grounds of desertion," the lawyer added in an insinuating manner, "and four months have passed since she left you."

"Never mind that; I was the one who deserted first." He pushed his chair back abruptly and stood before the attorney scowling. "I want you and every one else to understand that I'm to blame for the entire situation—she just had to go—she couldn't stand it any longer and I didn't realize what I was doing until it

was too late. No! I'll never fight a woman and she's the last one I'd ever think of attacking." He brought his clenched hand down on the table with no gentle pressure.

"Very well, Mr. Jermym, I'll see what we can do to locate her for you."

"I don't want her. I've got over missing or condemning her and want to forget I ever had a wife—it's the easiest way out of it."

"I meant for her signature."

"Oh, all right. I've bought a farm down in the country and I'm going to see if I'll have more success with horses and cattle than with women."

"I hope so, for your sake."

"Thanks. I guess the same rule will work both ways, Mr. Westlake."

"What rule do you mean?" The lawyer looked puzzled.

"If you let a horse run loose and never see if it's in at night, it's only a question of time when you'll find the animal in another man's stable, especially if he has other horses."

The lawyer laughed.

"If you own a dog and don't care enough about it to speak to it now and then, it gets tired waiting around and wanders off to find more

agreeable company; and no matter how many times you find him and bring him home, he's learned the way, and the first time you forget to give him what he wants, he's gone again, because he remembers why he went the first time."

"You've turned philosopher, Mr. Jermym."

"The philosophy isn't mine; it belongs to a friend down in the country who lives on the farm, and has never been in a large city."

"You interest me."

"He's given me more food for thought, good common sense thought, in one week than I got in the city the fifteen years I lived here."

"He must be an original character."

"There isn't a thing that grows or breathes or lives that he hasn't found a reason for. There isn't an act, event or circumstance, no matter how bad it may seem, that he doesn't find an excuse for." The man's enthusiasm knew no bounds when he talked of Ma and Jerry Stone.

"What is he, a religious crank?"

"Never goes to church but twice a year, Easter and Christmas, and that's to please his dear old wife."

"From what does he draw his theories?"

"He just finds sermons in everything, stones, vegetables, animals and men. He claims the man doesn't live who isn't preaching a sermon every moment of his life."

Benjamin Westlake smiled incredulously.

Franklyn leaned against a case of books, some new, some old and worn, but each one for use. "I begin to believe the old man's right. Now you practice law, but the old man teaches it."

"How so, has he studied it?"

"No, Mr. Westlake, he hasn't studied books at all, save the first reader, I guess, and learned the multiplication table."

"Then what do you mean by saying he teaches a thing he knows nothing about?"

"He gets his knowledge from a form of inductive reasoning and clinches it with illustrations from the things around him."

"That isn't law—not the law I know," Benjamin Westlake replied with a cynical smile.

"No, possibly not, but it's God's law, and you know you've only got one form of it here." He touched the glass doors with his fingers. "And this is made by man for man, to use against man."

"Uhm." The lawyer looked at his watch. "This has been very interesting, but a matter in court calls me away and I'll have to leave you. Come in again and bring me some more of the old man's quaint sayings."

"Come down some time and meet him; then you'll get it fresh and sparkling from the well."

"I'll do so, Mr. Jermym, during the summer. I was raised on a farm until I was eight years old, and I'd like to renew my acquaintance with the 'simple life' once more."

"Glad to see you any time."

"My notary will show you where to sign these deeds."

It was then Franklyn Jermym turned his back forever on the old scenes and entered the future with a better spirit than he had known in the past, and now a year later we meet him again.

The summer sun smiles on forest and field. All nature has unfurled the banner of gratitude and flaunts its blessings openly o'er all the land, making it fair with a richness unsurpassed.

The green foliage, the yellow corn, the plumed oats and waving sprays of fertile wheat, nod and beckon to the passer-by saying, "Freely we receive that we may as freely give."

Thus does all nature preach its daily sermon to man, and he, in turn, looks down on her wondrous gifts, to help him preach his little ones, that man may understand man.

"And spake He never to them without a parable."

Tanned by the summer's sun, cured of the old disappointments from his close associations with the simple man and woman, on the farm, Franklyn Jermym had been led by them into paths of sweet sincerity and security. They could do this because they were the children of nature, lovers of it, and of each other.

Never having been blessed with little ones, they had bestowed the natural parent love on the bright eyed boy, who had made the farm his home whenever he could. From college out into the arena of action was but a step and the battle of the leviathans of finance is such a a bitter and unceasing one, Franklyn had laid aside the value of his early associations and for a time the old folks were overlooked in his valiant attempt to wrest fortune from the clenched talons of that antediluvian bird we call "Success."

When the crash came that devastated his home and business and his friends had gone on

their way rejoicing, it was then his bruised heart yearned for something the world had failed to give—something men call faith (but describe variously). Faith in the broken reed that it would eventually right itself and stand erect with its kind. That was what he longed for and failed to find. Then it was the wrinkled, kindly faces of the old man and woman came to him from the waiting past and he turned his steps thitherward, hoping a slight respite from the tempest, little dreaming he was making port in a safe harbor. The contrasts of life create unity. Because of the decided contrast between his world and theirs he chose the latter.

He realized his life had been like a roast served up for others. It had been heavily seasoned with a hot consuming passion for dissipation. This in turn had run into a thin gravy of sentiment for many unwholesome things, that he discovered had been flavored beautifully with flattery for his money—not himself. Later these same sycophants had unhesitatingly roasted him to a crisp frazzle, until he had shriveled into a mere memory when his money had vanished.

The roar of the breakers, the swish of turbulent waters grew less distinct as the months

passed, and to-day we find him driving leisurely along the dusty road, flicking the flies from his horse's flanks and whistling "Auld Lange Syne," with stacato variations finished in the extreme. The horse shied slightly at two figures by the roadside, a woman in white, a child in pink. He looked at them as he passed by, wondering vaguely who they were.

At the supper table that evening Mrs. Stone was in a flutter of excitment. "Jed Perkins hez some visitors frum Chicago, an' I wonder, Frankie, ef yew know 'em."

"What's their name Ma? Will you pass me another one of those crullers?"

"I dew declare, Frankie, yew like jest the same things now, you did when yew waz a boy, only more of 'em."

"Funny what an appetite one does take on when he spends the days out of doors. I suppose it's the country air."

"Maybe—maybe not," Jerry added with a smile. "I guess it's coz yew've stopped worryin' erbout things. Now when the mind's sot on suthin' tormentin', it don't seem to know or keer much whether yer stumick gets things in it er not. When yew fust cum, yew might a been eatin' chips an' sawdust instead

uv Ma's good bread an' butter fer all yer mind nuticed what was before yew, er what went inter yew."

Franklyn laughed outright. "Don't you believe it, Ma; I always knew when your bread and butter touched my palate, for nothing in the world ever tasted so good to me when I was a boy, or now."

Jerry grinned at his wife as he noticed the smile of delight on her face. "You'll never outgrow bein' tickled at a compliment, will yer, Ma?"

"I hope not Jeremiah, I hope not."

"Thet's right, as long as yew can be pleased with a kind word, yer heart's all right, young and fresh, jest az I allers wants it tew be."

"Thank you Jeremiah." The thin voice quavered slightly and her eyes were moist behind the heavy, steel rimmed spectacles.

Franklyn looked at the frail woman with her saintly face framed in snowy hair and a feeling of reverence and love filled his heart. For the first time he realized what an incentive she had been to her husband and that many of his philosophical deductions came through understanding and appreciating the woman who had been wife, mother, friend, adviser, helper,

comforter and a daily strength through the forty years of their married life.

As Franklyn looked at her again, the heavy bowed spectacles seemed clumsy and coarse to him. "Why had he not discovered before how ugly and unbecoming they were?"

The next day Mary Stone could not find her spectacles. She had the house searched over and over without avail, so she used her reading glasses though they were a poor substitute, and had about made up her mind to go to town for another pair, when she found them in her dinner napkin. She was surprised when she saw their delicate gold rims and looked across the table at her husband, who showed an astonishment equal to her own. Then she turned to Frankie and said, "You're the one." She put them on with trembling fingers.

"Don't they look better than the old ones, Jerry?"

"They most sartainly do, but how'd yew happen tew think erbout it? I never did."

"The others were heavy and unbecoming."

"Funny, I never nuticed it." The old man looked troubled.

"Why Jerry, you've always been used to the old ones; it took me a year to discover it and

my eyes are better than yours. Don't worry, I should have noticed it the first day I came here."

"Thet's all right Frank, but ennything Ma did, er put on, allers seemed all right tew me, coz it wuz her thet dun it, an' her thet wore it. What satisfied her hez allers satisfied me." The old man stopped abruptly and looked across at his wife. "Why Ma, yew's jest ez beautiful ez yew kin be, no matter what yew haz on. Yew allers wus a handsum woman an' yer allers will be ter me." His voice broke and he blew his nose violently.

Mary looked at him with a happy smile on her lips, while the tears trickled slowly down her wrinkled cheeks unchecked, fogging the lens of her new spectacles, but she didn't seem to care a bit.

And thus we find the hidden springs of life flow silently, unseen, unheard, unchecked beneath the rough or cold exterior, until some heavy pressure reveals the waters crystal clear. The pure water of life. Alas! for the weary searcher, who is athirst and spends the uncertain hours of life waiting, while he patiently taps, taps the unresponsive exterior, for just a few drops of this priceless elixir to quench

the thirsty soul, and finds only the dull thud of matter against matter.

Franklyn moved back from the table but showed no inclination to leave it.

The heat outside was intense. The midday sun beat down with pitiless insistence. Nature languished under the fervent caress. The crickets and locusts chirped half heartedly, while a squirrel scolded beneath the porch.

The hurry and worry of life had fallen from this man like a tale that had been told and wellnigh forgotten.

Franklyn rested his elbow on the table, as he idly watched the curtains before the window flutter in and out with each fitful puff of wind. "I wonder why I'm so happy and contented here, and why things seem so easy and everything natural and real."

"I guess it's because you've stopped frettin', Frankie."

"Thet's one reason, Ma, but theer's another one more powerful.

"He don't want nothin' thet belongs to sumbody else, coz he's satisfied with what he's got."

She looked at the younger of the two men with a satisfied smile. "Pa allers hez hiz own special reason fer things."

"FRANKLYN IDLY WATCHED THE CURTAINS BEFORE THE WINDOW FLUTTER IN AND OUT"

"Yes, and they clinch the argument. When he gets through there doesn't seem to be anything left for any one else to say; he has the last word."

"Well Frank, the last word must mean a heap or you'd be comin' back at the old man like you did erbout thet new wind mill. Would you believe it, Ma, we argied half an hour erbout the pitman pipe afore I could make him see I wuz right."

"Wheer air you goin' with the hoss; Cassidy hez jest tied him to the post."

"Frank's goin' tew look at some timber erbout ten miles back of Perkinses."

"This kind of heat makes a storm, Frankie. Hedn't yew better put it off a day?"

"Now Ma, Frank can manage Dandy no matter if it thunders hail columbia and lightens the stars and stripes."

"I wasn't thinkin' of Dandy, but Frankie might get wet."

"Oh, then we'll hitch up to the top buggy; come on, my boy."

The two men left the room. Ma Stone waited until she heard the crunch of the horse's feet on the gravel, and then she hurried to a

mirror hanging on the wall and scanned her face attentively.

"He's sech a good boy—jest like as ef he wuz our own. They air becomin', theer's no use a denyin' it." She tucked a stray lock of hair under her lace cap. "Thet foolish Pa, he's jest like he was forty years ago. He hain't changed a bit, only he moves slower an' he never gits riled up at little things like he uster." She turned her head slightly from side to side. "He lost two teeth a year ago, an' he hain't got so much hair as he once hed, but lots of folks hez all false teeth when theer as old as he iz." She bent the gold wire of the spectacles over her right ear a bit. "Now Pa don't need spectacles except fer readin', so his eyes is a heap sight better'n mine." She nodded at herself in the glass. "They allers wuz fer seein' things jest az they air—now my eyes wuz never good fer seein' things like Jeremiah's. I feel 'em, so we hev been purty close together, has me an' Pa—purty close together." She walked away from the glass with a happy satisfied expression, that remained until the hours lengthened and the thunder storm she had predicted developed with wonderful speed. She sat on the porch looking anxiously down the road for Franklyn.

"Better come in, Ma; it'll break with a heavy wind fust—iz all the winders shut?"

"Yes, Katie put 'em down. I wish Frankie wuz hum."

A flash and echoing crash came simultaneously and swallowed all sight and sound. The poplar trees before the house stood like sentinels. Each leaf quivering separately though not a breath of air was felt. Another crash cut the tense silence with deafening vibrations as the lightning made fantastic hieroglyphics across the somber clouds in the west.

Ma moved her chair back a bit, and resumed her patient vigil.

Jerry leaned against the door jamb, his hands in his pockets, staring in the same direction.

"I hope Dandy behaves hisself, Pa."

"Oh he's all right, shakin' sum I reckon but he's got hoss sense an' knows he hain't in it erlone, fer Frank is allers talkin' tew him."

The trees sighed as they resigned themselves passively to the on-coming gale for nature never resists a superior force. The hurrying wind lifted the ruffle on Ma's cap, tossed a few hairs carelessly across her face, then tore along with redoubled force, until the flowers turned their faces to the soil that gave them birth.

"Let us go in, Ma. Frank'll turn in sumwheer fer shelter."

"All right, Jeremiah, but I wish he wuz here, he seems so close to us, don't he?"

She opened her well worn Bible at random. In the gray light she could only read the lettering at the top of the page. "The prodigal son returns." She looked up at the man beside her. "I know why we're so fond of Frankie."

"Dew ye, Ma? What's yer reason?"

"I hain't reasoned erbout it at all, it's here." She tapped the page with her index finger.

"Well?"

"He went out into the world an' found it full of husks an' eaters of husks, then he remembered himself an' jes cum back tew us."

"Yes, Mary, but we didn't see him a long way off an' run to meet him, coz we never knowed he wuz cumin', till he stood in the door theer, a lookin' more like a dead man then a live one."

"No, we didn't see him a cumin', but we loved him an' thet wuz better then a seein' of him, fer if we hedn't loved him an' wanted him, he'd never hev cum hum—never. Men thet suffers what Frankie did goes like the

sick child tew the one thet cares fer em most."

For once Jerry Stone had nothing to add. He took a chair and placed it so it faced the door. "Come over here, Ma, I hain't held yew fer a long time. I wonder why?"

"The last time wuz when I hed thet spell with my heart."

"How long ago iz thet?"

"'Bout two years."

"Yer don't mean it." The old man placed her head against his shoulder and folded his arms about her.

"Didn't yew wanter be held since then, Mary?"

"I hain't been sick since thet time," she answered evasively.

"Thet's so, but yew don't answer me. Didn't yew wanter be held since then?"

"Sometimes, Pa; but mostly allers when I wuz tired, yew wuz purty well petered out yerself, an' I didn't wanter bother yew."

"Jerushia! Mary, yew don't hev to ask fer what's yourn. What am I here fur I'd like to know, if I can't make yew comfortable."

She patted his cheek with her frail hands.

The rain swept and washed every unprotected thing. The wind tossed the giant trees

like unresisting infants. The clash of heaven's artillery boomed and thundered with the infinitude of space to catch the echo and return it to earth again. The lightning gleamed in sinister flashes that cut the black clouds in twain again and again, until by and by they would be riven asunder.

The two people waited patiently for the storm to subside, contented in the consciousness of a willing possessed by the rightful possessor.

The door opened abruptly and Franklyn stood before them holding a limp figure in his arms, a frightened, drenched child standing beside him. Instantly they were on their feet, and laid the senseless woman on the couch. They applied restoratives, chafed the limp hands and patted the cold feet.

The wind swept the rain against the windows in turbulent splashes, hushed suddenly, then changed to the distinct patter of a thousand hailstones.

Jerry looked at his wife and she nodded sympathetically.

Hail meant loss and stunted crops to them, but nothing to the woman on the couch.

Franklyn counted the uncertain pulse and

fanned her, while great drops of perspiration trickled down his brow.

"It's no use, Ma; she's going out with the storm—hurt internally I guess. The big tree at the cross roads fell on her."

"Wuz thet her child, Frankie?"

"I suppose so. Where is she?"

"I sent her to Katie to git dried out."

"Better bring her in here. She may come to a bit and want her." He leaned over the still figure hoping the woman would open her eyes.

Mary laid the limp hands across the still breast and walked softly to the kitchen door.

Seated in a chair, her moist hair hanging over the back, her feet on a stool before the open oven door, the child sat fast asleep, holding a withered bunch of wild flowers in her hand.

Over the motherly face a great wave of tenderness swept. She touched the wet hair with a gentle caress, dreading to rouse her, yet feeling the necessity.

"She seems tuckered out, don't she, Katie?"

"Yessem, her and her Ma was down at the cross roads when the storm struck 'em and the tree fell across her Ma. Is she badly hurt?"

"Yes, very bad, poor little chicken."

"It's a wild rose, Mamma," the child murmered in her sleep, then opened her eyes and looked at the face bending over her. "Can we go, has it stopped raining?"

"Yes, dearie, the wind hiant blowin' now but—"

She scrambled down from her chair and followed the old woman into the room where her mother lay cold and still. "Can we go now, Mamma?"

The silence that followed spoke of infinite things to the strangers, while the child's sudden cry of fear, rang the death knell for the silent, lonely figure on the couch. Lonely, most lonely, because the greatest mystery in life, we have to meet and solve alone. Nor clinging hands nor bursting hearts can keep us here, or help us on our way.

Mary Stone took the sobbing child in her arms and tried to comfort her. "Where be you livin', my dear, near here?"

"At Cousin Jed's."

"Oh! then yew come from Chicago; you live theer?"

"Yes, but Mamma sold our house just before we came here, so we haven't any home now, and we are not to live there any more."

"And yer Pa, dearie, where's he?"

"I—he's gone away again, so far he can't come back any more." A fresh burst of weeping from the child caused the old voice to quaver.

"You're an orphan then dearie, an' so wuz I when I wuz little like you be now."

The child's head rested over her heart, the little arms clung to her dependently, and Mary Stone held her closer. "I wonder ef your name is Kittie, yer seem like one, ye snuggle up so close."

"No, my name is Ruby, Ruby Winthrop."

Franklyn Jermym turned abruptly from the window and looked at the child questioningly. "Was your father a—minister?"

"Yes."

A spasm of pain passed over the man's face. He dropped into a chair as if all the strength had left his body, while he stared with wide open eyes at the figure on the couch.

Mary motioned for her husband to come to her. "Pa, see if the storm is over, go out on the porch—"

He took the child's soft palm in his calloused one and looked down at her with a pathetic

effort to smile, as he led her from the room and closed the door.

The old woman walked swiftly to the relaxed figure, huddled in the chair. No word passed her lips. She placed one hand on his shoulder and with the other smoothed the moist hair from his brow.

Only the wind broke the silence as it swept fitfully on, sobbing like a penitent child.

After a while the laugh of the child filtered through the half closed door.

Then the man roused and looked at the woman beside him. "Ma, do you understand?"

"Yes, Frankie."

"What shall I do?"

"Forgive 'em."

"I have forgiven her, but that man." His hands closed and unclosed convulsively.

"He needs it wuss then she ever did."

"That's his wife, Ma," nodding toward the couch.

"I know it."

The little one's laugh sounded more distinct. They were coming back through the kitchen. The patter of feet could be heard distinctly.

"That's his child, Ma—his child." He staggered from the room out into the moist fra-

grant air, across the wet grass that trembled with the weight of nature's vanishing tears. Into the orchard, beneath the dripping boughs and on into the fields laid waste and stunted from the pitiless hail stones.

By and bye the sun burst through the heavy clouds and smiled from its serene vault in heaven's blue. Then Franklyn Jermym lifted his head and saw the havoc the storm had wrought.

CHAPTER XV

BY THE WAY

Many years have fallen back in hollows and crevices of the past. A past that had written its purpose on the faces and across the souls of our friends, who have revealed their life's story in such fearless manner, we have been conversant with their innermost thoughts.

All conditions teach a moral for or against some other condition. They make the illustrated pages in our life's history. A moral we must both learn and prove, else the theme of our strivings is in vain.

Suzanne and Mark had followed the dictates of their desires, when they closed the book of the past and considered it valueless.

Their motives were selfish, their love was selfish. They had no desire to retrace their steps and include even a remnant of the old life in their new one. They preferred to forget if possible, it had been the old one, that made the new almost a necessity.

Mark considered his labor as a preacher had been a failure.

Suzanne considered her life as the wife of Franklyn Jermym had been a failure.

All the things that had seemed worth while, had not yielded a satisfactory return. They realized this when the powerful affinity of attraction drew them unerringly together.

How many atoms does it take to make a satellite? Just as many as it needs to grow a body, or perfect its own beauty and reflect its strength and the purpose of its being. It attracts what it needs, no more, no less. So does man.

What were they to reason from?

A past that had been barren of the most vital things of life?

Were they to consider the ties that held them to their unsympathetic surroundings and ignore the call of the wild spirit within that cried for the freedom of companionship?

They had tried to live up to their environment as best they could and had found no satisfaction in the result, for the years of dutiful endeavor had been unfruitful ones, so they thought.

Because they had not built well or wisely

and had not reared any fortifications to withstand an assault from a superior force, the first tempestuous wave swept them headlong into the great sea of humanity and their places knew them no more.

To the world Mark had been considered an average success until he had thrown his efforts back to the people who had been the incentive for his labor.

They, however, did not consider him a failure until he had excluded them from participating in his life's plan.

He gave them to understand by his actions that they had ceased to have a value, because he could no longer use them, consequently they were not a factor to be considered in a future plan that had no place for them.

The object of existence had dwindled in its purpose from the hundreds who had compromised Mark's congregation down to one woman.

Nature evens up her score sometime—somewhere.

She seeks an everlasting equilibrium.

Mark, let us suppose, was simply finding the balance according to nature's measurements, though possibly he did not realize it.

He had preached for years against the folly and uselessness of trying to betray the public confidence and falling into the error of undesirable associations.

He had admonished, worried and prayed fervently and long over the faltering purpose of sinning humanity.

He had preached on the beauties of the priceless virtues, their necessities and absolute realities.

He had given constant emphasis to the intangibility of man's selfish desires and the utter instability of conditions that were contrary to the accepted code of ethics.

Every time he declared these things he established them in force and power. A power that impressed his congregation because it was meant for them and might apply to them.

Was this man conscious of his own weakness when he talked so learnedly on the weaknesses of humanity?

Preach if you must, oh men of the pulpit! but deny no thing—condemn no thing.

By denial we establish their value.

When the real issue in life came home to Mark, he faced it like a man—a man of the world. He was human, not a whit different

from his kind. He followed in their steps and fell in their shadows.

All his former affirmations went for nothing. All the mistakes he had condemned with courage, and assurance came home to him.

He had unconsciously, or otherwise, condemned many by trying to show them the error of their ways, because he could raise his eyes before his fellow man and say, "Lord, Lord! I'm glad I'm not as they are."

Because of his classifying the many human mistakes of his fellow man and labeling them as such, he made them appear as facts.

He stood for great things to his people and the world at large, consequently his fall from the pedestal on which he had climbed was as great.

He had been a busy man during the years of his ministry, creating the causes that eventually affected not only a revolution in his own life, but those with whom he was associated.

After all we are only as strong as our weakest desire.

When Mark Winthrop stopped preaching the salvation of souls, he began the salvation of lives, the lives in the animal kingdom.

The instinct to save something outside himself must have been an inherited one.

He found few earnest workers in the humane field, and for that reason expended more energy and time on his work than he otherwise would have done.

He reasoned undoubtedly from past experiences and summed up his first year's work something like this:

"I've had one hundred and thirty-nine drivers arrested for cruelty, and twenty-one horses shot because they were too old to work. I've had seventy-nine dogs smothered with sulphur fumes. I've had ten cats chloroformed. I've found homes for thirty-one dogs and three felines. I preached eleven years to save souls and am not sure of one of them. They say now I've lost mine."

Question, which is best—results here and now, or hereafter?

Suzanne with a supersensitive temperament, highly developed emotions, passionate and restless, suffered keenly after the first reaction had taken place.

She had plunged recklessly into the climax of the situation and found herself breathless on the heights. She discovered the rarefied

air gave her heart failure, and she insensibly began to descend once more to a normal atmosphere.

Then she missed things.

The familiar companionship with her old friends.

The serene assurance her secure social position as the wife of Franklyn Jermym had given her.

All the little non-essential things that had filled the hours with a natural grace—these were valued and revalued after they had been lost.

She needed and wanted a good woman friend, a woman who was an equal.

She missed Adelaide's enthusiastic and encouraging criticisms.

Suzanne realized we seek our friends and society to forget ourselves.

She never missed Franklyn Jermym, but she did miss the things he had made possible.

Then she sought divertisement among the very poor, entered their homes, and tried to understand the motive of their lives.

All the time she felt a thing apart, outside, just above or beyond them. She could not descend to their level, neither could she lift

them up to her standards. They were like sturdy trees planted deep in the soil that environed them, and seemed to want nothing better to sustain them.

She bestowed financial aid with heedless generosity, and looked for far different results than those she realized.

Money simply supplied more food, more clothing and better shelter, that was all.

She discovered if she gave once, she was expected to increase the donation each successive time.

Eventually she resigned herself to the hard fact that material aid netted material benefits and were simply valued by the recipients as such.

After a time their poverty of intellect, selfish aims, constant complainings and lack of appreciation repulsed the motives that led her to them.

She tried to teach by telling the ignorant and helpless ones, that disease of mind and soul were worse than any physical ailment that sapped their vitality and strength.

Suzanne struggled bravely to believe she was speaking with authority when she tried

to lead them into a fuller realization of the great truth and beauty of moral well-being.

Try as she would her voice lacked assurance and her words the necessary force to impress and sustain them, because deep down in her innermost consciousness lay the debilitating fact that she was not in reality what she seemed and that she was wearing a borrowed name, a name that belonged to another woman.

She grew a shrinking fear lest her inferior associates should sometime discover the fact and condemn her.

About a year after she had left her former home she met Mrs. Berwyn face to face, and she experienced about as bad a five minutes as she ever expected to realize.

With brutal frankness her old friend gave a complete arraignment of the facts in the case, without one friendly consideration to temper the summing up. She suggested a convent as the best place in which to bury one's blotted identity from sight and memory. She said she suggested such a place because it was more conducive to a sincere repentance than other abodes she could think of at the moment. 'You owe it to yourself, your husband, and friends to live a life of repentance henceforth."

With those words she left Suzanne. She had not given her a chance to plead an excuse or try to explain anything.

After that Suzanne grew a horror of meeting any one. She went out less and brooded more. The monotony of her life became oppressive. The sweet aloneness that had been so eagerly sought in the first months of her companionship with Mark became a burden freighted over, and always with an echo of some happier day with a more perfect realization that might never come to her again.

She languished, failed and faded hourly, while she clung to Mark with a childish tenacity that robbed him of all ambition.

He saw the change in her and deplored it bitterly. He upbraided himself for her condition, fearing and feeling she missed the keynote of her former life. He lavished his affections, his time, words and caresses in the prodigal abandon of self-effacement when she would accept them.

He wanted her to travel—she refused. He suggested moving to another city—she refused.

Her apathy and discontent permeated the rooms she occupied. The many things that had been her especial charge slipped into the

care of her servant or were neglected. She was either fretful, complaining, or in tears. She grew suspicious and morose. She complained that his love had grown cold. Nothing he could do or say satisfied her. She accused him of wasting his time and squandering her money on a lot of animals, when he should be with her trying to amuse instead of worrying her. She would not let him talk about his work at all. Mark assumed the management of the household to lessen any feeling of responsibility that might prove burdensome. One day she remained in bed all day, and finally did not get up any more. Melancholia and prostration, the doctors diagnosed it.

One night when Mark came into her room he detected a peculiar odor and hurried to her side. Suzanne lay pallid and still with disfiguring marks on her swollen lips.

The shock changed the current of his life completely. He felt to blame without being able to find a remedy for the wound this consciousness made. By and by he went out on the streets and resumed his old occupation, realizing as never before he must save many lives to atone for the one he had lost.

In the highways and byways, by day and

night, he searched for the unfortunate animals that wander the streets of the larger cities as waifs of the other world. A world man but little understands or considers. He took them to his rooms by the score, and not only fed but sheltered them.

He was compelled to move from one quarter to another until he found himself in the ghetto —a district where men, women, children, dogs and cats met on an equal footing.

Suffering or pleading humanity did not appeal to him at all.

The wail of a cat, the warning bark of a frightened dog, the unsteady tramp of a lame horse were the things that called him on and on. He neglected himself. His beard flowed long and colorless. His hair swept his shoulders in uneven lengths, and they in turn stooped wearily toward the earth.

By and by the people called him the dog man. The name clung to him ever after, and thus it was he lost his original identity.

And what of Ruby Winthrop and Franklyn Jermym?

When Franklyn Jermym returned home after having informed Jane Winthrop's relatives of

her tragic death, he found the child asleep in the motherly arms of Mary Stone.

"Do you want her, Ma?" he asked in a hushed voice.

"Do yew want her, Frankie?" she replied as gently.

He looked at the child's face an instant, then scanned the colorless one on the couch. "She must resemble her father. Don't you think so?"

Ma scrutinized her attentively. "Maybe she'll grow up to be like him, unless she's with some one who knows suthin' about his habits an' character. Thet would be tew bad, wouldn't it, Frankie?"

He walked to the window as the sound of wheels grated on the pebbles outside. "They've come for them, Ma," he spoke softly and moved toward the door.

After it was over and Ruby realized her aloneness, she clung to Mary Stone, refusing to leave her.

The Perkins family was a large one, and they seemed perfectly willing she should remain with the Stone's. After several months, Franklyn went back to Chicago for one day with Jed Perkins and attended to the probating of Jane Winthrop's will.

It was an easy matter. Her estate was in cash and she bequeathed everything to her child.

He returned to the farm and learned to accustom himself to the child's presence. Then by slow degrees he learned to accustom himself to the child. She filled the place with the pitter patter of her feet, her songs and her laughter. Then after much discussion, they sent her to a private school and her vacations thereafter were revelations to them. They watched her grow in the strength and beauty of perfect womanhood and develop a brilliant intellect. Then one day Ma Stone slipped into the great unknown without a word of warning and left the old place desolate. Ruby gave up her school for six months, and devoted herself to Jerry with all a matured woman's sweetness of kindly endeavor. He loved the child dearly, but longed to go forth and meet the companion of his life, and he crossed the invisible bar with smiling lips.

Then it was Franklyn turned insensibly to the girl who had been so large a part of his life without his having realized it. When she returned to school to graduate, it was understood that Franklyn would take her abroad for a

year of travel. It was during this journey that Ruby Winthrop accidentally made her first discovery of the under world and its inhabitants.

She realized for the first time what poverty and its stinging rebuke meant to the poor in spirit and this world's gifts.

She worried Franklyn not a little by her visits in the slum districts of London.

He tried to interest her in other things, but failed.

He remembered her father's predilection for the same element and tried with redoubled zeal to distract her from contemplating their condition with other than eyes of condemnation. When this failed he hurried home. Then Ruby turned her attention to literature.

He breathed freely until he discovered she was writing along the radical lines of reform and that some of her utterances were revolutionary in the extreme. Then he worried again.

She found an open market for her productions in all the socialistic journals. To Franklyn socialism ranked about the same as anarchism. Many things in Ruby's life were explained by her writings—things that had puzzled them all. He discovered she was an independent indi-

vidual, thinking and acting according to the standard of her own desires.

She had friends but they seemed tame and colorless beside her. She was vigorous in mind and almost masculine in temperament. When Franklyn discovered this, he experienced an unpleasant sensation. All the things that interested the average woman were distasteful to her.

Living things in all conditions appealed to her instantly. She had a habit of digging for facts and once she had it grounded, she reasoned unerringly to a final conclusion.

Franklyn tried in vain to classify her talent for analysis in some of the well-known categories of learning and could only find a place for her in the realm of law.

She went to Chicago at the request of the people who published her writings and after that she had several visitors.

One an old man with long hair, a massive brow and broad shoulders.

His familiar manner with Ruby annoyed Franklyn exceedingly. He persisted in calling her "comrade" even after Franklyn had reminded him that her name was Miss Winthrop.

Ruby seemed not to mind the title but considered it a mark of good fellowship.

One day she informed Franklyn she intended to move to Chicago, and take up her abode in a famous settlement house and devote her time and money to the unfortunate element that peopled the outlying districts.

He pleaded, commanded, begged and insisted to no purpose, then finally consented reluctantly and permitted her to go.

CHAPTER XVI

RUBY'S AMBITION

One day in the late fall, a cab stopped at the entrance to a long three and a half storied red brick building situated on the West Side. It was one of the typical brown days Chicago endures with more or less resignation. The wind swept the dust in whirls and eddies around the sharp corners of the building that hugged the sidewalk with business-like economy.

The size of the building—its sharp angles—irregular form given it by constant additions, the uncompromising plainness of the architecture all combined to suggest a purpose far different from the shops and dwellings that environed it on every quarter. A few potted shrubs lined a hollow square between the two main buildings and lent themselves admirably to the suggestion that brooded over the brick floor of this open court. The square foliage was negative and gray with dust.

Ruby Winthrop received a disagreeable first

impression as she noted with eagerness all the externals of her future abode.

The driver opened the door of the cab and waited for her to alight. "This is the settlement house, Miss."

She took her hand bag and hurried through the half open door. She found herself in a divided hall with a long spiral staircase leading from the center to the floors above.

Subdued voices and laughter were plainly audible from some inner room.

Ruby studied the etchings on the wall, then seated herself on a window ledge to await the appearance of some one to whom she could make herself known.

The interior of the house suggested repose and a studied simplicity. Ruby sighed with satisfaction.

From a near-by room came the subdued tones of a well modulated voice. "Now children, all together, we will try it again—one—two—three." Childish voices with their uncertain quaver, piped and lisped in an attempt to sing a simple class song.

Ruby followed the sound, and discovered a sweet faced woman seated at the piano with a half dozen little children grouped about her.

The sight appealed to Ruby, and she wanted to strengthen the teacher's patient treble with her deep contralto and add other chords to the shallow, colorless accompaniment; chords that would sing their melody into the hearts of the little ones.

The uneven meter of the song got on her nerves after a few moments, and she wondered vaguely how much longer she would have to wait before her presence would be known.

A man came into the room through a side door and passed out on the street. He wore a wide-rimmed felt hat, shabby clothes, and his shoes ran down unevenly at the heels. She noticed he carried a kodak.

The lesson in the next room was monotonous and dispiriting. Ruby grew restless. Her idea of teaching music was vastly different from the average. Evidently the woman lacked enthusiasm or was tired.

Ruby's understanding of harmony did not apply to a few stereotyped measures and the rules necessary to follow another's conception of a theme or idea.

The piano suggested notes; the written music suggested possibilities. Ruby believed above all else in individual interpretation and its free

expression. It was this lesson that caused her to decide what her especial line of work in the settlement house was to be.

She concluded she would teach it through nature's highest interpretation first. The birds, the wind, the waves in the great lake that bordered the city on the east, and the endless song of life in its varying expressions.

Ruby thrilled with enthusiasm at her conception with its unusual possibilities. "I'll plant music in their hearts first, then there will be a place for it in their heads," she spoke softly to herself.

Ruby began to wander about the hall again, and found an open door to a room on the north. She entered, hoping to find some one who would direct her to the head resident.

The room was empty save for the chairs, long rows of tables and the huge coffee and tea urns that decorated one side of the room. She turned and faced another stairway. In desperation she ascended the first flight and noted in astonishment three large plaster of Paris images of the Infant Jesus. They hung high on the wall. She had understood from her preliminary correspondence that the place was non-sectarian and did not teach the Bible at all.

The narrow blue tapes, that were supposed to hold the swaddling garments in a secure place, set her to thinking, and she realized they were unnatural, not true to life; for the swaddling garments in Jesus' time measured a full yard in width and tapes were not needed. A medley of sounds increased in volume with every ascending step until she found herself in the nursery. About thirty little ones, varying in age from one to five years, were seated about low tables in tiny chairs eating bread and milk. Through the open door she saw a long row of cradles. Two women were serving the little ones. One of them, a kindly disposed Irish woman, came to Ruby and said without any preamble, "Five of thim are Irish, nine are Aytalians, eleven are Jews, two are Swedes, and the rest of thim are Germans and Americans. Their mothers pay five cents a day for the keep of thim here, and we do the rest."

Ruby smiled her thanks, and the woman turned away to admonish a child who had thrust his fingers in another one's bowl of milk.

She ascended the next flight of winding stairs and heard the distinct patter of many feet in tuneful measure.

"Dancing," she remarked aloud, and pushed

the door open. A large room under the roof had been utilized for this purpose. Ruby surveyed the scene with anything but friendly eyes. Her idea of the work that should be done in a slum settlement was very different from the scene before her. What possible good could the accomplishment be to these children save to amuse and entertain them temporarily?

A woman came to her almost immediately. "No visitors allowed," and she closed the door gently but decidedly in Ruby's face.

She descended the stairs and looked at the bound limbs on the plaster of Paris images and the frown on her brow vanished. "I suppose they must free the feet with the understanding but—" she mused doubtfully as she returned to the main hall again and met a young woman who looked at her questioningly, then remarked in a severe voice, "We allow visitors only on Saturday." Ruby noted a fancy chain about her neck decorated with green glass prisms and a number of manufactured pearls. The bizarre display of imitation jewelry set Ruby to thinking about the cheapness of women's ornaments and their cheapening effect to woman.

In the meantime she had replied to the young

woman's salutation with a desire to see the head resident. "My name is Winthrop. Please notify Miss Needham that I am here."

"Oh! then follow me."

When Ruby entered the head resident's room she found it in semi-darkness. It was some time before she could distinguish the occupant who was lying on the sofa.

"Pardon my not getting up, this has been such a busy day, I'm exhausted. Come here and sit down."

She did as requested, scanning the colorless face on the pillows with unfeigned interest. Miss Needham looked as curiously at her visitor. "I expected you last week, Miss Winthrop; you had no difficulty in finding the place to-day, did you?"

"Not in the least. I came over in a public hansom. It seems as if everybody in Chicago ought to know where your famous settlement is located."

"Many, however, do not," Miss Needham replied in a dispassionate voice. Her languor, the heavy lids and dark circles that surrounded her eyes gave them a melancholy look hard to forget.

Ruby found herself wondering if it was caused

by ill health, or much weeping. The plaintive note in her voice and unsmiling face, caused her to believe the woman before her was not happy or had experienced a great crushing, disappointing sorrow.

"What caused you to want to take up slum work; you are very young, surely life hasn't been a failure already?"

"No, Miss Needham, it hasn't, because I've never set my heart on anything that hasn't come true."

"What is your idea of settlement house work and what influenced you to want to take it up?"

"I visited Tornby Croft in London and decided while there it was the greatest philanthropic effort of the age. I heard people in London say you were the safety valve for Chicago."

Miss Needham looked at the girl's face with its brilliant coloring and she realized the effect her presence would create among some of the indifferent workers, who had felt an incipient desire to help uplift the masses and study them at the same time, while trying to do their duty as they imagined it.

Ruby's enthusiasm was inspiring.

Miss Needham realized that her work would

not be a passing fad, but a trial at the stern realities that would temper the stuff she was made of.

"What can you do, Miss Winthrop?"

"What would you like to have me do?" Ruby questioned in reply.

"The thing you like best."

She thought a moment. "I can do many things indifferently, and two things well. They are drawing and music."

"Which had you rather use?"

"Singing. I'd like to teach the very little ones to sing—by my especial method."

Miss Needham looked at her a moment, "Have you discovered a new one? I hope it won't conflict with Volt's method as he is head instructor in singing and all the classes are under his supervision."

"I want to teach the songs of nature first. To have them learn the regular beat of the waves that sweep the shore of your beautiful lake. I want them to know the song of the wind that chants its purpose in the many moods that speak without words. They will quickly understand the response of the trees. When they learn the song of the birds they will know the different varieties. I want to take

them to the fields and let them find that the cheerful chirp of the katydid and cricket are a wee note in the great chorus. I want them to learn that the meaning of the kluck kluck of the mother hen to her brood, the coo of the restless dove to its mate, the friendly bark of the dog, are all one in the great theme. The Divine Melody that life sings in different measures to the pulse beat of time."

Miss Needham looked at the girl in mild surprise. "Your enthusiasm is the most refreshing thing I've met in years, but it isn't practical, my dear, not a bit of it. We never think of taking the children anywhere. We never experiment any more, there's nothing in it. One of our workers, who was an enthusiast like you are now, took her class to a wealthy woman's home for a little entertainment. She had drilled them so they wouldn't disgrace her by impossible conduct. The hostess looked them over, then had some doors closed so they could not penetrate to the interior of the house. She came to the resident and said, 'Alice, how ever can you mix up with such dirty children. Look at them, they are like little harlequins. See that child with a red skirt, a purple waist and pink hat, and that one in impossible green

and yellow. Positively they make my teeth ache. I know they can't appreciate any of the nice things I've prepared for them.'

"Alice looked at them as they moved about and stared in round eyed wonder, with their fingers in their mouths, uncomfortable and ill at ease. She decided that it was the place that didn't suit the children, and that the woman didn't fit her place. She replied beautifully though and I've always loved her for it."

"How did she explain it, Miss Needham?" Ruby asked with a great interest manifest in her voice.

"These people plunged from the monotony of their colorless life into a medley of color, because they have an uneducated taste and don't know how to discriminate. They are nature's children and love nature's gaudy colors—all of them. We love the same colors, but in harmony. In them, it is an aspiration for a bit of brightness above the sordid browns and blacks of their surroundings. For us, it should be an inspiration to aid them in their wholesome ambitions.

"She never took them out again, Miss Winthrop. The children get unruly, tired, and hungry. You don't know how useless it would

be to do as you desire. You can teach them, but you cannot companion with them in any comfort."

Ruby's enthusiasm wilted perceptibly.

"Your pantheistic theories may help you in the drawing class. You will have more latitude there. Mr. Savol has a decided tendency that way. Your work will, of course, be subject to his dictation. He is head instructor in drawing."

The last remnant of Ruby's dream for individual expression fell away and never resurrected itself again while she remained at the settlement.

That night when she met her coworkers at the dinner table, she looked at them curiously. There were over two dozen. They discoursed on the general features of their work in a dispassionate manner.

Ruby hoped to find a ring of enthusiasm in some of the voices, but failed. After a time she felt like asking them why they not only gave their time, but paid their board to be enabled to do the things that seemed to be of such little account to them.

A tall woman with a kind face sat near her and she insensibly became interested in her

talk when she heard her say, "Toby wept to-day when he told me they were going to move again to another part of the city."

"That's it," another exclaimed, "as soon as they learn the necessity for a few simple things, they move on like Joe in Bleak House, and keep a 'movin' hon' ever after; that's the worst of this alien element, they never seem to overcome their nomadic instincts."

"True, true, Miss Vorg, we no sooner plant a seed than away they go to let it sprout some where else, or die in an uncongenial environment."

Miss Needham raised her head and scanned her assistants with heavy eyes. By some telepathic sign they discovered she was about to speak and they sat rigid at attention.

"They come to us, we give them the best we have. We try to start them on the upward path; it is all we can ever hope to do. We cannot expect to see a finished product."

The people remained silent, respectful and attentive. Their oracle was speaking, and her words were law.

After a prolonged silence she resumed, "We must resign ourselves to the hard fact that none of these people belong to us in any sense of the

word. We are simply a step in their upward evolution, though they do not know it. We are the first step, however, and consequently gather the mud as they pass on with cleaner feet and a better understanding."

Miss Needham nibbled a bit of bread, then continued in her apathetic way, "We are simply first causes. We are one of them without being with them, and must accustom ourselves to the fact, that they in nowise consider us necessary though they are a necessity to us. They consider us as a matter of course." She moved her chair back and they resumed their eating with thoughtful faces.

Ruby looked at her with luminous eyes as she cried enthusiastically, "Paul plants, Appolos waters, and God gives the increase. Others come, and this makes an endless chain of first causes for us to practice on, and thus perfect a reason for our being here."

Several looked at her in surprise but no one chanced a reply.

The next day one of the residents led her to the "Museum of Labor," and showed her with great pride products of the hand, the loom, the arts and crafts. One woman was weaving linen on an old-fashioned loom.

Ruby looked intently at a scarf of homespun and gasped when she saw the price mark six dollars. With her usual frankness she remarked bluntly, "I could buy that linen anywhere for twelve or fifteen cents a yard."

Her guide led her to the carpet loom and commented on the even woof and strength of the warp, remarking casually an Italian woman spent many hours at the weaving and received fifty cents a day. This enabled her family to have many little luxuries they otherwise would have been deprived of.

Ruby looked skeptical.

"There she is now. Mrs. Conevare, this is our new resident."

The little Italian woman bowed and kept on tearing strips of gaudy red calico into long narrow lengths; then she resumed her weaving. The loom creaked a protest, while the shuttles clicked in and out with a pleasant sound.

Ruby looked through the dusty windows. "The day would be an hour longer in this room if they'd clean the windows."

The woman at an old-fashioned spinning wheel nodded an assent to the suggestion.

"Don't you think this is a wonderful help to these people?" her guide remarked, as she led

the way to the closed cases that lined two sides of the room. They were filled with everything conceivable, from hand-bound books to hand-made handkerchiefs, and all were the product of the people who were supposed to have been benefited by their efforts to learn the arts and crafts in this "Museum of Labor" or some of the rooms in the other buildings.

Ruby looked thoughtful, asked the price of several articles that struck her fancy, and straightway rebelled at the extortionate figures that seemed to her practical mind impossible and absurd.

"Oh! but don't you see, Miss Winthrop, Miss Needham had to pay the workers for their time, and the material amounts to something, and the extra is for the benefit of the settlement house."

"I see now why they call it the "Museum of Labor." Ruby laughed softly while her companion looked puzzled. "Let us name it the 'curiosity shop', then people will know what to expect here."

"Really, Miss Winthrop, you don't seem to understand that these people learned how to make all these things here in the different classes."

"Yes, I do understand, Miss Spray, and I also understand the time for hand industries has passed away. All the great inventions of the age have been for that especial purpose. They are the result of the combined thought of the mind of man, the result of a desire on his part to free himself from the endless drudgery of just such labor as this, so that he might become a skilled artisan, specialized through thought and understanding, so that he could enter the realms of competitive labor where excellence of effort brings excellent returns and a natural betterment in the home, the clothing and all the appurtenances that make our domestic economy the most complete one in existence to-day. Machinery has cheapened the product and increased the value of expert labor. It has placed within the reach of every one the possibilities of decent apparel and nourishing food."

"Please don't mention your ideas about the museum to any one else. It is Miss Needham's greatest hobby."

Ruby looked decidedly offended. "Why am I not entitled to an honest expression of my views, as much as Miss Needham is to hers? They are not infallible any more than mine are. Labor to me stands for a very serious thing. It

is a necessity, a vital command. The one who does not work buries his talent and is rewarded eventually like the one in the parable."

Miss Spray moved to the farther end of the room when she saw the women were listening.

"To gather a few laboriously prepared hand products in one room and name it in consequence 'A Museum' strikes me as inconsistent, to say the least. I see nothing inspiring or instructive about it.

"Curious? Yes! for the day of hand labor, when machinery equals and many times excels it, it is indeed a curiosity."

Her companion smiled deprecatingly and looked nervous.

"Life is no longer simple, Miss Spray. It is becoming more and more complex. Come, let us leave this dingy place. I never want to enter it again. Men and women are no longer a joke, but vital issues." Ruby looked back at the stooped shoulders of the old woman at the loom and remarked with fine irony. "A machine would reel off ten or more yards of that linen in about ten minutes."

Miss Spray preceded Ruby into the other building, then stopped and spoke deliberately: "Your ideas may be all right, but you don't

seem to understand that, that old woman who spins the linen, learned how to do it in her youth, in faraway Ireland and she doesn't know how to do anything else."

"You think so?" Ruby remarked. "Put her on a farm out in the country and see what her butter would taste like. If she came from the home land, she can do other things besides spin away the few hours left her, in that dingy, dusty place. She is a slave there—simply an industrial slave, that's all."

A few days after she had been accepted as an assistant to one of the teachers, or, in reality, placed on probation, she met Miss Needham on the spiral staircase and asked for a few moments' talk.

The head resident led the way into the library and closed the door so they were alone.

She seated herself in an arm chair and sank languidly back into its comfortable depths.

Ruby felt the woman's weakness and fatigue and regretted her request. "You are tired, Miss Needham, I'll not ask you the questions I had in mind."

"I've just finished a talk on maternity therapeutics and prenatal influences. It is one of my

heaviest lectures and I'm naturally tired." She closed her eyes.

Ruby considerately started for the door.

"Wait, Miss Winthrop, what is it you want?"

She hesitated an instant, then plunged into the things uppermost in her mind. "Do I understand that we are to uplift the masses by contact and association with them, or by bringing them here together and making them better acquainted with one another under an improved environment?"

Miss Needham stared at the girl before her. "Why, I supposed you understood our object from the letter I dictated and sent to you, when we perfected arrangements for your residence here."

"Your plan is to uplift—but what do you deem the quickest way to gain that end?"

"The one that seems the easiest. I should say both the ways you've mentioned."

"And yet, the first evening I was here, I heard you deplore the fact that you rarely obtained a result or reward and I took it to mean because they did not remain here long enough."

"We have many individual results, my dear, very many."

"Is it not true that because this house is

known as a settlement, it labels this neighborhood as a slum district? I've a notion that's why people move quickly as they can, because they understand the world understands what they are."

Miss Needham smiled for the first time and only time. Ruby had the pleasure of witnessing it, and she didn't wonder it was such a rare occurrence. It expressed pity coming and condemnation going.

"Miss Winthrop, I've been here eighteen years and that must plead my excuse for still remaining where I belong. The results of my labor are these buildings that make the most complete home of its kind in the world. The effect of my labors can best be attested to by some seven thousand people of all ages who came here last year for as many different purposes. If the policy of this house does not meet with your approval, I'm sorry."

Miss Needham walked out of the room, leaving Ruby undecided and dissatisfied.

What were the results and how would they be estimated among the scattered thousands that filtered across the cities' boundaries, like chaff before the heavy winds of circumstance and necessity?

CHAPTER XVII

A DISCOVERY

God is as great as man conceives Him to be and only as small as man makes Him.

Happiness is a generous emotion, because we share it with another.

Sorrow is selfish for it cannot be divided.

Life is as large as we make it.

Death is as complete as we think.

Life is infallible as a unit. It is the individual expression that seems frail, because it is ever ready to seek its original source and find its ultimate destination.

The Spirit of Life seeks an abode to perpetuate itself, even as the bird seeks a nest to house and rear its brood.

The travail is for the flesh.

The reward is for the soul that links the Spirit of Life to its earthly tabernacle.

The glory for the spirit is in power to adapt itself to its chosen environment.

The soul has its seasons. The autumn of

discontent. The winter of negative hopes. The budding spring and fuller summer of realization, when life hangs full in the sheaf and the sword of the gleaner rests in the sheath.

The spirit breathes in the soul, even as the soul lives and breathes in the body of existence.

By and by this matter that has travailed in an endless effort to attain its best expression will fall back to its source. There is a place for everything in nature's great economical plan, and everything eventually finds its place.

We, like nature, gather and distribute, then gather again.

Spirit gathers an earth body, particle on particle, atom on atom, selecting and rejecting. This causes it to partake eventually of the whole.

Thus does the spirit of man enter the human, and the spirit of the animal enter the animal.

In the animal kingdom it sleeps to the human. In the vegetable kingdom it sleeps to the animal. In the mineral kingdom it sleeps to the vegetable. Yet within its source it moves and is awake unto its own kind.

Ruby Winthrop laid her pen down and reread the words she had written.

She rested her head on her hand and looked

out of the window. The dry leaves were falling from the few shrubs that decorated the private lawn that belonged to the settlement. This stretch of grass covered a hollow square between the main building and the row of model tenements that were occupied by some of the married residents.

Ruby insensibly rebelled at the many regulations that excluded the poor from participating in the things the settlement workers seemed to consider essential to their pleasure and happiness.

Different food, different quarters, different pleasures and always a firm decided rule that classified and pointed unerringly to the distinction between possessor and dispossessed.

This great place had been built by public generosity for the poor—the poorest of the poor.

Yet there were rooms they could not enter, food prepared that they were never allowed to eat, books by the score they were never allowed to read, and consequently thoughts they could not think.

Money in liberal donations had made the place possible. Money by private contribution had also made the exclusion possible.

"Less money, less room, might mean less

class distinction," Ruby remarked aloud to herself.

When she entered the settlement she had no idea it was simply a big boarding house in absolute reality and a school in simple fact.

She knew that every district in the city had its public school, and the compulsory education law made attendance necessary, nay obligatory, no matter what the nationality of the child might be.

What then was the use of this huge settlement?

To spin a few yards of linen, weave rags into carpets and rugs, bind a few books by hand in fanciful design, etc.

Or was it to teach the women how to cook indifferently, scrub, wash and iron as a means to gain cleaner homes or earn a future living?

All this Ruby admitted might be helpful, but did such a heavy expenditure warrant the result?

The teaching of maternity therapeutics and prenatal influences seemed to Ruby's analytical mind a very good thing, but were any of these things of sufficient value to warrant the great outlay necessary to house and give two dozen or more residents an excuse for studying the

inhabitants of the under world, the "cave dwellers" of this big city?

Environment might be stronger than any uneducated prenatal thought.

Influence might also prove antagonistic when combined with the demoralizing force of circumstances.

Either one of these would quench this auto-suggestion of prenatalism.

Ruby concluded it was all an experiment, though people like Miss Needham considered the experimental stage had been passed.

It looked to Ruby like one big try on the trust plan, by the absorption of every conceivable method to reach a result that would not spell failure in the eyes of the world.

The day nursery and the industrial schools were responsible for the settlement house. From the smaller undertakings came the larger pleasure places.

Ruby felt, as never before, a desire to cast her lot with the poor and live with them outright.

Let us lift the masses by example and educate them to utilize the powers God has given them!

She realized the persistence necessary to

assist the halting, heavy tread of uneducated labor in its upward way.

Ambition, effort, and a willing spirit to learn would be necessary to guide them on to the first step. The desire within guided by the knowledge without were the things necessary to make the steps consecutive or even possible.

She spent many hours in the immediate vicinity visiting the families that filled the houses to overflowing. She also discovered traces of the settlement. One struck her forcibly. In a single room, that held all the worldly possessions of the family, sat an Italian woman with three assistants making a dress. The pretentious lace yoke and narrow ribbon ruffle in the sleeves, plaited in scant measure to lengthen where the goods ran short, made Ruby feel these people had gathered many responsibilities with their education at the settlement.

One of the young women explained in broken English, the garment was for the last dance of the season "at Miss Needham's house."

After a time they got used to Ruby's presence among them. She was greatly interested in one of her pupils, a bright eyed Greek girl, who proved to be most companionable. Her name

was Diana and she told Ruby with great pride her mother had a boarder, an American, and she called him "The dog man."

Diana heard some one say that Ruby was a rare and beautiful jewel, and ever after she called her by that name.

The rush and perpetual hurry in the settlement struck Ruby as if they were trying hard to do something. For instance: The women who sang in the choruses would rush into the music hall and seat themselves with a determined air of "do or die, and do it now." The teacher hurried to the piano and addressed them as "ladies." He taught them how to sing in time and tune after endless labor. To be sure he didn't talk about the deep breaths that should have come from the diaphragm to help sustain and strengthen the tones that carried the melody. Neither did he tell them anything about their deficient pronunciation, or that singing should be "vocal speech." He was rather good looking, however, had very pleasant manners, and got along with them splendidly.

Of course, he hurried them somewhat, but that didn't in the least matter, for the lesson was cut short because the Thimble Club would

meet in the club rooms in a short time and they had many things on their minds.

They flocked down the stairs and seated themselves near the windows as soon as the lesson ended. They began to sew furiously, because in a few moments they would have to practice the new class song that had made such a hit at the Federation of Clubs. Just as they were all industriously talking and sewing, the president of the club rapped for order and there was a scramble for seats. The minutes were read and adopted. These were followed by a vigorous discussion as to ways and means for selling seats for a coming entertainment. Then came the class song.

Some industrious women had carried their sewing with them, and sang and stitched at the same time. This was too much for Ruby. She beat a hasty retreat, and refused ever after to participate in the club work.

Amuse the masses first, seemed to be the slogan of the settlement. While we amuse we will try and instruct them, but amuse them we must at any cost.

Ruby counted the dramatic clubs in the house and scarcely believed her eyes—a full

dozen of them and each one bearing a different name.

Life and the struggle to live it, the poverty and distress that surrounded this huge pleasure palace caused her to become daily more disenchanted with settlement work.

All the buildings seemed to her a mockery.

What were the results compared with the prodigal expenditure of money to teach such infinitesimal portion of this great city during the brief hours they were amused?

They returned to their wretched homes of hovels, that must essentially seem more miserable from the contrast.

Ruby loved the nursery and the kindergarten.

Here they took time (because the little ones didn't know how to hurry), and the results were daily more and more apparent.

She realized the settlement houses were an outgrowth of the old-fashioned day nurseries and industrial home for boys.

The patient striving of the Italian mother to enable her daughter to appear well dressed at the party lingered with Ruby like a nightmare.

The materials for the dress must have cost

at least two dollars and the necessary extras at least two dollars more. All this she reasoned meant denial for some one. They deprive themselves, when they bestow on another the equivalent or just that amount for the necessaries of life. She looked around her room and across at the model apartments and wondered what the teachers or residents in the settlement denied themselves.

"They might, and possibly would, tell me it was 'aspiration' on the part of the Italian mother." Ruby frowned as she answered her argument. "Yes! for the outer not an inner improvement."

One night Diana came to her breathless with running. "Oh! Miss Jewel, come to our house, the dog man is sick." Ruby searched for the house doctor, but he had gone to a concert. She took her little medicine case and followed the child down the dimly lighted street.

The great arc lights are on the boulevards; the feeble gas jet is here, where the arc light is needed the most. She picked her way carefully over the uneven places in the sidewalk and the deeper ruts in the miserably paved streets. The child pushed open the door to a fairly presentable brick building. The barking

of a dozen dogs saluted her entrance in the hall.

Diana stopped with her foot on the first step to explain. "The dogs won't bite you; they're hungry and that's what makes them so noisy."

Ruby followed her up the narrow, uncarpeted stairs into the second flat. The sight that met her eyes caused her to falter and cling to the door knob in uncertainty. About thirty dogs of all breeds and sizes filled the room to suffocation. They were everywhere, on everything, over everything. They tumbled against Diana, jumped at her, and licked her hands. She knew them all. "Lie down, Get, behave, Sleek, stop, Stumpy!" She pushed them aside and motioned Ruby to follow her. She did so reluctantly and entered a back room. A man lay on the bed mumbling incoherently and throwing his arms about wildly.

A huge mastiff lay stretched across the sick man's feet with his head resting disconsolately on his paws. Other dogs crawled out from under the bed or blinked from the corners.

Ruby rushed to the window and raised it; then she looked intently at the sick man. "Fever," she said to Diana. "Get me some water in a glass." The child brought it in a

cup, and Ruby dropped some medicine in it, then gave it to the sick man by the teaspoonful.

"Diana, drive these dogs out; no wonder he's ill. The air is awful in here."

"The dog man wouldn't lose one of them for anything. I dare not let them out."

"Then I'll do it." And suiting the action to the word, Ruby opened the outer door and drove most of them down the stairs and out on the street. She didn't expect to be troubled with them again, but that was because she didn't know much about dogs.

She bathed the sick man's temples, and dabbled his bony hands in a basin of water to not only cool, but cleanse them. His hair and beard were matted and unkempt. Diana and her mother went away promising to relieve Ruby when she should call them.

She tried in vain to get the mastiff down from the bed, but he refused and watched her every movement. The sick man mumbled incoherently until he dropped into a fitful slumber. Then it was that howls and barks rent the air as the dogs returned home and found no one to let them in or make them welcome.

Ruby remembered that Diana had told her they were hungry. She searched the place,

but could find nothing to give them. The dog on the bed growled in sympathy or hunger with the ones outside.

Ruby got desperate and looked at the huge beast. His growls would disturb the sick man.

"Eat, eat," she said in a hushed, concentrated voice.

The animal raised his head and looked at her. "Something to eat, something to eat," she kept repeating as she walked toward the outside door, while formulating a plan how to push him out when she once got him near there.

He walked to a closet and sniffed at a small crevice between the door and the casing.

She hesitated an instant, then opened it carefully.

The dog pushed past her and measured his length by standing upright and pawing at a box on a shelf just above him.

Ruby read the label "dog biscuits," and in an instant was filling her skirt with them. She rushed down to the outer door and opened it far enough to permit of her hand passing through, then she threw them out by the dozen and had the satisfaction of being able to hear herself think when the barking ceased.

She returned to the room and found the mas-

tiff standing patiently waiting for his supper. She laid several of the hard cakes in the outer room, hoping he would eat and remain there.

He picked them up one at a time and deposited them on the bed, then climbed up and ate them. This dog must have been the man's constant companion, Ruby finally decided, and after that she left him alone.

Toward morning the patient wakened and became delirious. Simultaneously the dogs on the street began to howl and Ruby's nerves were well-nigh a wreck.

As the sick man's voice grew louder the dog in the room listened with his ears pointed forward. The man tossed and rolled, calling a medley of names in high, unnatural tones, then ended abruptly with, "Come Lad, we must find them."

The dog walked to the door and waited a few moments, then returned to the bed and sat down on his haunches. Ruby decided that his name was "Lad."

He thumped his tail on the floor, then barked two or three short barks and thrust his huge muzzle into the face of the unconscious man.

"Come Lad," he cried again, but made no attempt to leave the bed as Ruby feared he

was about to do. Once more the big dog walked to the door and waited, then returned to the bed and looked wistfully at his master.

He raised one huge paw and laid it gently on the sick man's brow, then looked at Ruby as as much as to say, "What's the matter?" She placed her hand on the animal's head and patted it gently. "Lie down, Lad, lie down." He stretched himself at her feet and kept a silent vigil with the girl, who realized for the first time what the companionship of a dog meant.

Toward daybreak the sick man dropped off into fitful slumber and Ruby dozed in her chair a few brief moments, but was suddenly aroused by furious barking and scratching outside the door. She knew if she opened it, the score or more of dogs would rush in pellmell and she realized she could not control them.

The man roused and called again the names of all his numerous pets. Once more Lad responded to his name and once more his master did not leave the bed. The furious barking of the dogs got on her nerves. She threw out another lot of dog biscuit but it did not quiet them.

A rap on the door caused Ruby to open it with eager fingers and peer out. She saw Diana, then opened it wide enough to let the

"LAD KEPT A SILENT VIGIL WITH THE GIRL"

child enter. "You must let the dogs in, Miss Jewel, my father is angry; he can't sleep and he has to work. They've barked most all night. Please let them in."

She hesitated, then opened the door and they trooped in and made themselves comfortable for they were at home.

The gray dawn crept through the windows and made the light from the dingy oil lamp look even more feeble from the contrast. Ruby shivered with her wraps on.

She waited until she heard Diana's father go to work, then she asked her mother to relieve her while she got the doctor and some breakfast. After her trying night the food had an added flavor. The steaming coffee and hot rolls seemed extra good.

Miss Spray looked at Ruby and asked casually where she had spent the night away from the house.

"I've been nursing a very sick man." Just then Miss Needham came to the table. "Who is this man?" she asked.

"The 'dog man' they call him and he's very well named. He had thirty or forty dogs in his rooms, and I think it's a shame a man should use both his time and money on a lot of mongrel

curs, when there are so many human beings around him who are in desperate straits for the bare necessities of life."

Miss Vorg raised her head and looked at Ruby with interest as she said; "Is he a tall man with a long beard?"

"Yes, I imagine he is tall; I never saw any one who looked like him. The squalor and dirt in his rooms was enough to make him ill, say nothing of all those dogs. I drove them out, but they all came back and nearly drove me out of my mind with their noise."

"The man must be crazy. I never heard of a human being living in the same rooms with such a herd," Mr. Cantwell, the piano instructor, declared with assurance.

"Yes, it does seem impossible, but it's a fact," Ruby replied, "and I can't imagine his object, or what led him to it. Certainly he is going down in the scale of evolution, not up."

"Let us know how you come out with your patient, Miss Ruby. We shall all be most anxious to know the termination of the affair." Arthur Cantwell left the table and started for the door, but stopped when Ruby replied.

"Oh! I'm not going back again, I have turned

the case over to Dr. Hecht. I presume he will send him to the hospital."

"Will you come to my room when you've finished breakfast?"

Ruby looked rather astonished at Miss Needham's request, but acquiesced readily enough, wondering through the rest of the meal what she wanted.

Miss Needham's room was flooded with sunshine and she sat at her desk writing as Ruby entered. She turned at once and laid down her pen, then pointed to a chair that faced her.

"Tell me about this 'dog man.' I'm interested in him. Do you think he's very poor? You say he's an old man?"

Ruby hesitated an instant. "I don't think I said so, but he's about fifty or sixty, and I should imagine he's poor."

"You're not going back again, you say?"

"No, indeed! I can't stand all those dogs; they are terrible and filthy." Ruby shrugged her shoulders expressively.

Miss Needham looked down at her hands that lay white and shapely against the black background of her dress. "I saw the man one bitter cold night last winter and he had a sick,

shivering dog in his arms—a dog I'm sure I should not have liked to have had in the house, much less held close to me. He got out when I did, but kept on down the side street. I presume it's the same man."

Ruby nodded.

Miss Needham continued in her passive way, "He never came to the settlement for anything, so I have had no way of finding out his wants. I should be glad to help him, however, if he's needy."

"You mean help the man without the dogs?"

"I mean I'd help the man help his dogs," she replied gently.

"But it would be a waste of money; they don't amount to anything and never will."

"Perhaps not, dear, but the man is doing something neither you nor I could or would do, and he must have a motive or a great love to sustain him in such work."

"I quite understand that, Miss Needham, but of what good is it in the end? A dog is a dog, an animal without a soul."

"I don't think I would say that. They remember, and memory is a faculty of the soul."

"Well, the soul or memory of an animal

cannot transcend its own kingdom no matter what happens to it here."

"Are not these dogs friendly with their master? Do they express affection for him?"

Ruby remembered the intelligence of Lad and the persistency of the others to enter the room that had sheltered them, and she replied, "Yes."

Miss Needham looked at Ruby intently, then spoke with much feeling. "I've tried to save souls and people. I've given up my life, my inheritance for that purpose, and these buildings will be a testimony and monument to my ambitious desires to help them. I feel old and sad because I realize I can't help them; they must help themselves."

Ruby's face was a study in its swiftly changing expressions.

"It seems to-day as if I have done nothing. With socialism creeping into the foreground and anarchy brooding in the background, I feel for each and with each, especially the latter, when I see such vast hoards of wealth gathered by the few and the awful poverty and crimes committed by the many through want and all that miserable word implies."

Ruby's breath came in excited gasps, but she did not interrupt the recital.

"It is the age of evolution and revolution. No one can make a program and hope to follow it. The one who does will find himself at the end of the procession. One must be elastic, ready to change at a moment's notice." She looked beyond Ruby at her well filled bookcase.

"The thinkers of the world have tried to solve these problems. The socialist suggests treating criminals pathologically for one thing and reducing everything to public ownership for another. This might hold for a little while, but not for long." Miss Needham leaned back in her chair then continued in her apathetic way, "I sometimes think the more disreputable a neighborhood is, the quicker will society see that society is to blame for the fearful depths that oppose their fatal heights."

Ruby nodded understandingly.

"I doubt if anybody can do anything for any one. When women really want equal suffrage they will get it. If the poor want a thing, they will get it as well as the rich. When we truly want to do a thing, we at once set out to accomplish it. Until the poor truly want to better their condition, we cannot help them. They must help themselves. Now the cat and dog cannot help themselves; they may wander

the streets for weeks without the necessities of life until some human being helps them. So, my dear, you see the dog man is doing a great thing, because it is rare, an exception; and we must help him help those creatures who are dependent upon us for food and shelter."

"Oh! Miss Needham, I'll go back and do all I can. The man shall be my special charge from to-day."

She nodded and picked up her pen, while Ruby hurried back to the rooms to see how her patient was progressing. As she turned the corner she saw the doctor just ahead of her and hastened to overtake him. They entered the house together.

Shouts and laughter from the rooms above caused the doctor and Ruby to hasten their steps. She tried the door, but it was locked on the inside. Some one was speaking in a powerful voice.

"Truth seeks sin to free the imprisoned virtues that have been caged in by the self-imposed vices.

"Sin seeks a truth to devour and it must die after the attack, that truth may live free and unmolested. Sin binds, restricts, shrinks, while truth frees because it's possibilities are limit-

less, boundless. Oh! my friends, sin is moral cowardice, it is concealment. We try to conceal them because they are ugly. Ugliness repels, beauty attracts. Evil! good people, is moral ugliness. It is the worst form of depraved selfishness. We will now sing the seventy-sixth hymn." The voice ceased and only a few short, impatient barks broke the silence. Ruby looked at the doctor. "Who do you suppose that is?"

"We'll soon find out." He rapped loudly.

"Miss Jewel, help us, he's crazy;" the words were muffled but distinct as they filtered through the door.

Then the shouts and wild laughter began again and Doctor Hecht rushed down the stairs for help. He returned almost immediately with three men, and others followed until the little hall was full.

They beat the door down and found Diana and her mother seated on two chairs and the "dog man" standing on another in his night shirt shouting and singing. They overpowered him with difficulty. His strength seemed superhuman, but they finally got him in the patrol wagon and took him away.

When it was over Diana gave Ruby a thrill-

ing account of the man's sudden attack. "He tumbled from the bed and said, 'Be seated. My text to-day is from the Gospels. 'Go ye and sin no more.' Then he laughed and shouted at the evil spirits, Miss Jewel, until we were horribly frightened. We started for the door, then he locked it and pushed us in the chairs and preached to us like a minister; then you came and we knew you would free us."

Ruby waited in the rooms until they came for the dogs and took them away, as resentful a lot of canines as ever met a speedy death from sulphur fumes. Then she went back to her room and to bed. The next day Diana came to her in great tribulation with a notice that her father and mother should appear in court the following day and testify to the insanity of the "dog man." The officer who left it told Diana they must bring all the proofs they had to identify him.

"Don't you know the man's name, Diana?"

"No."

"When he rented the rooms from your mother, didn't he give a name?"

"Yes! but she doesn't understand English and she forgot it because we always called him the 'dog man.'"

"He has a trunk, Miss Jewel, will you help me look there for his name?"

"Yes, Diana, I'll come over this afternoon."

"Mother and father are afraid of the law and the police. I don't think they will go to the court; they say 'police no good.' "

"He must go because the paper is a court summons; tell him so Diana."

"Oh! but he'll be cross, he may lose his job by it."

"I'll come over and talk with him, then he'll understand how important it is for him to go there in the morning."

Late that same afternoon, Ruby and Diana entered the empty rooms and began a careful search among the contents of the dilapidated trunk. They hoped to find some proof with which to identify its eccentric owner.

Many loose sheets of paper were scattered about. Ruby noticed the writing was almost feminine and that the matter was in a diary form.

"Look, Miss Jewel, this is heavy, what do you suppose it is?" Diana held up a securely tied package. She pinched, then shook it. "Maybe it's money or glass; shall I open it?"

She nodded as she continued her search.

Diana untied the packet and exclaimed "Pictures, Miss Jewel, look."

Ruby extended her hand for them, then dropped limply on the floor beside the trunk. She did not faint or make a sound. She simply sat huddled in a heap staring with wide open eyes at her own photograph, then at the likeness of a woman she had never seen.

She remembered her picture had been taken just before her father left home on the long journey. She recognized the little frame.

How could the "dog man" have come by it? She looked at Diana who was asking a dozen questions in childish curiosity.

"Do you know the little girl, Miss Jewel? Is it his little girl and is that her mother, and where do you suppose they are? Do you think perhaps they are dead?"

Ruby rubbed her head in a bewildered way. "Hush, Diana, let us look for further proof."

She searched the trunk but could find nothing save the scattered sheets of writing. They were not numbered and it was a difficult matter to put them together so they would even hint at a consecutive story.

Diana became tired and went down stairs. Ruby lit the little lamp and read the story of

her father's life with its early strivings, exalted aims and subsequent failure through his mistaken ambition to "uplift" the poor, the homeless, the outcasts. She shivered as she remembered Miss Needham's pathetic admission. Did all such efforts spell failure? Was it because the people didn't want to improve that the results were so disheartening?

When Ruby read the love story of her father with its pathetic ending and Eunice's tragic exit, she wept; wept for the bitter pain of their disappointed dreams; wept for the lonely hours her mother endured uncomplainingly and for the obloquy cast upon their names in the sight of the world by her father's selfish conduct.

The streets were still, the room was chill, the wind rattled the loose shutters and shook the glass in the panes. Still she sat oblivious to her surroundings, and all external sounds. She was trying to bring the past with its well-nigh forgotten associations into the present. But there was no place in her world for the father who had so selfishly abandoned mother and daughter twelve years before. She placed the diary and pictures in one corner of the trunk and locked it. Ruby looked around the poor

rooms and realized why he had drifted into such quarters. The average landlord would not permit dogs, so he had dropped down to their level to be with his friends. She went down stairs and rapped at Diana's door. "Tell your father he need not go to court to-morrow; I'll take his place. Bring your mother to the settlement in the morning and we will go together."

"Did you find out his name, Miss Jewel?"

"Yes, Diana. I'm tired now—you'll know everything in the morning—good-night dear." Ruby left the child abruptly and hurried back to the settlement.

That night Ruby rapped at Miss Needham's door and asked if she might speak with her.

CHAPTER XVIII

RUBY'S MISSION FULFILLED

Miss Needham laid aside her book and waited for Ruby. When she saw the girl's pale face and dejected attitude, her heart misgave her. "Are you ill?" she questioned kindly.

Ruby burst into wild weeping. Miss Needham let her cry it out, feeling she would be better for the shower, for she understood that the girl was laboring under a great mental strain.

"Now you must tell me what it is that grieves you."

"Miss Needham, the 'dog man' has gone insane. I've been in his rooms and I find that he's my—father." Another storm of tears.

Then Miss Needham did a very unusual thing. She left her chair and embraced the drooping figure of her youngest resident in a motherly manner. "Tell me what makes you think he's your father?"

Ruby recited the story from beginning to end.

Miss Needham held her hand and encouraged her through the trying ordeal by sympathetic words. When it was finished Ruby looked at her appealingly. "I suppose I must go to the court in the morning and identify him?"

"Yes, dear, and I'll go with you."

The tears started afresh but were soon checked. "You are ever so good, Miss Needham, and I don't deserve it. I've criticized lots of things here, and have commented openly on many of your methods. I ask you to forgive me."

"You need not apologize. I never censure any one for their honest opinion. It was because you were honest and had the courage of your own conceptions, that I talked to you as I did this morning. I know my mistakes better than any one and I also deplore them more than any one else ever can—but enough. What do you want to do with your father?"

"Take him home if he is able; if not, I'm going back alone. I've written my guardian to expect me."

"Certainly, my dear, yours has been a very unusual experience, and it brings to mind most forcibly an old and oft expressed question: 'Have we in establishing our identity been a

source of pleasure or pain to our friends and relatives? Have we been wanted or needed, and shall we be missed when we pass on?"

"Life is a problem, complex and difficult. We learn its object when we cast up our final accounts and find what the debit and credit columns amount to."

"Miss Needham, I'm greatly discouraged."

"You have every reason to be the contrary. It is a very wonderful thing, your desire to come here and the finding of your father. Can't you see the guiding hand of the All-wise Providence?"

Ruby shook her head in bewilderment.

"Don't you see, little sister, your father has taken care of the outcasts from the other kingdom, and if, as we are told, 'not a sparrow falleth without the knowledge of the Great Father of all,' then indeed has he earned his reward. Even the dog, cat and universally abused horse are in His Infinite Plan. Now that your parent is old and penniless and can no longer labor for the helpless or himself, God has brought you to him, so that you might care for him, and he will not be dependent on the cold charity of our public institutions.

This is to be his reward as a good and faithful servant."

"Oh! Miss Needham, how good you are to me."

"You came here to help the many. Since this might not be, you've found the one in all the world who is most entitled to your assistance. Go on your knees to-night, and give thanks that you were led here, and because of your honest desires you were enabled to find this man."

Both women were weeping, one in gratitude, one in sympathy, while in his distant cell Mark Winthrop sang hymns and quoted from the Scriptures. He repeated the Psalms and preached and prayed until the many bereft ones hushed their cries of rage and pain to listen. After a while the sounds were still and night with its sable pinions brooded over the forbidding abode that held the many derelicts that were being driven, rudderless into the great Sargasso, the sea of oblivion. They touched the other nameless shapes that moved idly in their unguided orbit or floated out beyond the horizon to be forgotten.

When our friends seated themselves in the little anteroom waiting to be called to testify

to Mark Winthrop's insanity, an attendant looked them over critically. He recognized Miss Needham and addressed himself to her, "Are you on the 'dog man' case?"

She nodded an assent.

"Well, he raved half the night, but this morning he's as docile as a lamb. After they forced some food down him his paroxysms grew less, until now he's absolutely passive. The man was starved, that's what set him off."

"Then he's rational now?" Miss Needham questioned.

"Oh, no! he'll never be responsible again. He's undermined his health by irregular living and poor food. He's unbalanced."

"What caused it?" Ruby asked. "Lack of food?"

"That had something to do with it, but a shock of some kind started him that way."

"If he's harmless, might we not take him away now?" Miss Needham asked.

"Certainly, if you'll just step up and tell the judge you'll be responsible for him."

She followed the man upstairs and in a short time returned.

In a few moments two attendants led Mark into the room. They scarcely recognized him.

His beard had been shaved, and his hair cut. Ruby gave a little cry and rushed to him. She had no difficulty in recognizing him. It was the same square jaw and full lips she remembered so well. But the light in the man had gone out. The eyes were expressionless, restless, and uncertain.

Ruby clasped his hand and called "father" several times, but no smile of recognition answered her eager greeting. He counted the people, however, and raised his hands in the old attitude of benediction, "Peace and the Infinite Understanding be with you now and evermore. Amen." They led him out and helped him into the carriage. They drove him back to his old rooms, believing he would be more content there than anywhere else. Ruby wrote Franklyn of her expected return and asked him to meet her at a stated time. She prepared for their departure.

With Miss Needham's help she supplied her father with all the necessary things. When she was away from him some one from the settlement took her place.

As she said farewell there were tears in her eyes, yet she was glad to go, and the place that had been hers so short a time waited for the

next one to come and try to "uplift" the masses.

Mark Winthrop had failed to elevate them and turned to the humane field for results. Ruby's efforts would have been a failure if she had not found her father.

Miss Needham had failed in her great ambition, but succeeded in every other respect. She was the good angel, the fairy godmother known for her great charity, her big heart and liberal views. These included all nationalities, all people.

Suffering humanity, ignorance, injustice, poverty, struggling ambition, sorrow, sin, misery—all and more than all these touched her heart. She felt and suffered with the suffering. She aided and fed the hungry. She tried to instruct and amuse the ignorant. She cried for justice above the heads of the struggling ones. She wrote and talked and reasoned while the great battalions swept past her into the vortex of unyielding circumstances, and she still called from the heights and they would not respond.

No wonder she never smiled.

Anchored to her chosen place, she waited dispassionately her final release.

She had known all the sorrows and miseries that assailed the people of earth.

The days, the years, the months but added a new link to the endless chain of striving, struggling humanity.

With Madonna-like patience she waited in her place to do what came to hand. She belonged to no one and no one belonged to her. Yet she stood in her place, and the world reckoned her great, because she stood in her place like the prophets of old and cried to ears that heard not. Great, said I? Yes! For only a woman could see the travail and misery, the endless cause and dire effect and stand in her place ready to uplift, and yet they would not.

Aye, like the prophets of old, she cries aloud, and even like them will be stoned and denied.

Beyond the brave, lone woman, above the walls that bare their solemn faces to the north, east, south and west, stands the purpose, the motive for her great plan to uplift the multitudes that grope in the shadow of our great civilization.

No matter if but one be saved from out the numberless whole, that are as many as the hairs on the heads or the sands on the seashore, it is well!

Methinks the score will stand finally on the great day: "What has been the motive of thy

life—not what hast thou achieved, not how much hast thou loved and suffered, but how much hast thou desired and forgiven?"

When Franklyn received Ruby's letter announcing her return to him, he smiled many times after that. He had not dared hope Ruby's experiment would fail or that she would return to him so soon.

He ordered a man down from the city and had her piano tuned. He put two new leather armed chairs in the sitting room, and purchased a new sleigh and two fancy robes.

The days seemed to have taken on a new meaning since the announcement of her near return had been made.

Franklyn Jermym's hair was powdered white over the brows with the dust of time, yet he was considered as fine a looking man as could be found in the country. He was dignified and kind to every one, consequently had the respect and friendship of every one who knew him.

One day when the first snow of the season fell in a damp blanket that clung with moist persistence to everything it touched, Franklyn opened a letter from Ruby and read and reread it, while the postman hurried his panting horse on to the next farm house.

The snow clung to Franklyn's eyelashes and blurred the writing. It ran down his face in little drops like tears. Still he stood by the gate with the letter clutched in his hands, and the snow melted on it and made little black spots that obliterated some of the letters.

"Dear Franklyn:

I am coming home Friday, but not alone. I shall have a stranger with me. I mean he is a stranger to you. Will explain fully when I am there.

"Your little sister,

"Ruby."

He read it over and over, sometimes aloud sometimes silently. The joy that had marked the previous hours of waiting vanished. The years that had rested lightly on his shoulders suddenly grew heavy and he drooped forward with their weight.

Still the snow fell silently, shrouding the earth in a white pall. It clung to the bare branches of the shrubs and crept into the seams and scars of the rough bark on the old trees, and the man saw it not, heeded it not, as he repeated over and over "he is a stranger to you." Then after what seemed an endless time

of waiting, he went back to the house and sat down on one of the new leathern chairs before the grate and rocked the hours away.

The next day he drove to the station and waited for the train to come, "the train that would bring Ruby and her husband." He said it over many times to familiarize himself with the idea.

The roads were heavy with the snow that melted with the first caress of the sun. His horses were steaming from their exertion, but he forgot to cover them for the first time. He chewed nervously at a cigar that had not been lit. His answers to the many friendly greetings that saluted him on every turn were given at random.

"You don't expect your sister, do you?" one curious woman asked in a contradictory burst of curiosity.

"Yes! she's coming home for a spell with her—a—friend." The words were difficult ones and he turned away abruptly as the echo of a whistle vibrated with a singing sound through the air.

"Train's at Bushville; be here in eight minutes," some one announced.

Franklyn walked to the end of the platform

and watched it creep into view like a white spot with over-hanging clouds of black smoke that followed it until the throbbing engine with its mighty wheels and glistening cylinders slid over the smooth rails and stopped just beyond the platform.

He walked to the step of the coach and waited for her to get off. Almost immediately he saw her alight and look back as the porter helped a bent and feeble man to the platform.

Franklyn seemed to have lost all power of motion or speech. "Was that her husband? Has she married that wreck of a man who clung to her?" His face was whiter than the man who clung to her arm dependingly as she moved slowly toward him and smiled a glad greeting.

"Franklyn, won't you come and help me?"

He moved mechanically until he stood beside her. She held up her face for a kiss.

His lips were cold and scarcely brushed her cheek.

"Franklyn, are you ill? You didn't tell me. Can you help me get father into the carriage? He is very feeble."

Then it was the people who happened to be

at the station, witnessed a scene they never forgot.

Franklyn Jermym reeled like a drunken man and fell at Ruby's feet. They seated the old man in the station and devoted all their energies to restoring the man who lay as if life had left him and he would ever more be prostrate.

Ruby kneeled beside him and chafed his hands, calling on him to come back to her in tones that thrilled the people who tried awkwardly to do something and were more useless than if they had remained inactive.

After what seemed hours of horrible uncertainty he opened his eyes and gazed into those above him. "Oh! my dear, why didn't you tell me you were ill? How could you keep it from me. My place is here with you, Franklyn, always, always and I'm never going away from you again." She rained fervent kisses upon his face. Then the color came back and he staggered to his feet with the aid of a neighbor.

"I'll drive you home, Jermym. Them hosses of your'n air frisky critters."

Franklyn nodded an assent and watched them help the old man on to the front seat, then he climbed in beside Ruby. She questioned him about his health. He answered at random

staring intently at the bent figure before him.

Ruby answered the look and said, "I found father in Chicago and I've brought him home to make his last days as comfortable as I can." She placed her finger on her lips and the rest of the ride was passed in silence.

When Mark Winthrop found himself in the quaint, old-fashioned room that belonged to Mary and Pa Stone he smiled in childish pleasure.

Ruby sat before the grate fire that night and gave Franklyn the story from beginning to end. She told him of the manuscript that lay in the little bedroom. She told him of the beautiful woman's picture tied up with her own childish portrait, and how she had chosen to go on instead of waiting to be called.

Ruby shivered and leaned toward the fire as she said, "Oh! Franklyn, I had such a dreadful thought about that beautiful woman when I read his account of the way she had ended her life here. It seemed to me she had hurried into futurity and there was no place ready and prepared for her, so she must wander on for ages and ages and—"

"Don't, Ruby, I cannot bear to think as you feel. Tell me about him." He nodded toward

the room where Mark Winthrop lay like a sleeping child after he had counted the pictures on the wall, the red squares on the ingrain carpet and most of the figures on the wall paper. Then the candle had burned dim and he had fallen asleep.

"They told me when he left the hospital his mental collapse had been coming on for many months and that the fever and agony he suffered from that dread disease had weakened him so that the brain would never regain its normal functions again."

Franklyn stared at the coals in the fire place but vouchsafed no word of comment.

'His mind is a blank, there is no past, no future, only a little to-day."

Franklyn moved forward slightly. "It is a merciful washing out of the writing on the tablets of memory."

Ruby nodded with moist eyes. "I'm glad I went to Chicago. I'm glad I found him, aren't you?"

The winter came with its bleak days and long nights. The neighbors got used to seeing Franklyn driving the old man around, after they found out it was Ruby's father.

The Perkins family never entered the Jermym

"I AM GLAD I FOUND HIM, AREN'T YOU?"

premises as long as Mark remained there. There were vague hints that the man was getting his just deserts, but because of the great love and admiration they had for Ruby and her guardian it was a short-lived gossip.

When the hard winter broke into tears and the sun smiled in friendly warmth and dried them gradually from the face of nature, Mark Winthrop failed daily. As the first green shoots of tender grass thrust themselves up courageously in the sheltered places, the man who had been many things to himself, little to the world and less to his child, babbled like a drewling infant and slipped into the great unknown. When they were about to fasten the lid on the long box that held the material body of the man the world had known as Mark Winthrop, Ruby asked that it might be deferred a few moments, and she hastened to his room and secured the photographs that still remained in his trunk. When she returned Franklyn met her at the door.

"I'm going to place her picture over his heart for he truly loved her. Look, Franklyn, wasn't she beautiful?"

He scanned the face critically, then noticed the other frame. "Let me see that one." He

held his hand out and Ruby gave it to him. He studied it intently, then placed them side by side.

"Don't you think she was beautiful?" Ruby asked again with insistency.

Franklyn held them off at arm's length. "Yes, she was beautiful and weak, yet strong in her weakness. This one is also beautiful, but this woman is great in her strength, and that's why I love her, little girl—love her better than anything in the world."

Ruby looked at the man who had made such a passionate declaration before all the people and yet only she heard.

He clasped her hand and led her to the coffin.

The people fell back to a respectful distance and whispered among themselves.

Franklyn opened his frock coat and placed her child picture over his heart, then laid Suzanne's photograph over the other man's cold heart. He spoke softly so that no one but Ruby might hear. "Take the picture with you, Mark Winthrop; I give it to you freely, the picture of Suzanne Jermym, the woman who was my wife—I forgive you freely, fully, for you have given me my dear, dear love, your

daughter. May you be at peace now and ever more—Amen."

Ruby looked at the sleeping face and the handsome one above it. A great cry rang through the room when she realized what he had said. Then she burst into wild weeping and threw herself into Franklyn's outstretched arms and he led her from the room.

CHAPTER XIX

JERRY'S PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

The selfish man iz a settin' on a mighty small chair. It hain't got no arms tew it, nor enny back, an' it only needs one.

Yer thinkin' powers git thick, when yew only want one thing.

Tears is wash day for the heart. I heard some one say, "We can allers find a reason tew fergive the cause fer tears, but when sumbody tries tew wring it out dry, thet's the only onpardonable sin I knows ennything erbout."

It's the nigh things of life thet means the most to us, all the rest is mostly imitations.

This here earth we set sich store by hain't nothin' but stones, dead leaves and trees gone tew dust and ashes.

The busiest man a livin' iz the one whose tryin' tew dodge suthin' or some one.

The thing yer want most iz what yer need an' the things yer need iz what yew'll hev to work fer in this world.

Goodness and kindness don't come of talkin' or writin' erbout it; they jest iz, an' don't need no interduction tew name 'em.

A hoss trade is exactly like a dose of matrimony.

Yew get fer better or wuss and yew hev to wait awhile tew find out which 'tiz ter be.

Tew fergit yer own worries quickest, jest listen to the other feller tell of his'n.

No matter how bad a thing iz, it might be wuss. There never wuz a time when the wust case of bad didn't strike bottom sooner er later an' begin tew climb up again.

We pave the road ez we go erlong tew make it easier or harder travelin' fer the next one. We pave it both ways agoin' an' acomin'.

Early piety don't amount tew much. It's like forced fruit thet hain't had a chance to ripen nacherly in the sun and wind, an' hain't got no juice in it.

I dew believe the best man thet ever lived wuz hung on a cross between tew thieves.

I never trust a man far thet says he'z got religion an' entered intew the "kingdum cum" while he's a standin' in his tew boots. Theer's suthin' wrong in hiz make-up. He's a fool or

he thinks I am, and I'd be jest ez big a one az he iz I reckon, ef I believed him.

When a stranger talks tew me, I cum purty near a knowin' what he thinks of hisself. If he talks erbout people er things he's a jedgin' of 'em by hisself all the time. I suppose thet's what the Lord meant when He said, "Jedge not, lest ye be jedged."

Ef I do a good thing I git paid fer it with suthin' az good. Ef I do a bad thing I'm paid the same way, coz no good thing stands alone; it finds its own kind, and no bad thing stands alone either.

When we set out tew find another one's faults, we mostly allers are a tryin' tew kiver up a few of our own.

It's a heap sight eazier tew jest pick up yer troubles an' carry 'em, then tew hev 'em a draggin' yew erbout.

The more a man knows, the less talkin' he duz erbout it; but the fool allers hez a heap tew say 'bout nothin'. Thet's how we know he's a fool.

Fust we see a thing—then ef we like the looks uv it we try it—thet's easy enuff, but next comes the decidin' ef we'll keep it er give it up and why.

When a man sez, "I'm doin' this becoz it's fer yer own good," I know a heap sight better it's fer him. But ef he sez it's "fer myself," then I know it'll be a purty good thing fer both of us.

If we hed to lose suthin' every time we said we dun a favor fer ennybudy, we'd never peep.

It's better to remember the pain enny day then the one thet cozed it.

It's easy enuff tew say "no," ef yew jest place yerself in the man's shoes thet's askin' the favor.

Ef we could all be grateful erlike there'd be no more favors.

I reckon we're jest born fer examples an' we oughter work our own out fust, before we begin tew find out whether our next door neighbors are a doin' uv theirs in subtraction or multiplication.

I like to think erbout thet man Diogones, who lived in a tub. He wuz jest nacherally what he wuz an' didn't make no fuss erbout it, er try tew be suthin' else. He hed no use fer nothin' an' hedn't nothin' and didn't want nothin'.

The richest man thet ever lived iz the one who don't covet ennything and iz satisfied

with what he's got, no matter how poor and humly he iz.

Most of our misunderstandin's and mistakes comes from settin' a greater store on what we do an' give, then on what we receive.

The one thet's askin' fer infermation all the time hain't the one thet knows it all—not by a long shot.

Ef yew teck nutice, you'll find the mean man follerin' arter a good one. The stingy one hangs on tew the generous one. The loafer allers fastens tew the man thet works, and it tecks the one on dry land tew pull the tother one out of the water.

Ef yew stop long enough tew count up yer gains and losses yew'll find they cum out erbout even, fer every time yew gain a thing yew hev to lose suthin' else.

The coz of things iz in theer bein' here—nothin' ever happens without a coz.

All the things I leave undun some one else'll dew and dew better I reckon or I'd had time to do 'em.

The weakest thing is a vice. The strongest iz a virtue.

Theer be tew kinds of given' up in this world. Things yer want tew give and things yew don't,

necessary and onnecessary ones, pleasant and onpleasant.

I hain't never found nothin' in life thet fits thet word "sacrifice." It's give er take no matter wheer you go er what yew do.

When I've got no use fer a man I jest let him alone and fergit him. Thet's the only condemnation I ever allows myself, iz fergittin' people.

The things thet worry us most iz the ones we can't make no use uv.

Sum men jest lay right down with their worries and sum sink beneath 'em and are lost sight of. Sum jest uze 'em fer sympathy, en others trudge erlong pushin' 'em behind like a pack and tote 'em the way. Which dew yew reckon is the eaziest?

I never hear nothin' about a real good man wantin' tew die or bein' pertickerly onhappy. It's userally the other kind thet's allers complainin' of a dog's life an' wantin' tew end it.

Some people jest lay down and let the wurld take 'em erlong enny old way. They never go enny wheers. They're carried, like the leaves in the fall time and yew never see 'em a movin' much onless a strong wind happens tew be ablowin.'

"Be good and yew'll be happy," I've hearn

folks say ever since I wuz a leetle feller, but theer be two kinds, the good, and the good-fer-nothin', and we've got to be one or t'other.

Habits iz a good deal like takin' pills. Strong and satisfyin' at first, but the more yew take the weaker yer gits.

Ef yew look at the world thru spectacles of envy, hate, suspicion, oncharitableness, criticism, selfishness and dishonesty, yew must expect tew find jest what yer lookin' fer.

Somehow er other yew can allers find the hypocrite a settin' smug an' satisfied up close tew a saint.

Happiness depends on these things. Fust we see its use—then we try it—and then we hev tew larn how tew uze it so we kin keep it.

The greatest blessin' I kin imagine is tew be missed when I go fer good.

Our needs inflooence our wants a heap sight more'n our wants inflooence our needs.

Some men are jest like mules. They won't act decent ef yew pet em or ef yew beat 'em.

The man thet takes life eazy is the one thet sets out tew find it thet way, and he'z erbout az selfish and mean az a man can be and live.

All the little put-off-till-tomorrer things grows bigger every time we deny 'em an honest doin'.

Don't throw ennything away, then yew'll never miss ennything.

Theer are more walkin' windmills than stationary ones, thet spends theer time a beatin' and fannin' the air, while they whirl eround with the wind to change theer point of view every few minits.

When you set out tew make ennybudy oncomfortable or onhappy yew can most allers do it. It's like shootin' at a bird on the tree when it's jest above yew.

Self conceit is erbout the fust thing the world teeks a shie at.

Our neglected duties are like thick molasses on thin slices of bread; they begin to spread till they jest stick to our fingers.

The only difference I kin find between some men and the animal kingdom iz, one hez jest az much sense as t'other only they don't know how to show it. The other knows how but hain't the sense to uze it.

From nuthin' dun to somethin' dun iz a mighty long way ef yew're tryin' tew do somethin' with nuthin'.

Ef we could jest find the good thet's kivered up in some pepul, coz they ain't hed no chance

fer a show down, maybe we'd think a heap sight more uv some folks then we dew now.

Our worries and troubles iz jest the ballast the good Lord puts in our balloons tew keep us from livin' in the clouds wheer it's onhealthy.

I guess children are born without idees so we can plant 'em.

What I say to yew means jest az much az yew want it tew. What yew say tew me, means jest as much as I let it.

Yew'll never succeed in ennything till you drop all the useless ones.

You dassen't break heads, it's agin the law; but hearts git broke everyday and they can't be mended half so quick as heads. Theer's no law agin' heart breakin'; why?

It's the unsartin things uv life that hez the most interest after all.

I never blame enny one fer changin' theer mind coz I believe thet's what we've got 'em for.

Talk about change. Every last thing in nater changes, from the seconds plum intew the seasons and years. Nothin' looks the same from day tew day. Nothin' looks the same tew yew az it duz to me.

Most of us set more value on the things we can't get, than on what we possess.

Yew never know what trew freedom iz till you've been sot free from suthin' or some one you've been bound tew that you didn't like.

Nothin' iz ever really good 'till yew believe all things air right fur somethin' or somebudy, no matter how bad they seem tew be.

The preacher shoots his idees at yew erbout like the man in battle. He hopes they'll hit some one, though he ain't sure.

An empty house and an empty life are full of dust and echoes.

The helpin' hand iz the only glad hand I hev any use for.

Our sins make the cross we're nailed tew sooner or later.

Ef yew spend yew're time lookin' out fer yerself yew musen't expect the wurld tew hev enny time to took out fer yew.

Don't grumble onless yew want to be grumbled at.

The wurld allers gives back what it hez tew take of counterfit goods.

Some people jest can't see ennything beyond theer own wants.

I've hearn tell of men bein' great in the eyes

uv the world, but I'm blessed if I could ever see how it made their relations enny better.

When a man tires his hoss out, he's overworkin' hisself.

Yew can't stand still and git enny place, no more'n yew can go ahead without leavin' suthin' er some one behind.

The soft jobs iz the hardest ones to git.

You mussn't try tew break a hoss till yew've been broke to harness yerself.

Ef yew slander a man yew air tryin' to creep through a hole in hiz fence he didn't know was theer.

Hard nuts to crack haz soft kernels az a rule. The man thet don't set no value on time iz the one thet time iz a layin' fur to furgit quick.

Yew cain't be a big man outside, ef yew're little on the inside.

It's the opposin' man thet's allers onpoplar.

Don't jedge a man if he misses the mark. Jest remember he aimed the best he knew how and may hit it next time.

The man thet's satisfied with hisself iz usually the only one thet iz.

Success sits in the saddle of luxury, while failure iz the spur thet keeps the old hoss joggin' erlong.

Onless yew're trewly sorry fer the down dog, don't stand around with yer hands in yer pockets and watch him a tryin' tew git up agin.

Don't argue with a hungry man. He's got a cavity under his belt and he's sure to see one in yew.

Yew don't need to tag yourself if yer happy er sad. These things allers speak fer themselves.

The only straight and narrer path I hev enny use fer iz the trewth, the hull trewth, and nothin' but the trewth.

Theer air three kinds of money. When a man works fur it with his hands it's hard. When he saves it cent by cent it's tough. When he gets it easy it's soft and don't last long, fer it melts away.

It's human nater tew dislike the one we've dun an injury tew, fer we wuz never made so we could be a friend and an enemy at the same time.

I don't see no use in jedgin' a man by the things he hain't got.

Trewth is erbout the only thing that never changes.

When a man tells you how good he iz, he'll take a drink as a rule—he's too good to refuze.

The one that tells how bad he iz usually iz at the prayer meetin'.

Now one man is tryin' to kiver up a vice he knows iz strong, while the one tries to hide a virtue he thinks iz weak.